THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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CAPTAIN PENFIELD'S PINKS.

BY ALICE BROWN.

EZRA TIMMINS stood out in the road talking to Augustine Pratt. The talk was confidential and his attitude betrayed it, as he moved a little nearer and looked up into her face. He even laid a hand upon her arm, and that his daughter, Jane Ann, noted from her post behind the blinds. The two standing there in the road were an oddly matched pair. Angeline was tall and rather magnificent in poise, with a head held nobly. Even her plain calico dress, and her hair curled without ostentation, could not detract from this natural charm. Old Timmins, a fiery wisp of nerve and sinew, with a fringing whisker and large blue eyes, had worked himself into a confidential fury.

"An' don't ye say nothin,' he urged, at the moment of laying his hand upon her sleeve. "Don't ye open yer head. I like to finish up them kind o' jobs and no questions asked. Jane Ann'll be tickled to death. You mark my words. O'ny when anybody's tryin' to do anything, it's nothin' but talk, talk, talk. Ye get sick o' talk."

"Well," said Angeline slowly, in her meditative voice, "I'll make up my mind."

"So do!" called Ezra, in the act of turning away from her. "You make up your mind."

That his daughter heard, and ejaculated "My soul!" from her vantage ground. Then she watched the parting, her father's alert, somewhat triumphant nod and Angeline's thoughtful attitude. Ezra came absently toward the house, and she met him at the door. His cheeks were flushed a little; his eyes were brightened; and he chuckled briefly to himself. But on the threshold, where Jane Ann confronted him, he stopped with a little jerk and immediately seemed to wither into lower stature, while the light faded out of his face.

"Oh," said he, weakly, "that you, Jane Ann?"

"Now, father," said Jane Ann, in an extremity of impatience, "who should you think it was? You hold on a minute an' let me get the broom. Hangin' 'round the road till your feet are all caked over! My soul! I should think you'd ground 'em into the dirt!"

She seized the broom as if it were a weapon, and administered a brushing that looked like castigation. She was strangely like her father in a way betraying no inward likeness at all. Of the same size and facial contour, nature had yet added some aggressiveness to her outline, so that, as they stood there together, she seemed to represent an active principle, some kinship wherein he was only passive.

"There!" said she, desisting, flushed with the vigor of her onslaught, "you come in now. I want you to set a spell an' git cool." She returned the broom to its nail, and then placed herself before him as he sat by the window. Ezra took out his handkerchief, and wiped his head in embarrassment, until the thin, dry hair stood ludicrously erect. Jane Ann stood regarding him for a moment, and then took a chair by the other window. "Father," said she, ominously, "what's Angeline Pratt been sayin' of?"

Ezra started, in evident guilt. Then he recovered himself.

"Now, what you want to talk like that for?" he asked peevishly. "Who's keepin' anything from you?"

"You be, father!" Her eyes narrowed and bent themselves on his. An' I know what it is. Father, do you remember how long poor mother's b'en dead? It's two years and three days."

"Yes, I do, Jane Ann, I remember all about it. Well, what then."

"Nuthin'! On'y when you've begun to run after Angeline Pratt, an' holler

"They took hands like children and scurried down the path."

"I dunno's anything," he responded, mildly.

"You dunno's anything? You've been talkin' out there in the ro'd under everybody's face an' eyes, for twenty-five minutes by the clock, an' you dunno's she said anything! Father, I should think you was possessed!"

"Well," said Ezra, falling into the meekness which is more exasperating than revolt, "I dunno but I be."

"But what she say?" pursued Jane Ann, with an intensity not to be ignored. "Father, what does make you keep so close?"

Ezra was aware that he wanted nothing more than secrecy, and he looked his guilt. But the consciousness made him a little factious.

after her to think it over, so't anybody can hear it way in here—father, I should think you'd feel pretty small!"

Ezra started up from his chair, and fumbled for his hat. His hands were trembling. His mouth worked a little. But Jane Ann was the last person to guess whether he was moved by guilt or anger. She was used to raising whirlwinds without realizing very keenly what damage she did. Her father had taken his hesitating way toward the door. He always had the air of avoiding something as he walked about the room, when Jane was present. After he had been in the house with her for an hour, he seemed even timorous of the tables and chairs.

"Father, where you goin'?" Her husband, in such exigencies, was wont to grow destructive, in a way threatening the household furnishings; but it never occurred to her that her father could be tried beyond his strength. Now he made no answer.

"Father!" said Jane Ann, taking a step toward the door, where he was hesitating, "you tell me where you're goin'. You aint creepin' off down to Angeline Pratt's?"

Ezra turned and faced her.

"I'm goin'," said he, in some extremity of revolt, "over to t'other house an' set a spell."

"T'other house" was his old home, a little cottage beside this, where he and his wife had lived together for many years. Now it stood, orderly yet untenanted, a refuge for him, where he could smoke his pipe and muse over other days. Sometimes, indeed, Jane Ann swooped down upon him, and so raged over his tobacco that he would hide the pipe, only to return it for another blissful hour and its dark penalties.

"I'll come over in a minute an' brush up a mite," said she, and then her father looked at her. He felt beset. Sometimes he was even afraid that, as his harried mind expressed it, he should do Jane Ann a mischief.

"Well, ye won't find me there," said he. "I ain't a-goin'."

"You ain't? Where be you goin'?"

"I'm goin' up to the burvin' ground an' mow the lot. I 'spose I can do that without bein' follered up!"

"Well! I must say!" remarked Jane Ann, and she watched him while he plodded off to the barn after his scythe, and then took the road leading safely away from Angeline Pratt's. Then she turned with a free mind to her baking. No matrimonial snares could await him at her mother's grave.

Ezra went absently up the road toward the old burying-ground. His eyes were wet with tears. He stumbled once or twice. It hardly seemed to pay to lift his feet in a world so full of exasperating circumstances. The only thing he knew very clearly about his daughter was that she had dyspepsia, and that his wife had been wont to go about sighing "Poor creatur'!" on days like this. But his wife had stood in the gap between him and his alien offspring, and now she was gone, and there was no one to protect him any more. He felt entirely unfriended in a world meant only for the young. So he went into the little tangled burying-ground and sought out his own lot, not divided from its neighbors by any visible signs, but held in the memory of generation to generation. There, as he stood in dull reverie, leaning on his scythe, he became aware of a figure bent in strenuous efforts in a neighboring lot. It was the Widow Penfield. Ezra stood and regarded her

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Hints for the Housewife.

Your Duty.

Make your home beautiful—sure 'tis a duty;
Call up your little ones—teach them to walk
Hand in hand with the angel of beauty,
Encourage their spirits with nature to talk;
Gather them round you, and let them be learning
Lessons that drop from the delicate wings
Of the bird and butterfly—ever returning
To Him who has made all these beautiful things.

Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings
Cluster like bees, and their honey dew bring;
Make it a temple of holy revealings,
And love its bright angel with "shadowy wings."
Then shall it ever be, when afar on life's billows,
Wherever your tempest-tossed children are flung,
They will long for the shades of the home weeping-willow,
And for the sweet song which their mother had sung.

Housekeeping Hints.

Discolored knife handles may be rubbed with brick dust and vinegar.

Clean enamelled baths with a flannel dipped in turpentine and sprinkled with salt.

Save beef marrow from soup bones to add to suet for puddings. Marrow is more delicate than suet.

Never clear soup until the day it is wanted; the stock should be made previously, but soup should be freshly clarified or it will be cloudy.

When making boiled starch, stir it round several times with a wax candle. This will prevent the starch sticking to the iron, and save much trouble.

To Preserve Fish.—Never lay one on the top of the other, but wring a cloth out of clean salted water, wrap the fish separately in this, and lay it on a dish. Keep in the coolest place possible.

The asbestos mitt is a valuable kitchen convenience for the woman who cooks with gas, as it enables her to easily and safely handle the utensils which become intensely hot over the gas flame.

A short lamp wick may be lengthened, so as to last a little longer, by pinning a strip of calico or flannel to it. The material is indifferent, as all that is required is something to connect it with the oil.

Always keep cheese well covered in a cheese dish, or it will become dry and tasteless. If the cheese is wrapped in a cloth moistened with vinegar it will keep beautifully moist and retain its flavor longer.

Remember to sweep the carpets the way of the nap; to brush the other way is to brush the dust in. Attend to all stains as soon as possible. If left they will soak into the carpet and be very difficult to remove.

The application of castor oil to new shoes renders them as soft as a glove. It will also render the shoes as near waterproof as they can be made. We refer, of course, to the ordinary shoes, not those that are rendered waterproof in the process of preparation.

To clean white shoes get a box of camphorated chalk, mix it, as required, with milk, and apply with a flannel.

Paraffin oil, applied on a soft cloth, is excellent for cleaning furniture. Use very little, and polish afterwards with a clean cloth.

Save orange peel. When it is quite dry it is an excellent thing for reviving a dull fire, and, moreover, its pleasant odor makes it very valuable in a sick room. There it is best to throw a few bits on to a red hot shovel, and to carry it about so that the fumes may penetrate every part of the room.

Wet boots are often hardened and shrunk by being dried near the fire. Try this method: Lace or button the boots, fill them with dried oats, and leave them in a warm, but not hot, place. The oats inside will absorb a considerable portion of the moisture and the dry air of the room the rest. The oats may be used again and again after drying.

Wash chamois leathers in soapsuds. Have the suds just lukewarm and squeeze the leather in the water to remove the dirt, change the suds as they become soiled, and rinse finally in soapy water, for thus the leather will be soft when dry, whereas if rinsed in clear water it would be stiff and hard.

Carpets in rooms which are seldom used are apt to be attacked by moths. Salt sprinkled around the edges and well under the carpet before it is put down will generally prevent their ravages. Plenty of light and air should be admitted into the rooms, as moths favor close, dark places.

How to Catch Rats.—Here is something simple, scientific and sensible, which a correspondent furnishes an agricultural paper. He says: "Cover a common barrel with stiff, stout, paper, tying the edge around the barrel; place a board so that the rats may have easy access to the top; sprinkle cheese parings or other 'feed.'

If one is so unfortunate as to have kerosene spilled on matting there is no necessity for her to be troubled about it, for if salt is sprinkled on the matting where the oil has fallen and then allowed to stand a few minutes before washing up with warm water, the oil stain will disappear. This is better than ammonia and warm water and will do the work more quickly.

If it is desirable to keep fruit cake for a long time, the cake will be better if put in an air-tight tin rather than a stone jar. If it seems to get dry, the same plan that keeps your husband's tobacco moist will work nicely with the cake, that is, fresh apples with a slice cut from the top will make both cake and tobacco sufficiently moist to be desirable. Of course, the fruit must be changed now and then.

Soiled furs are easily cleaned by the hot cornmeal method. If the meal is applied very hot and rubbed thoroughly into the fur it will collect all the dirt and grease that the fur has accumulated. It is often well to allow the meal to remain on the fur over night. It can be whipped out with a light stick, and the fur is left clean and fluffy.

Any woman not able to dry her handkerchiefs, napkins, etc., in the open air, and distressed over their dingy appearance, can find a safe and sure remedy by keeping them, after rinsing, in a bowl filled with clear water, changing often during the day. When they are hung up the following morning you will be delighted with their whiteness.

A sure and safe way to remove grease stains from silks, is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper; the friction will soon draw out the grease. Or, lay the silk upon a table or board with the ironing blanket beneath it; the right side of the silk downwards; put a piece of brown paper on the top and apply a flatiron just hot enough to scorch the paper. This is more effectual than any of the numerous compounds recommended.

It often happens that woollen goods will be doctored with cotton. To discover this there are several tests that can be made. One is the match test. By applying a lighted match to a sample of the goods, the manner in which it burns will be evidence of its genuiness. Wool will burn slowly, while cotton will go like a train of gunpowder. Another test is to unravel the threads and the cotton can then easily be detected. To the experienced buyer the "feel" of linen is sufficient indication of the quality, but for those who lack this knowledge, there is an old-fashioned test which our grandmothers used which is unfailing to show if there is cotton in the wool. Dampen the finger and apply to the surface of the linen fabric. If the moisture is seen on the other side you may know at once it is linen. If it is slow in coming through, without doubt there is an admixture of cotton. Another method is to unravel the threads, as in the wool test.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babes. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Always demand Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by all druggists.

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"GUARANTEED THE BEST"

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The best cooks in the country use Gold Standard Baking Powder. It is made from pure, wholesome ingredients, compounded to exactly suit the hard-wheat flour of Canada—*many Baking Powders will not do this.* The price is moderate: it costs less than trust powders, more than low-grade powders, but it's worth the cost. If you have never tried Gold Standard Baking Powder buy a tin to-day. Your grocer is authorized to refund full purchase price, if not entirely satisfactory.

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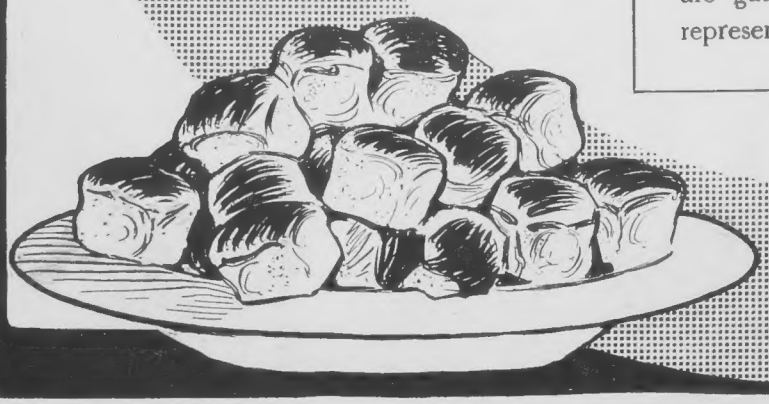

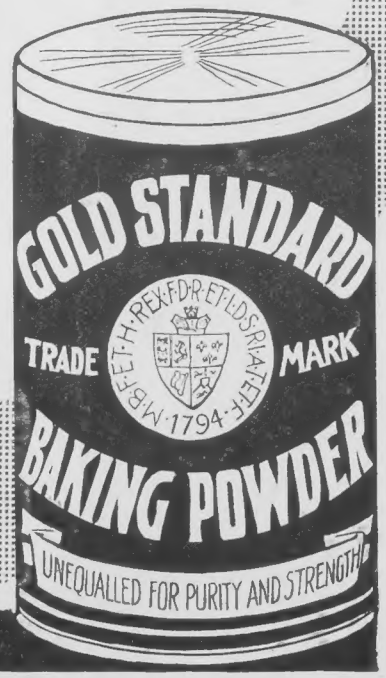

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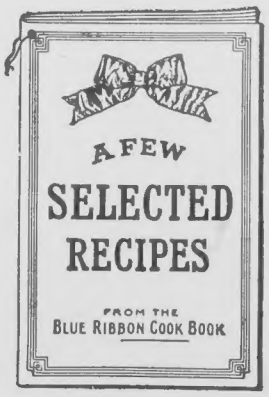

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for several seconds, before she saw him. She was pleasing to the eye with her smooth brown hair and rounded cheeks, not yet faded from their bloom. Just now they were deeply flushed with the effort of stabbing her trowel into the turf and bringing it up again in a fruitless fashion. Ezra laid down his scythe and pottered over to her.

"Look here, Mis' Penfield," he said, kindly, "you gimme that trowel. Mebbe I can kinder loosen the earth for ye, if that's what ye want."

Martha Penfield looked up and smiled at him in a neighborly way. She was only five or six years younger than he, and she had known trouble, yet she seemed miraculously young.

"I kinder wanted to set out some pinks," she explained. "But I don't seem to make much headway, an' that's a fact."

Ezra took her trowel and essayed the task; but he, too, forebore.

"You can't get anywheres with this," he said. 'Tain't much better'n a teaspoon. See here! You leave it to-day, an' to-morrer I'll come up an' spade it over for ye. Where you want the pinks to set? Right here close to the stone?"

"You're real good," said the widow. "I hate to trouble you, but I ain't got any menfolks to turn to now. Yes, I thought I'd have the whole top here set over with pinks. He was terrible fond of 'em."

Her eyes filled with tears, and she evidently forgot Ezra, save as one vaguely concerned in her trouble through a kindred misery.

Ezra followed her glance to the headstone, and he read the date.

"Sho!" said he, meditatively. "Six year ago! I did'nt know the Cap't 'd been gone so long as that!"

"It seems a good many times six to me," said the widow, crying a little. "Mebbe you think its queer I never set out any flowers before. You see I kinder liked the grass; but this year it come over me I wanted to do some little thing for him, more to make up my mind than anything else. But you know how 'tis, Mr. Timmins. You've lost too."

"Yes," said Ezra, mournfully, "I've lost as good a woman as ever drew the breath o' life."

"I never see much o' Mis' Timmins," said the widow, with the air of admitting her to the conversation, "livin' t'other side o' the river as we did, an' she keepin' so close to home. But I was always pleased when we did meet. Do you think your daughter favors her?"

"No!" returned Ezra, bitterly. "She don't. My daughter don't favor anybody but herself." There he stopped, in some vague trouble at his own betrayal. They were both sitting now, he on Grandsire Eastman's grave and she on Aunt Susan's, and as they talked, they tidied the spot absently, pulling a weed here and there. Martha Penfield even smoothered the turf with her hand, as if she loved it. Yet she was not thinking of the dead at that moment, only of Ezra Timmins. She knew all about the petty tyranny of Jane Ann. It was an old subject of common talk that her husband, Josh Moxom, became a peddler to escape the crisis of domestic life. The town knew also that Jane Ann was goaded by visions of a stepmother, and that she goaded her father in turn. But the widow never harped on unpleasant themes.

"So you're livin' with Jane Ann?" said she, with a cheerfulness proportionate to his need.

"I dunno whether I'm livin' anywheres or whether I'm only stayin'." The words rushed forth unbidden. For the two years of his bereavement he had not opened his poor heart to human friendliness, and now it would be heard. "Jane Ann's house is terrible small, so I stay there nights when Josh is off on the cart; but when he comes home, I sleep over t' the old place. But that ain't big enough for three, and I've thought some o' buyin' a place where we can all live together."

"Do tell!"

"Yes," pursued Ezra quite happily, like a child who has at last found a sympathetic mate to enjoy his form of game. "Angeline Pratt thinks some o' goin' out West to jine her brother. I've got the refusal of her place. Don't ye say one word. Jane Ann don't know it. I'm sick to death o' talk."

"That's a proper big house," said the widow, warmly. "Convenient, too! The kitchen's on the south side. Well, you can't say but that's big enough for three of ye. I expect Josh'd give up peddlin' an' come home for good?"

"I dunno," said Ezra, with sudden gloom. "That's what I had in mind when I talked with Angeline Pratt; but I dunno." In the light of his last encounter with Jane Ann, he had no very sanguine belief in the possibility of peace, even in a larger house.

"The day went softly on about them. It was June, and the woods on the upper heights were thick with leaves. Everywhere there was the smell of earth and the pungency of bark and root. Their talk flowed quietly, touching often upon the dead, but as if the dead were living. At that moment the two felt neither grief nor loss, because an according sympathy made all things one. It seemed not long before a shadow cleared off the headstone, in a way that Widow Penfield knew. She had been here many a noon in sorrowful musing and seen it fleet away, and she did not heed the twelve trembling strokes from the old church tower.

"It's twelve o'clock!" she said, rising hastily. "I dunno what's become o' the day." Then, as Ezra rose, too, with some difficulty, she smiled at him and said, "I guess we're both on us a little stiff. We're gittin' on in years."

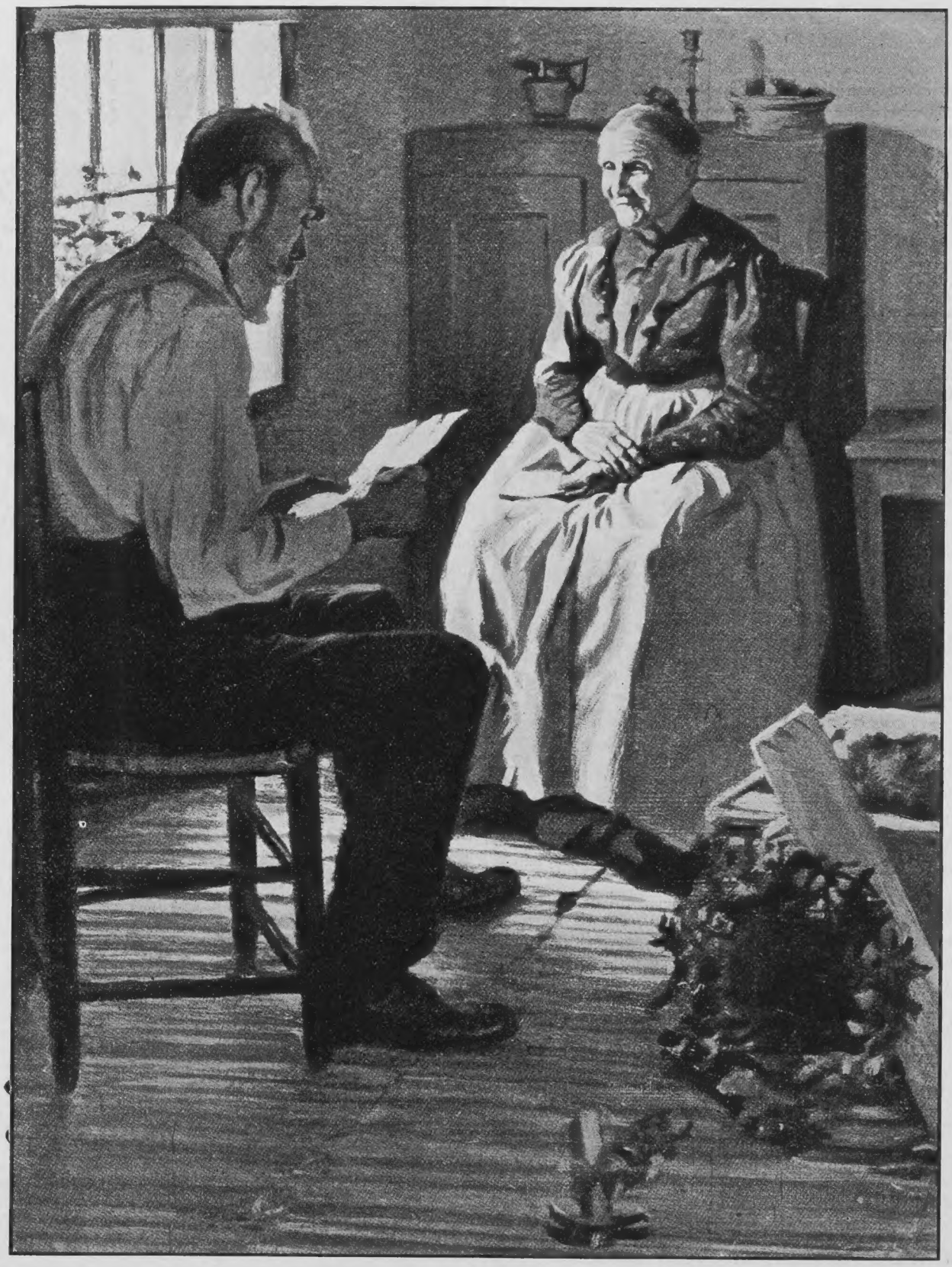
Ezra watched her down the path, and remembered what a pretty girl she had been when he and his wife were courting.

"She's a good woman, too," he said aloud, "a real good woman."

He was a little late at the dinner table, and Jane Ann, parceling out greens before him, asked him briskly, "Got the lot done?"

"No!" said Ezra. He began upon his dinner with great appetite. Something had stirred the air about him and fanned his life to quickened flame. "No. I left the scythe up there."

That night, after the late moon had risen, Ezra got up from his bed where he had been lying dressed, and stole downstairs and out at the back door. He went softly round the house to Jane Ann's window, and listened there. She was breathing regularly, and at the sound his own breath came again. Then he stepped along the path across the orchard to his shed, and got out the spade and wheelbarrow. In a rich corner of the garden he set the barrow down, and began pulling up his early corn. When a spot was clear, he set his spade into the good, rich earth, and heaped his barrow with it. For the first time in years he felt the joy of living. He was doing something far from his accustomed groove, and it brought the scent and echo of a bygone youth, when even common things were half unproven. Some slight peril attended his way, for if Jane Ann should, for any reason, seek him in his chamber, she would not rest until she found him. With the fatalism of the hunted, he knew Jane Ann would prove invincible. But he piled his barrow high, stuck his spade into the earth, and went wheeling away out of the yard and up the hill. No one was abroad. Only the moon and he were awake in the June splendor. The intermittent creaking of his wheelbarrow made alarming clamor in the air, out of all proportion to its loudness. It was a steep pull to the little graveyard on the hill, and twice he stooped to breathe and mop his dripping face. Confidence returned to him in the deeper stillness there, and when he set down his barrow by the side of Cap'n Penfield's grave he was a resolute man. In some mysterious way he felt companioned by the friendly and always silent



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risen, Ezra got up from his bed where he had been lying dressed, and stole downstairs and out at the back door. He went softly round the house to Jane Ann's window, and listened there. She was breathing regularly, and at the sound his own breath came again. Then he stepped along the path across the orchard to his shed, and got out the spade and wheelbarrow. In a rich corner of the garden he set the barrow down, and began pulling up his early corn. When a spot was clear, he set his spade into the good rich earth, and heaped his barrow with it. For the first time in years he felt the joy of living. He was doing something far from his accustomed groove, and it brought the scent and echo of a bygone youth, when even common things were half unproven. Some slight peril attended his way, for if Jane Ann should, for any reason, seek him in his chamber, she would not rest until she found him. With the fatalism of the hunted, he knew Jane Ann would prove invincible. But he piled his barrow high, stuck his spade into the earth, and went

The Entire Family.

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Then Ezra sat down upon the wheelbarrow and meditated. His thoughts flowed in a tranquility like that about him. Suddenly it seemed to him a good and kindly world, though a certain friendliness had gone out of it. Yet at that moment he could not believe it had gone at all; some strange, satisfying memory of it stayed and built desire into hope. And when the dawn was chill about him, he went down the hill again, put his wheelbarrow away, and stole safely up to bed.

He was late at breakfast, and Jane Ann looked keenly at him.

"Mercy, father!" said she, "you goin' to be sick. You're kinder feverish. How do you feel?"

"Same as usual, I guess."

"Well, you better keep pretty close," said Jane Ann, pouring his tea, and thinking of Angeline Pratt. "This sun's hot enough for the middle of summer."

Ezra set down his saucer with a trembling hand. He could not look at her, but his voice rang stoutly: "I'm goin' up to the buryin' ground. "I ain't finished up."

"Well," said Jane Ann, tentatively, and he was safe.

When the Widow Penfield came toiling up the slope with her basket of roots, Ezra was mowing the grass on his own lot. He gave her a friendly nod, and she set her basket down at the side of the grave. At the same instant she gave one inclusive glance at his work of the night before, and came toward him, both hands outstretched and tears upon her cheeks.

"Oh, you good creatur'!" said she. "I never see anything like that—never in my born days!"

Ezra held her hands for a moment, and then dropped them because he hardly knew what else to do.

"There, there!" said he, huskily, "you go set out your pinks."

The widow went, wiping her eyes with the back of a capable hand, and Ezra, mowing his grass, felt a great softness for all created things. It was very pleasant to know she was

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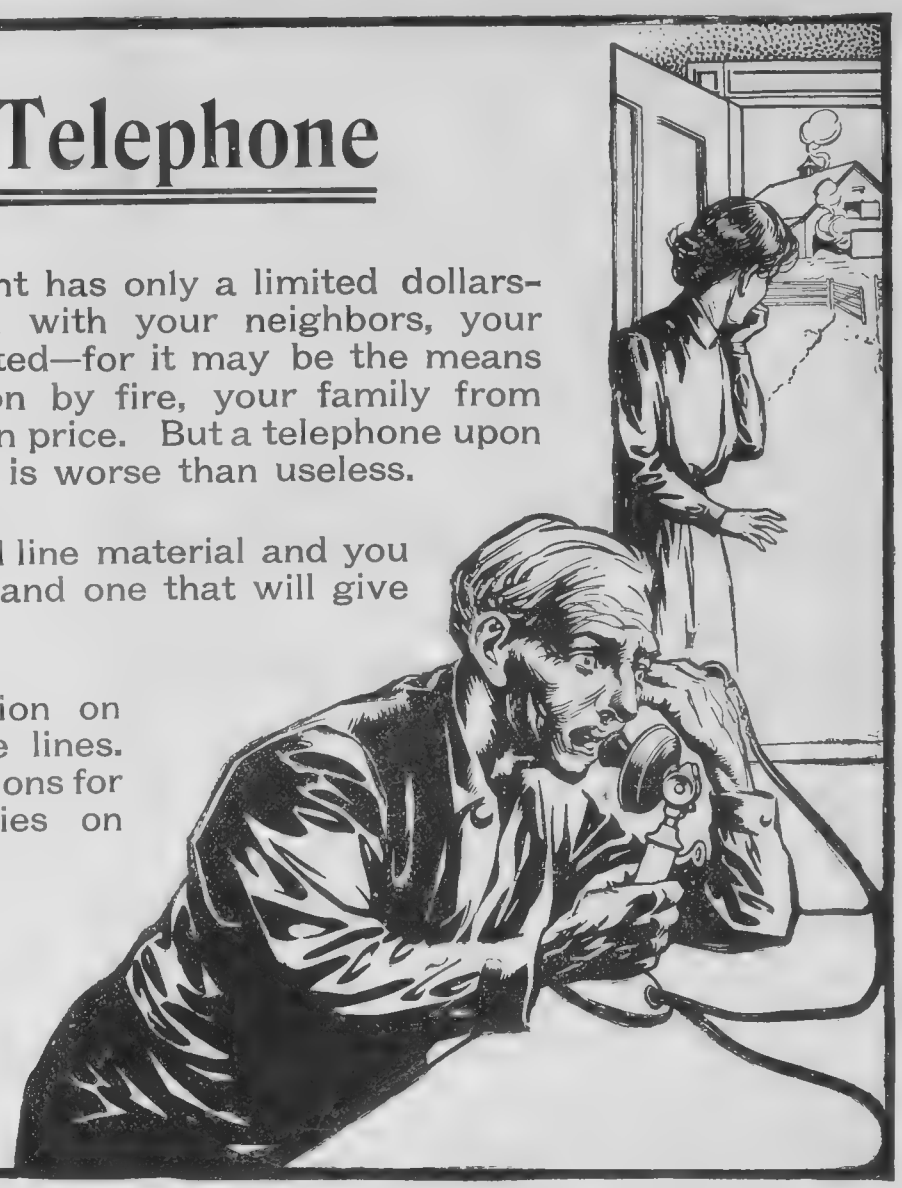

there working almost at his side. There seemed to be a curious community of interests about it.

"Dear creatur's!" he said aloud. Then it occurred to him that he was thinking of his wife and the widow also, and it seemed to him a puzzling world. But he went on mowing, and the scent of the June grass filled the air.

"There!" said the widow presently, standing off to regard her work, "it's as pretty a bed as ever I see. Before summer's over, it'll be a mat o' green."

"It's gettin' along pretty late for settin' out. Better water 'em in the cool o' the day!"

"Oh, yes!" said the widow, "I'll keep 'em nice and wet."

She turned away, thinking chiefly of his good will, and not quite knowing how to tell him so. Ezra felt a curious desire to keep her. He took an eager step or two.

"Say, Mis' Penfield" he implored.

She stopped, but he had nothing else to add.

It's goin' to be a real nice day, remarked the widow. "I thought, one spell, 'twould cloud over; but on'y look how bright it is. I wish't I'd brought up some newspapers to shade them pinks till they get watered."

Ezra was grateful to her for talking about common things. He hardly knew what other things he wanted to talk about, though it seemed as if there must be many. But when she turned away again he spoke hastily:

"Marthy Penfield, I s'pose you think everything's over and done with, when a man's as old as I be!"

The widow looked at him in a genial kindliness.

"Some things may be over," she said, gently: "Some ain't. You have just as good a time as you can!"

Ezra amazed himself because he seemed suddenly to be pleading a cause which, until now, had not existed. Something came flooding upon him, after the repression of these two years, to tell him he was victim of a great injustice under Jane Ann's rule. The June earth seemed still to be his, and tears burned his aching eyes. He looked down at his hand, strong yet in spite of its knotted ugliness. It was not an old hand. It still had power to grasp and hold. With a motion of unconsidered dignity he pointed to his wife's grave.

"There's nothin' on earth could make me believe she wanted me to be thorned to death," he said. "She'd be the last one—"

His voice failed him, and the widow, too, looked as if she were going to cry.

"I guess I'll go," said she, tremulously. "You were real good about these pinks. I shan't forget it."

Then she took up her basket again, and hurried down the walk. Ezra did not look after her. He stood gazing in a dazed fashion at the clover where he stood. Life, he saw, was never done, until one lay under the grass. There speculation failed him, and, with some fierceness of new energy, he too went down the path and came back with newspapers for sheltering tents over the pinks on Cap'n Penfield's grave.

At twilight that day, Ezra, the milking done, sat down upon the front doorstone to think, and there he grew uneasy. Presently he arose and sauntered down the path. It was borne in upon him that up in the burying ground the Widow Penfield was watering the pinks, and he was in haste because there was much to say to her, though of what nature he could not tell.

"Father," called Jane Ann, "where you goin'?"

Her chores were finished, and she stood in the front door, immaculate in her chocolate calico, and morally invincible. His old acquiescence returned upon him. He halted in the path and answered weakly:

"I'm goin' up to the burvin' ground."

"You wait a minute," said Jane Ann. "I'll go, too."

Ezra's feet seemed turning to stone upon the walk. Then a new cunning was born of his necessity, and when Jane Ann came forth, her shawl over her head, he was nowhere to be found.

"Father!" she called, but no one answered. She looked up the road, and down the road. There he was, walking toward Angeline Pratt's. Jane Ann sped after. He went but slowly, and she overtook him on a crest of rising ground.

"Father," she said, breathlessly, "where you goin'?"

"I dunno exactly," returned Ezra, with a calmness half defiance.

"Well, if you're goin' down to Angeline Pratt's I'm goin' with ye, that's all."

Ezra stopped, and though he spoke with a studied gentleness, his voice held some new meaning not quite familiar to Jane Ann.

"Then," said he, "I ain't goin' anywheres."

He turned about, and Jane Ann followed. She was amazed. Up to this moment he had never once questioned her rule, and now he had, in a measure, turned against her. She sat in silence with him until the dusk fell and the whip-poor-will came forth, and when the stillness bore to heavily, she said, in spite of herself:

"Father, I dunno what's got into you!"

But Ezra rose without answering, took his candle and went up to bed. Triumphal pulses beat within him. He had never pictured himself as rebelling, even through guile; but new companionship had made him stronger. His wife was standing by him, mysteriously translated through a living woman's sympathy.

The next day was Sunday, and Ezra walked to church with his daughter. Once or twice in the service he wondered if Martha Penfield were in her pew, and when they arose to face the singers in the last hymn, it was some queer comfort to see her shiny silken back and her neat braids of hair. Ezra sang loud and tunefully. His daughter glanced up at him once or twice, as if to bid him to stay his voice. Jane Ann could not sing, and not knowing whether her father did it well or ill, she always had some hesitation in encouraging what might be a too youthful effervescence. As soon as the benediction had been pronounced, the Widow Penfield hurried away, though others were clustering about the minister in a feudal group. Jane Ann was there, and Angeline Pratt. Ezra looked at Angeline in the light of his daughter's apprehensions, and found her comely. For some reason he compared her with Martha Penfield. He smiled to himself satirically, and at that moment Angeline looked at him. Her eyes were darker than usual, her face less calm.

"I be'n hopin' to see you," she said, in a rapid undertone. "I've made up my mind. I'm goin'."

"You be."

"Yes. I want to hurry right off."

She paused, and Sunday though it was, Ezra knew the next word lay with him.

"Will ye do it?" he asked, and Angeline nodded.

Ezra spoke rapidly, for Jane Ann's eye was upon him.

"You meet me to-morrow at ten, in Squire Nudd's office. Don't ye say one word."

"Father!" Jane Ann was calling. Ezra followed her unspoken will and turned away from Angeline to the minister's outstretched hand. He had erred—so said his gentle soul—but something within him made transgression sweet.

'Father!" said Jane Ann, as they were walking home together. "Everybody's talking about Mis' Penfield's pinks. She's got the Cap'n's grave all set over with 'em. What if we should try some? Her lot's so near, it'll cast ourn into the shade."

"You let the lot be," said Ezra, gruffly. "I ain't got the weeds out on't yet."

Jane Ann stole a look at him, and Ezra frowned. He wondered how

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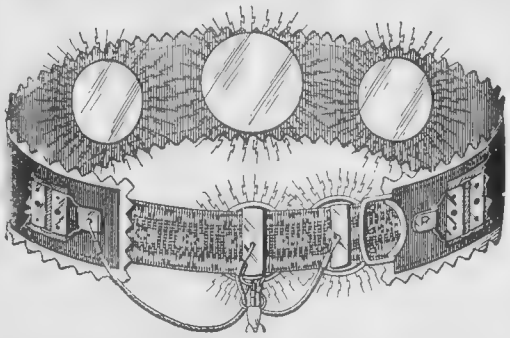

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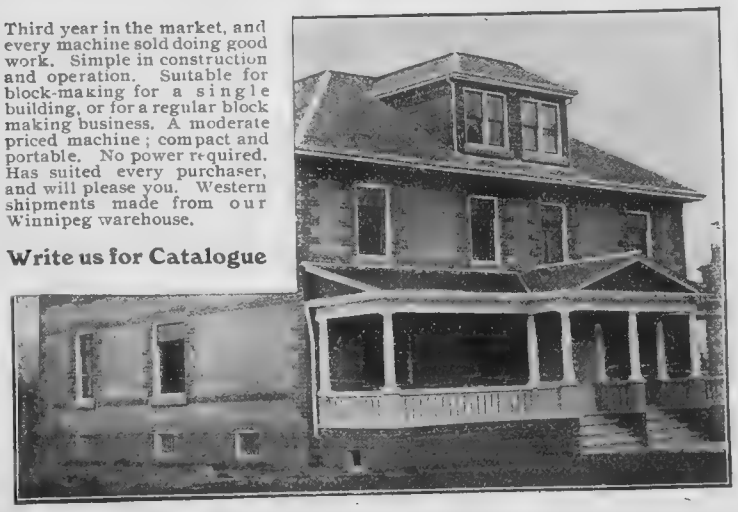

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other men managed to make themselves respected.

It was on Wednesday that he slipped away while Jane Ann was straining the milk, and hurried up to the burying-ground. There she was, the Widow Penfield, trim and comely, watering the Cap'n's pinks. She greeted him with a comfortable smile, and then glanced over at her plants with the air or introducing them to their benefactor. But Ezra could not choose his words. He almost heard Jane Ann behind him.

"Marthy Penfield," said he, beseechingly, "What if you should set up housekeepin' with me in the old Pratt house? I've got the deed on't here in my pocket. It's yourn. Everything I've got in the world is yourn. You come, Marthy. I'll be real good to ye."

Mrs. Penfield set down the watering pot and looked blankly first at Ezra and then at the pinks. She was trying to read in their blue-green leaves some measure of reproach, as if they spoke for Cap'n Penfield there below. But she could find none. All she could do was to say "There! there! You mustn't say such things as that."

"But you will, Marthy!" urged Ezra. "You got to. We could have a real good time livin' along together. Them two—" he gave a comprehensive sweep of his arm, as if he included their unseen guardians in the talk, "they'd be the last to begrutch it."

The widow looked very pretty, a little pale, and pathetically moist about the eyes. But she glanced again at the pinks, and they decided her.

"I can't, Mr. Timmins," she said, firmly. "No, I can't!" and she took up her neat skirts and went hastily down the hill, leaving the watering pot behind her.

Ezra sat down and regarded it, but not altogether mournfully. Some strange obstinacy was springing up within him. It was not hope; it was rather a new belief in the mutability of circumstance.

That night when he went to bed, Jane Ann was very gracious.

"Folks say Angeline Pratt's goin' out West to live," said she. "Goin' to start right off!"

Ezra made no reply, and Jane Ann, with some compassion for him as a rejected lover, sponged bread that he might have rolls for breakfast.

The next night and the next Ezra kept his tryst in the burying-ground, but Martha Penfield was no longer there. Yet the watering pot was gone, and the pinks were flourishing. She had been there, at least. But on the third morning Ezra was on the spot at eight o'clock and he saw her coming up the hill. He stood behind the old Price monument, and Martha Penfield, when he stepped out before her, gave a little cry. Ezra lost no time.

"Marthy," said he, "I ain't a-goin' to take no for an answer. You come along o' me. We'll be terrible snug in the old Pratt house. I've bought it right out, furniture an' all. You come."

"No!" said the widow, with an air of one who has deliberated. "I can't. I don't feel to change my state."

"Don't ye think I'd do well by ye?" he queried, anxiously.

"It ain't that," replied the widow, tremulous at last. "It would be you if 'twas anybody; but as for second marriages, I never had much opinion of 'em—"

Ezra looked sorrowfully into the distance. Then his gaze fled back again, and it was full of horror. He had seen Jane Ann. She was plodding up the hill, bearing a basket of plants. He seized the widow's arm.

"Look a-here!" he breathed. "She's coming! Jane Ann! Let her once set eyes on ye an' I might as well be dead an' in my grave. I can't change a word with ye without pain' for it ten times over. You slip down t'other path with me, and we'll run into Parson True's. We can be married afore she sets her eyes on us. Marthy, you come!"

"The idea!" said the widow, bridling a little. "Haste makes waste, Mr. Timmins. There's got to be a license."

"Here 'tis, right in my pocket," said Ezra, trembling. Jane Ann was half way up the path. She had stopped to rest, and turned, in the doing, to regard the view below. "I got it when I went to town to meet Angeline an' settle up about the house. I didn't know how long 'twould be afore I could git away agin. Marthy, you come."

Martha giggled.

"Hurry up, then," said she.

They took hands like children and scurried down the path.

Jane Ann, toiling up the hill, heard the pattering of their flight and glanced across the intervening grave. At first she hardly believed those keen, quick eyes of hers. Yet she knew the wiry figure, the scanty coat, hitched up a little in the back, the threadbare overalls.

"Father!" she called, involuntarily, but the pair fled on.

"Father!" cried Jane Ann. "Marthy Penfield! Father!"

She set down her basket and fled after them, down the grassy path, across the little gully where the spring flows at the foot and into the dusty road. There sat her father and Martha Penfield in the butcher's wagon, driving down the hill. They had "caught a ride," and their very backs were clothed with triumph.

Jane Ann sank upon the roadside, her hand upon her heart.

"My soul!" she groaned, and then again, "My soul! The Widder Penfield!"

Y. M. C. A., Regina.

A Cowboy's Christmas

By ZENAS DANE.

IT was one of the coldest of December days in Western Alberta. There was not much snow, but the ground was frozen hard, and a strong, fierce wind, unhindered by hill or tree, swept across the wide waste of dreary plain on which the little town of Cochrane stood, a picture of dreariness and desolation.

The streets of the town were deserted, excepting for the occasional appearance of a man or boy hurrying, with head bowed against the wind, to or from one of the two or three little stores in the town, or, it might be toward a small, square-front building at the end of one of the short streets, a building above the door of which was the word "Hotel," in bold black letters on a white board, Two or three lean, shivering horses, bridled, but without saddles, were hitched up in front of the hotel.

Double lines of iron, stretching far away toward the east and the west, marked the course of the railroad to which Cochrane owed its existence. South of the town there was a little wooden depot painted a dull brown.

There was but one passenger train a day from the east, and it would have taken a colder day than this to have kept most of the men in the town from going down to the little station to see the train come in. This was their one diversion, the one break in the dull monotony of their uneventful lives. In the summer time the women and children often came with the men.

To-day unusual interest seemed to be felt in the incoming train, and when the smoke from its engine was seen fully ten miles away, the men lounging around the stoves in the stores and hotel, as well as those in their own houses, buttoned their coats up to their chins, pulled their hats and caps down around their ears, and hurried away to the little depot, where they congregated around the stove, engaging in one general topic of conversation.

"I tell ye," said old man Dilly, "if this here railroad company knows what it's about, it'll send an agent here what has some grit. That there Tom Henson never was fit to keep no railroad station in a cowboy country. Them cowboys from over on the Bad Lands Country never'd treated Tom the way they did if he'd just a-spunked up to 'em an' showed a little clear grit, stid of tryin' to beg off like he did. If there's anything a cowboy natchelly despises it's an out an' out coward."

"Wal, I dunno," replied Joe Fraser, the postmaster, who had just come into the station with a very flat mail-bag in his hands. "I dunno ez Tom could of done much diff'rent from what he did. You take a lot of half-drunk cowboys out on a tear, and I tell you they're a hard lot to handle."

"Oh, I know, I know," assented Mr. Dilly, smiling grimly. "Plague take 'em! But it don't help a feller none to git limber-jinted an' wilt before 'em. That sort o' thing just ags them on. Hello, Kearney; how much'll you take in trade fer a ticket to Paris? I'm thinking of goin' fer the present soshel season."

A glass slide with "Ticket Office" painted on it, dropped in the wall to the left, and the face of the man addressed as Kearney appeared at the opening. He grinned at the facetious remark of Mr. Dilly, but made no reply.

"Heerd anything 'bout the new agent yit?" asked the postmaster.

"Nop," replied Kearney, "but he'll be a chap that no Alberta or Saskatchewan cowboys can skeer off, you can depend on that. I told the comp'ny to send on a reg'lar terror if they could find one. 'Spect he'll come bristlin' with pistols and knives."

Kearney was "boss" of the section hands stationed at Cochrane, and at present he was also acting as ticket-agent, the regular agent having unceremoniously fled from the town three days before.

The cowboys on the ranges, lying on all sides of Cochrane, made frequent visits to the town during the winter months, and at each visit "took the town," as the inhabitants expressed it, a proceeding that began in the drinking of a great deal of whiskey at the hotel, and ended in their racing at breakneck speed on their half-wild bronchos up and down the streets, firing off their pistols, hooting and howling, and doing anything and everything contrary to law and order.

On their last visit, after going to one of the grocery stores and helping themselves to a case of canned oysters and a box of crackers, they concluded to go to the railway station for an informal party in the waiting-room.

The terrified agent, a young man rewly arrived from the east, thought they had come to visit some sort of punishment on him, and began to beg for mercy, an unwise proceeding that resulted in his being ordered out of the town on the first train, and he gladly went.

The men hurried out to the long platform as the train came in, and when it had come and gone the only passengers it left were a small, slightly-built woman dressed in black and an extremely pretty, bright-eyed little girl, with a profusion of yellow curls falling down to her shoulders.

"He didn't come," said old man Dilly, to a neighbor. "Thought better of it, I reckon. Wonder who the widder is?"

The "widder" came forward, holding the little girl by the hand.

"Is Mr. Kearney here?" she asked of one of the gaping crowd. Kearney, standing near enough to hear the question, said:

"I'm him, ma'am."

She held out her hand, and gave the crowd an electric shock by saying:

"I'm the new agent and telegraph operator from Winnipeg."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dilly, speaking of the affair afterwards, "you could of knocked that hull crowd down with a feather when that woman said that."

The crowd stared in unbroken silence until the new agent and her little girl had gone into the ticket office; then the men hurried back to the town, each eager to tell the amazing news to those who did not already know it.

The women of Cochrane, for years remote from the great centers of civilization, and far behind in the progress of the age, were greatly scandalized.

Mrs. Dilly, who had been crouching over the fire most of the day, suddenly became heedless of the cold and, throwing an old shawl over her shoulders, faced the wind and ran with flapping garments to the farthest end of the street to talk the matter over with Mrs. Ferguson.

"Did ye ever hear of the like in all yer born days??" she asked, excitedly. "What'll the women be a-doing next?"

"Well, I've an idee she'll wish she'd kep' to dish-washin' an' other proper female work 'fore she's been here long," said Mrs. Ferguson. "Them cowboys ain't a-goin' to keer nothin' fer her bein' a woman. It just natchelly ain't in 'em to be gintlemin. Wonder if she knows what a cowboy is, anyhow?"

Mrs. Hartman, the new agent, had a very well-defined idea of what a cowboy was, although she had never seen one.

She had been a telegraph operator and had learned bookkeeping before her marriage. When her husband died, and left her dependent upon her own efforts for a livelihood for herself and her little girl, she felt obliged to go back to her old occupation, but with the determination to secure as soon as possible some situation where she could have her little girl with her.

The railroad officials knew her to be a bright, fearless woman, and when the vacancy created at Cochrane by young Henson's flight was made known to the company, Mrs. Hartman was offered the position.

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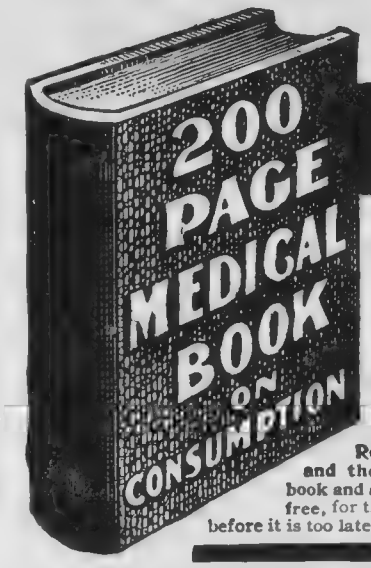

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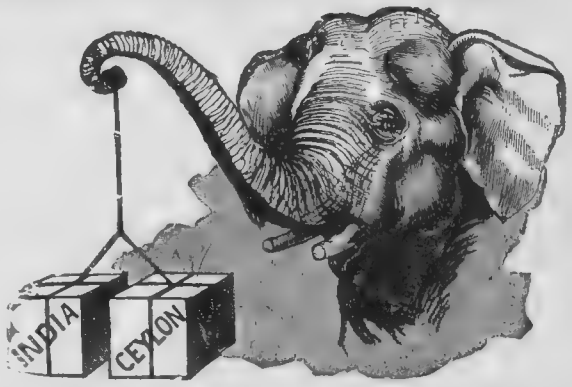

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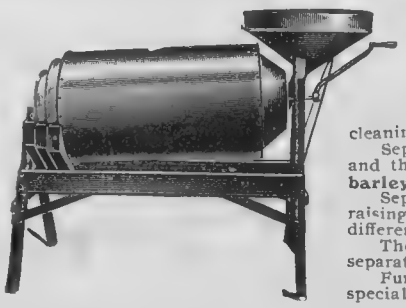

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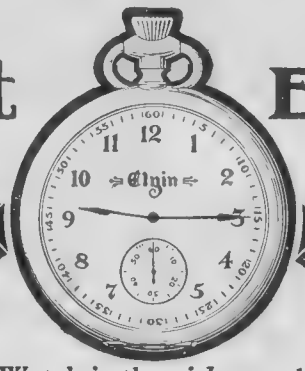

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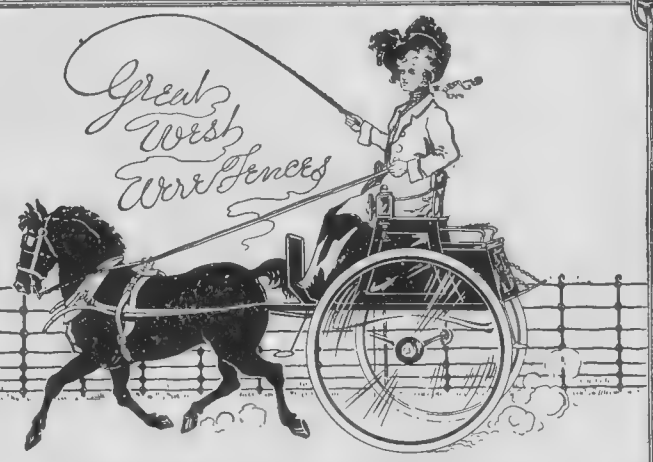

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WINNIPEG — MANITOBA

The salary was not a large one, but as the position enabled her to be with her child all the time, she was willing to risk any possible trouble the cowboys might give her.

There were two neat, cosy rooms at one end of the station, and these Mrs. Hartman fitted up for her own use, and they were the prettiest and brightest rooms in Cochrane when her bright-colored carpets were down, her pictures on the walls and her books and bits of bric-a-brac on the shelves. She had brought her small upright piano, and it was the only piano in Cochrane. Her canary bird, and even Dandy, her cat, came with her.

Then there was Cecil, one of the merriest and prettiest of little girls.

"I never get lonesome for a single moment," Mrs. Hartman said to Kearney one day after she had been two weeks at Cochrane. "Isn't it about time those cowboys were paying me a visit?"

"Oh, they'll come," replied Kearney, whose mind had been filled with many gloomy forebodings ever since the arrival of "that woman agent"; and they came that very night, six or eight of them, headed by Big Jake, one of the most dangerous and reckless cowboys in Bad Lands Country.

They had not heard of the arrival of the new agent, and, contrary to their usual custom, stopped at the little station on their way up to the town.

"We'll jes skeer the tenderfoot out of a year's growth," said Big Jake, dismounting at the depot door, while his companions followed him.

It was after dark, but bright lights shone through the white-curtained windows of Mrs. Hartman's rooms. All was still within when the men flung open the door of the waiting-room and marched in hooting and yelling like Sioux Indians.

One of them was about to kick open the door leading into Mrs. Hartman's sitting-room, when it slowly opened, a flood of light streamed into the dark waiting-room, and in its yellow glow there stood a sober-faced little girl of four years, with her bare feet peeping out from beneath a trailing white nightgown, and a tangle of yellow curls hanging down to a scarlet knitted shawl thrown hastily around her shoulders. Her face wore a look of wonder more than of affright as she said:

"What you want mens?"

No one made reply, and the childish voice was heard again.

"My mamma's gone to the 'tore. You want a wailwode ticket? Or do you want to see my kitty? She won't squatch, not a bit."

Dandy, the big fourteen-pound Maltese cat, seldom failed to attract attention, to the great delight of little Cecil, to whom "my kitty" was dearer than "my best dolly."

"Where's yer—yer—daddy?" asked one of the men.

"My what?"

"Yer daddy, er—yer pa?"

"Oh, my papa? Why, don't you know? He's up in the 'ky—with God."

A solemn look came into her pretty face, and her voice faltered as she spoke, with one little round white arm lifted upward, a finger pointing towards the sky.

A rear door of the sitting-room opened as the child spoke, and, a few seconds later, the amazed cowboys saw a little woman dressed in black, with a face slightly pale, standing beside the little girl.

"Good evening, gentlemen," she said, a little nervously, at once recognizing the character of her visitors. "Did you want tickets? There will be no more trains to-night."

"We didn't want no tickets," replied Big Jake, evidently somewhat nonplussed. "We jest dropped in to make a sorter frien'ly call on the new agent, an' git acquainted."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Hartman, recovering her self-possession and speaking in the most cordial tone. "If you will come in I will make you a cup of coffee, after your cold ride. I am the new agent."

"What?" said Big Jake, "you the new agent?" Then, giving his shoulders a suggestive shrug, he turned to his followers and said, briefly:

"Well, boys, we'd better git!"

"And they immediately got," said Mrs. Hartman, leaning back in her rocking-chair and laughing heartily, as she told the incident to Mrs. Dilly and Mrs. Ferguson, who had so far overcome their prejudice against the "female agent" as to spend one or two evenings a week in her cheery little sitting-room.

She held out her hand, saying, "I'm the new agent and telegraph operator."

There had been few religious services held in Cochrane. There was no church in the town, and but one or two ministers had visited the place in a missionary spirit, and they had been so unfortunate as to offend the cowboys by making them the object of special sermons, and speaking some plain truths, in a way that was instantly resented by the cowboy element, and future meetings gave rise to such disturbances that it was advisable to discontinue them.

Soon after her arrival, Mrs. Hartman gathered a number of the children and their mothers, with three or four men, into the depot one afternoon and organized a Sabbath school, and a little later Mrs. Dilly went around among her neighbors with this surprising news:

"There's going to be meetin' in the hall over the postoffice Sunday night."

"What kind of meeting?"

"Preachin' meetin', I reckon; but I don't know who's goin' to preach, onless she does it herself, an' I ain't a mite o' doubt but she kin do it."

"Why, Mis' Hartman. She's the one that's called the meetin'. They're goin' to take her pianner up to the hall, an'

have singin' an' speakin', meetin', of some sort."

When Sunday night came, the little hall was filled. The most of those who made up the congregation were drawn thither through curiosity, no doubt. Even John Sanders, the owner of the hotel had come, since his usual Sunday evening visitors had failed to appear, and he concluded that he'd "go down to the meetin' an' keep 'em comp'ny." There's likely to be "some fun," he said, if the cowboys should happen to ride into Cochrane during the meeting.

Mr. Wardner, one of the storekeepers, announced a hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," at the beginning of the meeting. Other songs were sung, with Mrs. Hartman at the piano. Mr. Wardner talked for a few minutes, and then Mrs. Hartman stepped forward on the little platform.

At that moment there was a disturbance on the stairs outside; the noise of heavy boots was heard, and Mrs. Ferguson trembled as she whispered to Mrs. Dilly:

"Land of goodness! It's them cowboys!" The door was thrown open with a good deal of unnecessary noise, and Big Jake and his companions crowded into the little hall.

"They did look dreadfully sheepish," as Mrs. Dilly said, when they saw who the speaker was, for the worst of cowboys will display a rude sort of chivalry in the presence of women, and they have enough of the spirit of true manhood to be influenced by that undefinable magnetism that all truly good women exert by their presence alone.

When Mrs. Hartman said: "There are seats here in front; won't you come and take them?" they lifted their hats, strode silently forward, took the chairs indicated, and sat quietly through the meeting.

"And I've an idee it wouldn't have been healthy for anyone else to have made a noise," said Mr. Ferguson.

After that Sunday evening the cowboys did not come into Cochrane for some time, but, as Christmas drew near, Mrs. Dilly and others began making prophecies as to what would likely occur on Christmas day.

"They kem into town last Christmas," said Mrs. Dilly to Mrs. Hartman, "an' the way they did carry on was a caution. They jess rid right over ev'rything an' ev'rybody. They fired off their pistols, an' hooted an' yelled like crazytics the hull endoorin' night."

It seemed as though Mrs. Dilly's dire forebodings might be realized, for a dozen or more of the cowboys dashed into the town in the most hilarious manner on Christmas eve, and rode direct to the hotel at one end of the town, where special preparations for their entertainment had been made by the proprietor.

An hour after their arrival, when they were becoming particularly merry, the door of the hotel opened, and Mrs. Hartman, hooded and wrapped in a long black cloak, came into the room with a telegram in her hand.

"See, here, boys," she said, "there has been a dreadful accident twenty miles down the road. The eastern passenger train has been thrown from the track by a broken rail, and several have been killed and a great many hurt, and most of the cars have been burned. They have telegraphed here for help. I noticed that there were many women and children on the train when it left Cochrane. How many of you will go?"

Big Jake stood before the bar, a glass of liquor in his hand. He set it down untouched, and strode toward the door.

"Come along, fellers," he said, briefly, "I reckon we're needed more there nor here."

In two minutes they were all in their saddles, and Mrs. Hartman said:

"Ride over to the depot first, and get some bedding and old linen for bandages, and other things that will be needed. I'll run down to Mr. Wardner's store and to my neighbors' houses and get all I can for us to use after we get there."

Big Jake turned in his saddle, and looked down on the little woman standing in the snow, with a fierce, cold wind blowing her garments around her.

"Us?" he queried, "who's us?"

"Oh. I'm going, too," replied Mrs. Hartman. "I'm used to horseback riding, and I shall be needed, I know."

It was a very cold night, with the wind roaring and sweeping over the white plains.

It's cold enough to freeze a brass image," said Mrs. Dilly, thrusting her head out into the frosty air, after hearing the news, "but if Mis' Hartman kin ride twenty miles to help the mangled an' sufferin', me an' Mis' Ferguson kin, too, an' we will. So you hurry up an' hitch our critters up to the bob-sled, Jonas Dilly, an' I'll just pile in my feather-bed an' all our buff'lo robes, an' we'll git there all right, an' do what we kin fer the needy, which we'd ought to do at Christmas, if at no other time, pore souls!"

Big Jake took the lead, and Mrs. Hartman kept close to his side. As many as twenty horsemen came on behind, and they were followed by half a dozen sleds, the Dilly turnout in the rear.

It was almost daylight when the rescuing train came, and the first rays of the morning sun shone over the plains before the train pulled away with its sorrowful load or dead and injured.

Then the party from Cochrane turned their faces homeward.

"Them cowboys was ez tender an' ez sensible ez wimmen," said Mrs. Dilly to Mrs. Hartman, before they started homeward. "I'd no idee it was in 'em to act so. I hope they won't spoil it all by goin' back to Cochrane an' carryin' on up at John Sanderses."

"I'll see to that," replied Mrs. Hartman, knowingly, and she did.

"Now, boys and ladies," she said, bowing toward the Dilly sled, "you're all tired out, I know; but not too tired to eat a good Christmas dinner, if one is set before you, and if you men will take possession of my sitting-room and the station, Mrs. Dilly and Mrs. Ferguson and myself will do likewise with the kitchen, and we'll see what there is in a big Christmas box I received yesterday from my old farm home back in Ontario."

"And here's the key to my grocery store, which may supply anything that's lacking," said Mr. Wardner.

Tables were set in the waiting-room of the depot, and a wonderful dinner came from Mrs. Hartman's kitchen, and afterward there was music and singing, and great Christmas cheer and merriment.

Cecil and Big Jake became greatly interested in each other, and when, at dark, the cowboys mounted their horses, they did not ride up to John Sanders', as Mrs. Dilly had feared they would, but they rode swiftly away over the plain toward their own homes.

"It was surprisin'," said Mrs. Dilly afterward, "but I don't s'pose there's a man livin' that ain't got some good streaks in 'im, if a body only knows how to find 'em, an' Christmas is a good time to bring 'em out."

To Cure Fits of Sneezing.—A correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* says: During the recent rapid changes of the temperature I caught a severe cold in my head, accompanied by almost incessant sneezing. My unfortunate nose gave me no rest. The slightest impact of cold air, or passing from the outside air into a warm room equally brought on a fit of sneezing. In vain I snuffed camphor and pulsatilla; the light catarrh still triumphed over me. At length I resolved to see what the maintenance of a uniform temperature would do toward diminishing the irritability of my Schneiderian membrane, and accordingly I plugged my nostrils with cotton wool. The effect was instantaneous; I sneezed no more. Again and again I tested the efficacy of this simple remedy, always with the same result. However near I was to a sneeze, the introduction of the pledgets stopped it at once. Nor was there any inconvenience from their presence, making them sufficiently firm not to tickle, and yet leaving them sufficiently loose to easily breathe through." This is really worth knowing, for incessant sneezing is among the greatest of smaller ills, and it seems only a rational conclusion to hope that this simple plan may furnish the most efficient remedy against one of the most distressing symptoms of hay-fever.

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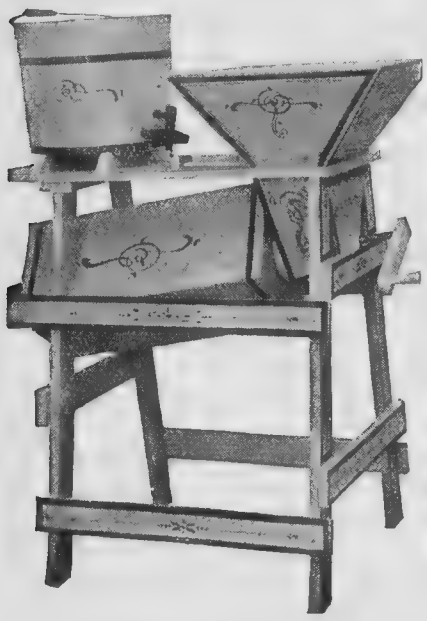

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The Courting of Mirandy

By James F. B. Belford.

There was no doubt in any one's mind that Mirandy was the belle of Broncoville. There were other girls—French, breed and Canadian—not counting Sleepy Star, the pride of old Prairie Dog's teepee; but Mirandy was easily first. And she deserved to be. Big, bright and bouncing, with glorious eyes, sparkling with life, which looked at you fully and frankly. Long, lustrous hair, which swept behind her like a cloud as she urged her wiry little cayuse over the grass. Light as a fawn in the dance, merry and cheerful in company, she was at once the delight and despair of us all—excepting Old Sam, who had wooed and won a two hundred and fifty pound French half-breed, and young Tibbets, who was fresh from the East, and had been caught smiling and crying before a photograph. But though we all loved Mirandy, and were, individually and collectively, ready to fall at her feet, it was still painfully apparent that some of us were bound to be disappointed. And as time went by, one by one, most of us gradually dropped out of the running. Not that we loved Mirandy less, but that we realized the hopelessness of our case. At last only two were left, and, try as we would, we could not discover which was to be the lucky man.

Bill Simmons owned a good claim, with a decent shack, a good string of ponies, and a nice bunch of cattle. He was a tall, good-looking fellow, rode well, danced well, and was always ready for anything that came along.

Jack Fraser was shorter by three inches, but fine-looking and well set up. He was equally well endowed with land, ponies and cattle, and was reputed the toughest man in a scrap in the country.

Both of them were madly in love with Mirandy, which was only natural, but what did seem strange was that, in spite of their rivalry, they were the best of friends. Generally, when two fellows are after the same girl, each of them just yearning to lie down and let her trample on him, there isn't much love lost between them. But Bill and Jack were different. They had struck the country together, had lived on the same claim, in the same shack, for three years, eating each other's bannock and pork, and were known far and wide as the "two chums."

When you saw Bill anywhere you could safely reckon Jack was not far away. And if Jack got into a row, as he sometimes did, Bill's tall figure was sure to shoot into sight presently.

And Mirandy made no difference in their friendship. Bill was determined to win her, Jack was just as resolute, but that was no reason why the friendship of years should be broken up. They had a perfect understanding on the matter. Each had his own particular night on which he "set up" with Mirandy, and the other never intruded.

Bill took her to the service in the schoolhouse one Sunday, and sat beside her in the narrow seat, holding one corner of her prayer-book, or singing the same hymn, looking as happy as a clam, while Jack was back in the corner with the boys. And the next Sunday they would exchange places, Jack getting the prayer-book and Bill the corner. If Bill drove her to the Temperance Lodge, Jack escorted her to the spelling match. Even at a dance they broke even, and divided round dances and breakdowns impartially. Since they had to oppose one another, they, at least, would fight fair.

And Mirandy, you couldn't see any difference in the way she treated them. It must have been trying for her—we always felt it must have been. Either of these chaps was just about all a fellow ought to be, and, take it all 'round, it was a living example of "the embarrassment of riches."

"In his arms he held Jack, pale and speechless, his foot nearly sliced off by his axe."

Broncoville is known all through the country for its races at the fall fair. The Agricultural Society had laid out as pretty a half-mile track as any horse could wish to run over, and we had some mighty good horses, too. About a week before the fair came on, we heard that Jack and Bill had settled to run their ponies in the mile race, and that the losing man was to give up all claim on Mirandy. Jack had a little black pony and Bill a buckskin. Both of them were known to be fast, but their owners, being such chums, had never raced them against each other. But now on the speed of the black and buckskin hung the fates of the boys and Mirandy.

There was a crowd at that fair. The news got pretty generally around the county, and every man, woman and child just naturally left everything and turned out. They came in democrats and in wagons, in buggies and in Red River carts, on sulkies and on horseback, on driving horses, mules and oxen, and old Pen Tripp had hitched his muley cow into the hay-rake and driven her in. There must have been a thousand people in Broncoville that day.

And the betting! Not so much on the horses as on the men. Some knew Jack better than Bill, and vice versa, and each backed the man he knew best. There were other horses running, but no one gave them the second thought. So when old Bob Clark, the hotel keeper and leading sport of the town, rang the bell for the mile race, the whole track was lined—men, women, children and Indians, just bracing themselves and yelling.

Mirandy was there. She was sitting in the parson's buggy, where she could see the whole course, and the people looked first at the horses and then at her. But it might have been a slow race for a bag of chop for all the difference you could see in Mirandy. The parson was a young man the bishop had just got out from the East, a bit of a tenderfoot, of course, but great on football, and a fair good sport in his way. He liked a good horse, and a day after elk or chicken, and was not a bad fellow for all his surplice.

But I've got away from the race. The ponies started well together. You could see by their looks that the boys were dead in earnest. Crouched low over their horses' necks, their faces white and set, they meant to ride for all that was in it.

Round went the horses, and when they reached the judges' stand for the first half-mile Bill and Jack were neck and neck, with the rest of the field nowhere. Everybody cheered again, that is, everybody but Mirandy. She sat there quiet as an oyster.

At three-quarters of a mile both were going strong and still even, when a measly yellow Injun dog ran out right in front of Bill's pony. Down went the bronco, and Bill went twenty feet up the track on his face, almost in front of the parson's buggy, where Mirandy was sitting. Quick as a flash the parson jumped from the buggy and grabbed Bill, pulling him off the track. The rest of the horses came on with a rush, and I don't know to this day who won that race, for I was watching Jack. Just as soon as he saw Bill's pony fall, he set himself back in the saddle and pulled in his horse. He had that horse stopped and was by Bill's side almost as soon as the parson pulled him on to the grass. And you never saw a man look worse than Jack did. Bill was scratched and bloody, covered with dust, and the wind pretty well knocked out of him, but Jack was ghastly. I thought sure he would tumble over when he knelt by Bill. The doctor ran up and felt Bill all over, said there were no bones broken and that he would be all right in a day or two; and then Jack got right up and whooped. And the cheerful manner in which he kicked Howling Coyote across the track when that smoke-scented warrior wanted pay for his dog was an exhilarating treat.

When the crowd got over its scare, we began to wonder how this would affect the Mirandy question. The general consensus of opinion arrived at was that this game was a draw.

Jack took Bill home with him, and looked after his stock till he got over his shaking up. The parson drove Mirandy home. Things ran on much the same as before that race, all that fall.

We were all still wondering which of the boys would get Mirandy finally, when we heard they were going to have another try for it. Each of them had a good smart team, and they were regarded as the two best axemen in the county. And so, when we heard the new plan of campaign, we were not much surprised. This was the idea: They were to start from the parsonage, each with his team, sleigh and axe, at ten o'clock Wednesday morning, drive to the woods from there, cut a measured cord of green poplar, bring it back to the parsonage and pile it, the first man done to be the winner, the stakes the same as before.

Well, of course, we all wanted to see the result, so we arranged a social that night at the school-house, which was just across from the parsonage. That was the most popular social ever held in Broncoville. The Ladies' Aid made a big thing that night. The schoolhouse would not begin to hold the crowd. Not that the crowd wanted to stay in. They'd rush in, pay their money, grab a paper bag full of sandwiches and doughnuts, and rush out

again to look up the North Road. And there they stood, munching the doughnuts and gazing. It was a long wait.

"Ought to have been here an hour ago," said Bob Campbell, and the crowd grunted assent. Even old Prairie Dog, who had come over on the chance of a tuckout, seemed anxious. But perhaps he was figuring on the amount of broken victuals that would fall to his share.

But at last, through the moonlight, a team was seen coming. Not slow and steady, as if drawing a load of green wood, but furiously, both horses on the run. A yell went up from the crowd, "They're racing." The parson had been in the schoolhouse talking to the women, but at the noise he came running out and the rest followed him, all except Mirandy. She filled up Prairie Dog's bag, which that thoughtful red man had brought on the off chance.

The team came up with a rush to the door, and there was Bill, driving, but no wood. In his arms he held Jack, pale and speechless, his foot nearly sliced off by his axe. After it was bound up, and Jack made comfortable in bed, Bill told the story.

They had just about finished cutting their wood, and were both working like mad, when Bill heard a yell and look-up saw Jack pitch off his log into the snow. He rushed over, and found his chum with the blood pouring out of a big gash in his foot. He fixed him up as well as he could, but it took a long time, and then started for town.

Well, of course, we were no farther ahead. It did seem as if Mirandy never would get married. It was a trying situation. Kept us all puzzling while Jack lay at the parson's with his game foot, and Bill did his chores as well as his own. Spring came, the crops were put in with a rush, as they have to be out here, and then we had a few weeks to think things over.

Bill and Jack agreed that the third time would be the charm, and settle the affair, one way or another. They had talked a long time as to how they would decide. Jack wanted to spin a quarter, heads or tails, for first chance, but Bill wouldn't hear of it. He said it wasn't chivalrous. He had been reading a lot about the old knights and their lady-loves, in the spare minutes between Jack's chores and his own, and he said "Mirandy can give points to any of them girls they made so much fuss about in the old days, and beat them, hands down, and it ain't fair to her if we let ourselves be laid over by any knight that ever wore an iron pot."

And Jack gave in. But it bothered them what to do. You see, there's no dragons, nor giants, nor enchanted castles nowadays, and King Arthur himself couldn't earn his salt at the knight business. But after much studying they got hold of a scheme. The wolves had been mighty bad in our county for the last year or two. You couldn't keep a sheep, and the way they gathered in the chickens and ducks was a terror. It may have been because Bill heard Mirandy saying that her last turkey-hen had disappeared the night before, but, anyway, they decided that for the next two months they would hunt wolves, and the man with the biggest pile of scalps should go in and win. From that on, you could hear the pop of a rifle most any time, day or night, and soon wolves got to be scarce as hen's teeth. They shot wolves, trapped wolves, poisoned wolves, and incidentally about half the dogs in the settlement. Bill found a den and dug up about eleven young ones, but Jack got back with two litters of five each and one old one.

Excitement again ran high. Old Mosey Pool bet his lame mare against Joe Willow's brindle ox on Jack. The boys said nothing but kept popping away. They drove all through the county, and the wolves fairly had to take to the bush.

The two months wore through, somehow, and Jack brought his pile of scalps over to Bill's for the final count. It happened that about fifty of us dropped in, promiscuous like, on Bill that morning; so we saw the count First we counted out Jack's pile. Old and young, there were just ninety-seven scalps, all told. I saw Bill turn

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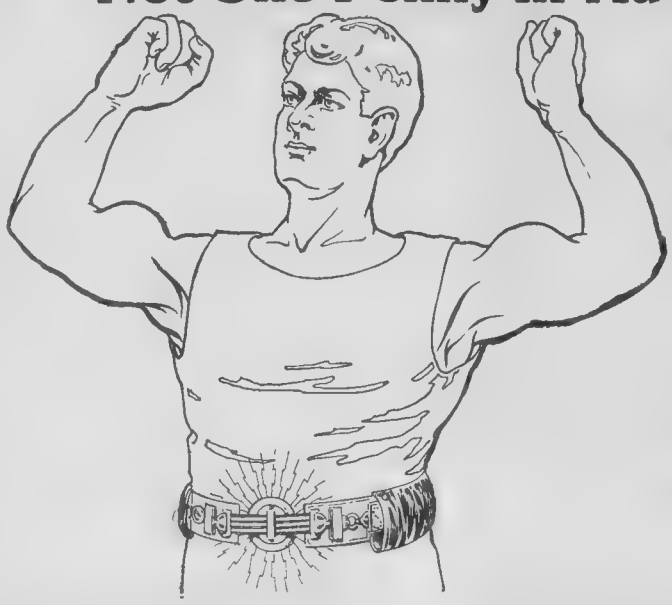

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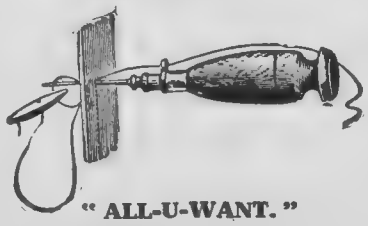

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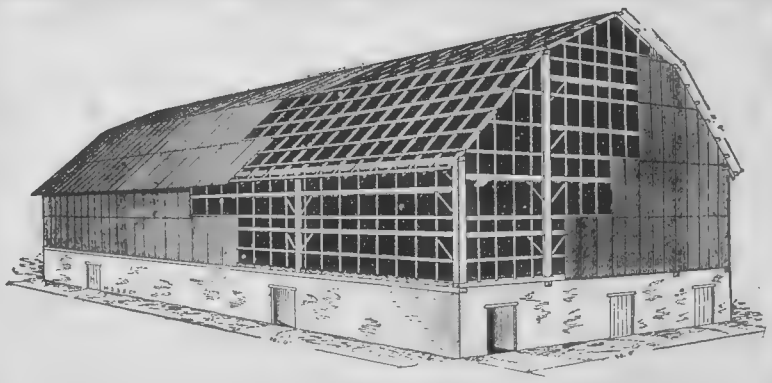

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pale, and bet Joe Jackson a pound of chewing tobacco on Jack.

Then we started in on Bill's pile. One by one old Mosey counted them out. Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven—sure as life it was a tie! They had killed the exact, identical, same number, and the game was no farther ahead.

Bill looked at Jack, and Jack looked at Bill. They shook hands and went out to the stable, intimating that we needn't follow, and we didn't.

Presently out comes Bill's driver. They hitched him into the buggy and started for Mirandy's place.

I wasn't there at the finish—Bill drove too fast—but Jake Cathers had crawled into the back of the buggy, being small, and he told me.

The boys never said a word during the trip, but drove up to the gate, tied up their horse, and shook hands again, and went into the house. Jake crawled out of the buggy and sneaked over to the window where he could see and hear all that passed.

The parson was there, looking very happy, and with him old Mr. Blewett, the parson over at Mud Flats. Mirandy wasn't in sight, but her mother was, and the boys asked to see Mirandy. Her mother smiled a little and then called Mirandy down. She came down the stairs, looking as sweet as a peach in a new dark gray dress, and the boys straightened up for business.

"Mirandy," says Jack, "you know Bill and I have been courting you steady since you came to the settlement. We've tried to decide between ourselves which one should have right of way, and now we want you to take your pick, and the other fellow will be best man."

"Boys," says Mirandy, "I'm sorry I can't fall in with your idea—I married the parson about an hour ago, and I'm afraid I can't settle the matter for you. And, boys," says she, "the next time you try to settle an affair like this you had better ask the girl's opinion first."

Well, it staggered the boys, Jake says, but they braced up, shook hands with the parson, kissed the bride and helped eat the wedding cake.

And next year, when old Mr. Blewett christened the parson's twins, Jack and Bill were godfathers.

THE SNOW MAN'S ROMANCE

A snow man made love to a pretty snow drift.
Way down in the orchard where all was quite still!
He stretched forth his arms in a pleading of love,
But this little snow drift was haughty and chill!

The snow man loved on in his own patient way
Until the cold snow drift was softened and won!
Then, suddenly, burst through the dark clouds o'erhead
A heat that was called by the South Wind the Sun!

It melted the man that was moulded of snow,
It thawed all the pretty snow drift in a day!
And gladly their lives did the two lovers join
To sing in a river, forever alway!

An Unsentimental Valentine.

If I met you face to face,
Maiden fair and full of grace,
I should bow and doff my hat,
Say "Your servant," and all that.

While I watched your pretty ways,
I could only smile and praise;
And you'd never dream your lover
Could a flaw in you discover.

But I'm bolder, Lady mine,
Hid behind St. Valentine:
And I'll count you one, two, three
Faults that I can plainly see.

Once I saw a tempest rise,
Clouding o'er your pretty eyes,
When a guest came to the door
Who was old, and sad and poor.

Once I saw you turn away,
With a cold and fretful "Nay,"
When your little brother came
Begging for some childish game.

Once I saw you sit at ease,
With your book upon your knees,
While your mother, patient saint,
Did your work without complaint.

Ah! my pretty Valentine,
Ere I ask you to be mine
I must know that lovely face
Shines with more than surface grace.
That your captivating art
Does not hide a careless heart.

Lest when tresses brown grow white,
Eyes grow dim which now are bright,
Age and trouble grow apace,
Stealing beauty from your face,
I should bitterly repine
Choosing you my Valentine.

—Elizabeth P. Allen.

Gold and Love.

You may ask what man that you will
Which he the greater will prize,
Gold he's made or Love he creates,
And the man says Love—and lies.

For he gives to the Love he's won
The gift of a few waste hours,
Nor watches to see it increase,
Nor cares if it loses its powers.

While he gives to the Gold he's made
The strength of his virile years
To watch that his store grows big,
As he strives, and gloats, and fears.

So the Gold is safely hoarded,
And the Love just wasted dies;
And you ask which is the greater,
And the man says Love—and lies.

—Brooklyn Life.

Fickle.

When the moon rose over the sea,
The sea with its breast of blue,
We trod the sand, hand clasped in hand,
And the spell of your love was true.

When the stars shone over the sea,
The stars with their fickle beams,
You said farewell, and the witching spell
Prolonged for a time my dreams.

When the sun rose over the sea,
The sun with its piercing eye,
My dream was o'er, for the love you bore
Was lost in the night's good-by.

—Lurana W. Sheldon, in New York Herald.

Correspondence

Readers of these columns will note that in this issue we print a grist of letters from lady correspondents nearly all of whom invite our bachelor readers to write to them.

We feel sure that our bachelor readers will not blame us if we give considerable of our space this month to the ladies.

We would like to print all the letters received from bachelors as well, but in a future issue we will give the bachelors' letters fair treatment.

We are not at liberty to give the name of any writer, so do not ask us to send you the name of any writer whose letter appears in these columns.

Affix a postage stamp on a blank envelope, enclosing a letter you wish us to mail for you and we will forward it on through the mail to its destination.

When writing give your full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Cheerful Lassie Right in Line.

Manitoba, Dec. 17, 1907.

Editor.—As I have read with interest your page in the W. H. M. for some time, I decided I would write a short epistle for amusement as well as to help to entertain some of the other readers that are out West and far from any company that put in very lonesome times.

Girls, I think that it is our part to help and cheer up those young men that have left their homes down East to come out West here and build up the country and batch it all alone. I think we should write to them or exchange post cards. It would help them to pass away the time more pleasantly to get letters and to answer them. I know there must be a lot of them that like to write. I would be pleased to correspond with either young men or young ladies in Alberta or B. C., especially not more than 25 years of age as I am only 21. Have brown hair and brown eyes. "Cheerful Lassie."

Would Marry After Due Consideration.

Edmonton, Dec. 14, 1907.

Editor.—I would like to correct a little mistake that appeared in your July number, namely: "An Old Sleuth's" letter. I know the country and people well enough to be able to tell you that he is only "bluffing," particularly about his cook and his property. So much for that.

I see by your correspondence column that many subscribers express their opinion about the work you are doing in getting the young people acquainted. May I say that I highly approve of the idea? We Western people know far too little of each other. But as for getting acquainted with a view to matrimony, that is an entirely different matter. I do not see how any sensible or self-respecting man or woman could take a step that means so much to both parties without a thorough acquaintance with the other party. If we just take our neighbors over the line, we get a good example of "marrying in haste and repenting at leisure," but there is no divorce court to free an unhappy or unsuitably matched couple. The result is obvious.

I greatly admire the character of many of your correspondents as portrayed by their letters, while others would invoke the pity of almost any one by their mournful tales of loneliness. Still, I could not believe that whatever the apparent necessity (and I am well used to Western life, both in city and country), a hasty marriage is excusable.

I dare say I have not made a favorable impression on the readers, but such was not my aim in writing. However, if anyone wishes to correspond I should endeavor to answer all letters sent to me, but it would not be with a view to matrimony.

"A Riverside Maiden."

A Lancashire Lassie.

Manchester, Eng., Dec. 10, 1907.

Editor.—I don't know if you can find room in your interesting magazine for this epistle, but I trust so. A friend sent my sister the June number and I was so taken up with your correspondence column that I can't resist trying to get a little corner for myself, if possible. Nothing venture nothing win, so here goes.

I am hoping to come out to Alberta soon, along with my family, what is left of us, as my father is already out and two sisters both married. They send us news from Canada that they want us to know that living in Canada is like living on the Chat Moss, only there are more folks. They are in B. C., so I am especially interested in B. C. and Alberta.

I am a Lancashire mill lassie. For over five years now I have done a little foreign correspondence amongst our soldiers and sailors connected with a temperance society of which I am a member also. I hope I have done a little good by writing. I can truly say I don't regret my trouble and expense. I thoroughly believe it does good to both parties if the following resolve be adhered to, namely, not to write anything one is ashamed for anyone to see. I am proud to say I have always done so and have met with the same return. I wrote solely to try and interest them with cheery news and papers. I have received mementos from many foreign places, Malta, Gibraltar, West Africa, South Africa, East Indies, West Indies, Jamaica, Aden, Singapore. Though I know none of my correspondents personally, I may say I've received some honorable offers and as such have treated them, for I believe (with Bon Amie) that marriage is too sacred and not possible without a mutual personal acquaintance.

As I before stated I am coming out to Canada, so I am giving my former correspondence up. Hence my turning up in your columns.

If any of the lone West bachelors care to write, I will answer with pleasure. In conclusion I may say I've fallen in love with your magazine and have decided to send it on here afterwards to some friends who owe the same thing.

I am Protestant, 30 years; don't object to tobacco, only cigars. Yours truly "Honor Bright."

Sympathize with Lonely Bachelors.

Neepawa Dec. 23, 1907.

Editor.—Have you any room for another girl who would like to see all those bachelors wanting wives get them and the right kind? But when I see them asking for correspondents it always makes me wonder whether there are no girls living near them or if they were the right kind of fellows they would not need to advertise. Some of them write good letters anyhow, and others seem to think a girl should have every accomplishment and yet be willing to go out on a homestead where, ten chances to one, she won't get a chance to use them.

I do not blame the bachelors for wanting wives as it must be very lonely for them, and no wonder they get wild and woolly.

I am only a working girl, and am quite independent of any man but I would like a home of my own. I think I am a fairly good housekeeper and cook. Am fond of housework. Am not yet twenty-five; have red hair, blue eyes and a hasty temper.

"Wild Plum."

Would Write Friendly Letter.

Rangemore, Village, Staffs, Eng., Dec. 10, 1907.

Editor.—I expect you will be surprised to have a letter from England but I should like you to know that all my family think your paper a splendid one. The correspondence column is very amusing. My brothers are having the book sent to me.

Four of my brothers and my eldest brother's wife have gone to Canada since April 5th last year. As the half of our family (we are 8) are over there you will understand that we are very interested in anything Canadian. I can hardly expect that you will find room for this in your valuable paper. The eldest of my brothers that have gone is 27 and the youngest 17. I am not writing on matrimonial thoughts intent, so need not send a description of myself or my age, but I will tell you I come somewhere between the boys in Canada. If there is anyone who would like a friendly letter from England and would write to me first I would be pleased to answer. Wishing your jolly paper every success, I will sign myself the name of my favorite flower. "Jessamine."

Ready and Willing to Correspond.

Dryden, Ont., Dec. 20, 1907.

Editor.—I watch for the Western Home Monthly every month and appreciate it very much, especially the correspondence column. I have intended writing a long time but kept putting it off.

I think some of the letters very reasonable, others I think are a little particular. For my part, I don't care for the ones who are always blowing nor those who pretend they are afraid a girl will do a little work. Those are the ones who generally make their wives work like a slave after they are married.

I am strictly against smoking, chewing and drinking, as I think that money should go for better use. If any person wishes to write to me I will answer their letters as pleasantly as I can. "Blueberry."

Writes a Nice Sensible Letter.

Alberta, Canada, Dec. 17, 1907.

Editor.—Having become interested in the W. H. M., I wish now to become a regular subscriber. I have been highly entertained and amused by your correspondence circle, and feel now like adding my mite and becoming acquainted, as I have not been in Canada long and find it rather lonesome on the farm after having lived in town most of my life. I very much appreciated the letter from "Alice Montrose" in the August number, and believe all the girls heartily echo her sentiments. For my part, were I thinking seriously of matrimony, I should most assuredly want for my life-long companion a gentleman in every sense of the word, one whom I could love and respect, and feel that he held my wishes in consideration. But one's occupation, so long as it is honorable, does not de-

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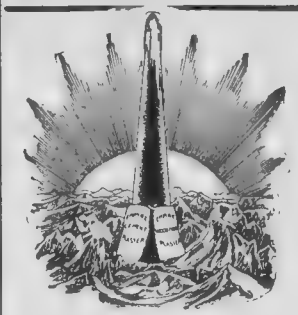

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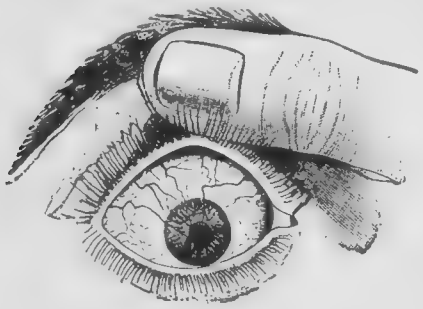

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termine his character: it makes no difference whether he is a toil-worn tiller of the soil, or a prince, so long as he is a true gentleman. I do not believe in corresponding for purely matrimonial purposes, although I believe friendly acquaintance may be made that way. True love-matches—would there were more of them—are engendered of sight and a kindred feeling.

I hope "Canadian Jack" will adhere to his good resolutions regarding a wife's happiness. The house-mother on a farm too often finds her life one of endless drudgery with few pleasures thrown in. I hope he may prove an ideal husband for some girl. I think most of your fun-loving boys who call themselves "bachelors" think of marriage as a speedy cure for that "lonesome feeling" without thinking that it means an establishment of a home whose influence will be felt in the nation.

I notice that it is customary to give one's own description, so I will give mine, more or less graphically. I am perhaps a little above the medium in height, and as for personal appearance—well, I look "like Ma," and, of course, I would not undertake to say but that she is good looking. As for accomplishments, I am but ordinary, with a great appreciation for the good and beautiful and all that is best of life.

I shall be pleased to make the acquaintance of any who care to address "An Old-fashioned Girl."

Griswold, Man., Dec. 18, 1907.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for over nine months and I would like to correspond with some of the bachelors in this month's paper.

I am 23 years of age and would gladly exchange photo with either "Happy Hooligan" or "Jesse James, the Outlaw." "Yorkshire Girl."

An English Girl Writes.

Edmonton, Alta., Dec. 18, 1907.

Editor.—I saw the Western Home Monthly about two months ago. I am very interested in the correspondence columns, and I thought I would try my luck and see if I could get a letter.

I am 19 years old, fair hair, grey eyes, about 5 feet 7 inches tall.

If any of the bachelors would care to write I will try and answer their letters. Wishing your paper every success. "An English Girl."

A Little Girl from Old Quebec.

Quebec, Dec. 16, 1907.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber of your magazine, but have been reading it for some time, and am greatly interested, especially in the correspondence columns, which are certainly amusing.

I should like to correspond with some nice young man, about 6 feet tall, with dark hair, not over 23 or 24 years of age; also one of good habits. I am not thinking about matrimony, as I am only 17. I weigh 122 pounds and am 5 feet 6 inches tall. I am very fond of music (play and sing), love dancing, skating and horse-back riding. I have brown hair, hazel eyes, and am of fair complexion. As to looks, judge for yourself.

I liked the letters from "Baldy" and "Buzz, the Barber," in the October number. Anyone wishing to correspond, please write first. My name will be found with the editor.

"Nobody's Little Girl."

Jolly Sort of Girl.

Perceval, Sask., Dec. 9, 1907.

Editor.—Having been a silent reader of your interesting magazine for some time, I have especially enjoyed the correspondence columns, but it is hard ever to remain silent, so please let me have my say.

They all write about their virtues and accomplishments, so I suppose I must do the same.

I am a farmer's daughter, 19 years of age, with dark brown hair, grey eyes, and a nose that has a peculiar tendency to turn up. Weight 117 lbs.

As for accomplishments, my dear old Dad calls me his "Jack of all Trades," for I have had a try at almost everything belonging to housework, and can feed the pigs and milk the cows when necessary; have even had a turn at driving the binder, and topping a stack of wheat, but found it rather exhausting work. Am very fond of music and can play quite a few instruments, organ, piano, violin, guitar, etc., but I like the violin best.

What a conceited little vixen! I hear some one say. But what say you, boys? Can't let you imagine me a grumpy old woman yet, this world is so jolly.

Wish "Buzz, the Barber" were here this winter when our skating and dancing commences. I'll wager he would have all the dancing he wanted. We are all fond of fun, and have some form of entertainment going on almost every week during the winter months.

What a lot of people wanting to get married! For my part, I have hardly given the matrimonial question a thought so far. Have always lived contented here in my good old home and am quite heart whole and fancy free as yet. Wonder who the Prince Charming will be who can wake the slumbering Cupid; hope he is good looking and not over sixty-five.

I, too, think people should not marry if they do not love each other. It is rather risky to wait for the love to make its appearance after marriage. What if you had to live all your life with a person you did not like, and worse still, dislike? I, for one, could never do it.

But here I am chatting away, never thinking of the valuable space this will occupy in your paper (if this escapes the waste basket). Please forgive me.

If any good looking young gentleman not over 25 years old wishes to write to me, he will be most welcome, and his letters, if any, will be answered with pleasure. "Cigarette."

Fresh from the Land O' Cakes.

Edmonton, Dec. 22, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your magazine and I should like very much to correspond with some of your bachelor friends. I am 25 years of age, tall, dark hair, have only been out in this country from Scotland some six months. "Scotch Lassie."

Won't Mind Hubby Going on a Toot.

Manitoba, Dec. 17, 1907.

Editor.—My sister is a subscriber to your paper and we all think we could not do without it, it is such a grand paper for both young and old. I just love reading the correspondence page and look forward to it every month.

I am a lumber merchant's daughter (I am the baby, so I suppose everyone will say I am spoiled), and am very fond of dancing, horse-back riding, shooting and all kinds of fun imaginable. I am also a good cook and housekeeper, and have cooked all winter in a camp for my brother and twenty men, and none of them died in the spring.

I have all kinds of admirers, and am sick of the sight of the boys around here, and would like to hear from some of the boys from Western Canada.

I don't think I will say much about my looks as I am conceited enough to think I am good looking. I have dark brown eyes and brown hair, weight 120 pounds and am 5 feet 7 inches tall. Am considered a good dancer and have danced in public halls.

Some girls say they would not marry a man who smokes. I have no objections to a man smoking a cigar after a hard day's work beside the fire and his wee wifie on the other side to spoon with is all correct (just ask the boys). I like the letter "Willie on the Lone Pine Ranch" wrote; I think he is quite sensible.

My hubby must be a good dancer, and I like dark eyes. I will allow him to go on a toot once a year. I will help him stack grain and all kinds of work if he will only be jolly and help me wash dishes. I want him to be a Canadian and Protestant, as I am one. I am only eighteen.

Hoping to have my first letter in your valuable paper and also hoping to hear from some of the boys out West, if they think it worth while wasting a two cent stamp on me. Please find my address with the editor.

"An Impudent Lassie."

Maiden of Eighteen Writes.

Balcarres, Dec. 21, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your paper, especially the correspondence page.

I think some girls are too hard on the bachelors. Some people think that if a man starts out in life baching it on a homestead he is of no account. I take a different view of the man who starts out to make a home for some happy lass and works hard all day, only to come in from work and get his own meals ready, tired and hungry. I am a farmer's daughter and would rather have a good living and honest bachelor anyday than a town whiskey sucker.

I would like to correspond with some young happy bachelor about 20 or 21 years old; he must not drink nor smoke and above all, play cards.

I am 18 years old, dark brown hair, brown eyes and light complexion, and not very tall. If any young bachelor would like to correspond with me he will find my address with the editor.

"Balcarres Rosebud."

A Farmer and Fiddler.

Shellbrook, Sask., Dec. 6, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your famous magazine and would like to correspond with "Prince Albert Lassie." I live on a farm and have five horses, cattle, pigs, hens, and have all kinds of machinery and a good farm, and I have a good half section of land in Prince Albert and I am well able to support a wife.

I am very good looking and learning to play the fiddle. Do not use tobacco of any kind and do not use liquor of any kind. I have a lot of money to spend and I am not lazy, but do not like to work.

The girl may have yellow or blue hair, but she must be a good cook and sing good. If any girl would like to marry me she is at liberty to write me. "Shellriver Cowboy."

Has Good Opinion of Himself.

Shellbrook, Sask., Dec. 6, 1907.

Editor.—Being an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly and especially of the correspondence column, and also being on the still hunt for a wife, I thought I would write to you and see if you could not put me in touch with some one that would suit me. She must be musical, she must be pretty, she must be a good cook, also be witty; she must have small hands, but big feet to stand on, and plenty of money for me to lay hands on.

As for myself, a girl that wouldn't be satisfied with me must be pretty hard to suit.

I am neither too large, nor yet too small,
But just the right size to suit them all.
I always have plenty of money to spend
And always borrow, but never lend.
To go to a dance I never would shirk,
I am not lazy, but don't like to work.
And if some girl would like to marry,
She can come at once, but do not tarry.
I'll leave my address with the Editor here,
So girls, please write, you'll find me a dear, "Girl's Ideal."

Address Writers Through This Office.

Saskatoon, Dec. 18, 1907.

Editor.—Being a reader of your magazine for some time I am much interested in your correspondence so will you please give me the address of "May Flower," "Dimples," "Sour Sal" and "Busybody?"

"Buster."

Address Her Through This Office.

Sperling P. O., Man., Dec. 13, 1907.

Editor.—I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, the W. H. M. I enjoy the correspondence column very much.

I am of good habits, neither drink, smoke nor chew tobacco. I am in need of a wife and would like if you would send me the address of the girl who signs herself "Busybody" in Ontario. "A Happy Lover."

Brown Eyes Invites Correspondence.

Carstairs, Alta., Dec. 20, 1907.

Editor.—I take great pleasure in reading the correspondence page of the W. H. M., and I would like to join the circle. I have read letters from some bachelors who would rather have a slave than a wife. They seem to think that after a woman gets her housework done, she should help outside, and sometimes before she gets it done, and then she has to finish after supper when she is tired out with her day's work in the field. For my part, I think a woman's place is in the house, and that the man should help her with the heavy work.

I am a young lady, 17 years old, I have dark brown eyes and hair and am 5 feet 2 inches in height. I would be glad if any of either sex under 23 would send me a letter and I would answer it with pleasure.

"Brown Eyes."

A Pretty Fair Sample?

Manitoba, Dec. 10, 1907.

Editor.—Can you spare me a little space in your valuable magazine? I am not a subscriber, but my father is. I have read the W H. M. for some time now and am delighted with it. I am especially interested in the correspondence columns and thought I should like to say a few words to the members of the circle.

I have been greatly amused over the question of what a farmer's wife ought and what she ought not to do. Now, girls, what does it matter if we do feed pigs and milk a few cows? I am at present living on a farm and although I do not milk, I often feed the pigs. Don't you think it is foolish to talk so?

I am sure no true gentleman would ask his wife to feed pigs or milk cows if he could do it himself or get a man to do it; but there are cases when this is impossible. In my opinion, husband and wife should try to help each other all they can. Love is the only necessity. If they love each other, all else will be well.

I won't criticise any of the letters I have read. They are all interesting. Studying the character of the writers affords me a great deal of amusement. I wish I could meet the gentleman who described his ideal of life on a farm. "Canadian Jack," I think he called himself. I quite agree with him.

I don't want to be criticised "long-winded," so I think I had better close. I am 22 years old, about five feet four inches in height and weigh about 120 pounds; I have brown hair and hazel eyes. I am very fond of music. I will write to anybody who will first write to me. I should like to correspond with some girls as well as boys. I am collecting post cards and should be very glad if some of the writers to these columns would send me some. I will return all favors.

Hoping I have not taken up too much space, Mr. Editor, and wishing the W. H. M. every possible success.

"Marie."

Measures Up to the Standard.

Balcarres, Sask., Dec. 19, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your most valuable magazine and read with much pleasure the correspondence pages.

I am a girl 18 years of age, 5 feet 3 inches in height and weigh 113 lbs. I have fair complexion, dark brown hair and grey eyes. I am a farmer's daughter, and play the organ and burn on leather. I do all my own work such as preserving, cooking etc. I am an Eastern girl who has been taken up root and branch and transplanted in the glorious West three years ago. I think Eastern girls, and Western girls, too, should never lose a chance to correspond with those lonely bachelors. Just think of a man living off by himself for months at a time without

hearing the sweet voice of a woman. He comes in tired and sad, there is no one to cheer him; he gets his own supper and goes to bed. This is repeated month after month. Hence I say Eastern and Western maids should never fail to send a word of cheer to these young men who are building up a glorious country that shall one day stand first among nations.

Well, I think I will be taking up enough room in your paper so I shall close, hoping to hear from some clean honest, industrious kind of a bachelor not more than 23; he must neither drink nor chew tobacco. I leave off with best wishes to the W. H. M. and the lonely bachelors.

"Happy Thought."

Widowers with Kids Barred.

Dubuc, Sask., Dec. 29, 1907.

Editor.—I am very much interested in your correspondence column and should like to express my thanks.

I would like to get some good looking man to correspond with me, about 20 or 21 years of age; don't want a widower with 3 or 4 kids.

I am about 17 years of age, good natured and not bad looking, blue eyes, light brown hair, American descent. I can milk cows, feed chickens and drive a team, either horses or oxen. I can hoe a garden and tend to flowers as I like flowers. Now, I would like to correspond with a man who does not drink or chew tobacco. I won't mind him smoking. I can bake bread, cakes, pies and anything. I was raised on a farm and would like to marry a man that lives on a farm near town. I don't want a cross cat of a man.

I take quite a lot of pity on bachelors. Now, men, don't wait long before you correspond with me as I would like to be married before Easter.

"Saskatchewan Beauty."

Appears to Have the Goods on Her.

Hayfield, Man., Dec. 13, 1907.

Editor.—Having been a reader of your most interesting magazine for over a year I thought I would like to write my first letter. It is very interesting to read the correspondence colnums so I venture to say a word or two. I am a girl of fair complexion with blue eyes and 5 ft. 3 in. tall. I have lived on a farm quite a bit of my life so I know something of that line of work. I can do all kinds of housework and am a pretty good cook. I am an English girl but have been out in this country quite a few years so I am not a greenhorn. I am 20 years old and would like to correspond with some dark, honest, respectable, sober, young man not over 25 or 30. I much prefer one that neither smokes nor chew nor drink as I have seen so much of it in my time. I am very fond of dancing and skating and lots of fun. I wouldn't mind doing anything in regard to feeding pigs and calves, etc., if the man is crowded, but I think for my part there is enough to do in the house, such as churning and washing and several other things which are so needed in the house. Let me know if I have anything to pay.

I would rather die an old maid than marry a man who is a drunkard.

I would like to see this printed. Hoping I haven't taken up too much of your valuable paper. Try and put me on the track of "Smoky Mokes" and "Happy Hooligan."

"English Old Rose."

Letters Exchanged.

Space will not permit us to print a complete list of the letters received and exchanged from this office relative to our correspondence page. We present to our readers a brief summary and partial list which demonstrates very clearly that the interest in our correspondence page is on the increase.

Mailed from	Addressed to
Portage la Prairie	"High Ball"
Didsbury, Alta.	"Sweet Nell"
Hardisty, Alta.	"Rose Bud No. 3"
Broadview, Sask.	"The Kid"
Standoff, Sask	"Handsome Widow"
Alberta	"Busybody from Ont"
Ponoka, Alta	"Handsome Widow"
Ponoka, Alta.	"Sweet Nell"
Okotoks Alta.	"Trixie"
Okotoks, Alta.	"The Kid"
Okotoks, Alta.	"Interested Reader"
Okotoks, Alta.	"Sour Sal"
Okotoks, Alta.	"Cranky."
Innisfail, Alta.	"Handsome Widow"
Ovenstown, Sask.	"Rosebud No. 3"
Cypress River Man.	"Buzz, the Barber"
Warwick, Alta.	"Rosebud No. 3'
Warwick, Alta.	"Sweet Nell"
Winnipeg, Man.	"Glenboro Beauty"
Winnipeg, Man.	"Rosebud No. 3"
Edmonton, Alta.	"Sweet Nell."
Freeport, Ill., U.S.A.	"Jesse James"
Macoun, Sask.	"Handsome Widow"
Stettler, Sask.	"Glenboro Beauty"
Curzon, Sask.	"Sweet Nell."
Curzon, Sask.	"Glenboro Beauty"
Curzon, Sask.	"Ripe Strawberry"
Winnipeg, Man.	"Yankee Boy"
Victoria, B. C.	"Widower No 7"
Vancouver, B. C.	"Rosebud No. 3"
Elgin, Man.	"Rosebud No. 3"
Langevin, Alta.	"Brownie"
Pleasant Forks	"Handsome Widow"
Yellow Grass, Sask.	"Rosebud No 3"
Hurry, Alta.	"Handsome Widow"
Regina, Sask.	"Brownie"
Rathwell, Man.	"Rosebud No 5"
Ashmore, Ill., U.S.A.	"Busybody"
Boharm, Sask.	"Mayflower"
Boharm, Sask.	"Dixie"
Winnipeg, Man.	"A Young Jolly Boy"
Regina, Sask.	"Edith Llye"
Caledonia, N. B	"Dixie"

It rests with you whether or not you cure yourself of Kidney Trouble.

Doctors and drugs have nothing to do with it. You—and GIN PILLS—have everything to do with it. GIN PILLS will cure you—if you give them the chance. Will you?

Now, don't say "I have tried so many things without getting better" or "I don't believe anything will ever do me any good." You have never tried GIN PILLS and therefore you cannot realize what marvels they can perform. Let them prove their worth. Give them a fair trial. Get 6 boxes (for $2.50)—take them faithfully—and see what a miracle they work in your own case.

There is no risk—no danger of spending money and getting nothing in return. GIN PILLS are sold on an unconditional guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded.

When you have finished the sixth box—if you don't feel well, look well, and cannot honestly say that all signs of Kidney and Bladder Trouble have disappeared—simply take the empty boxes to your dealer and he will promptly refund your money. No affidavit is required. We will take your word for it.

That shows our faith in GIN PILLS. Try them and let them prove what they can do for you.

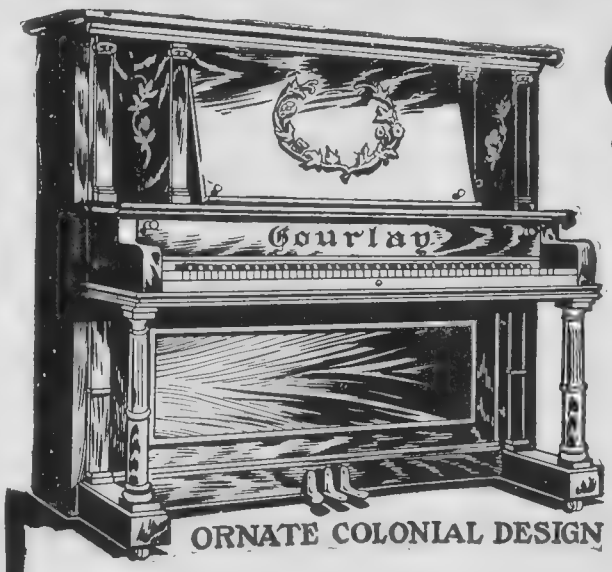
BILLING BRIDGE, Dec. 1st, 1904.

"I am sending for $1.00 worth of your Gin Pills for the kidneys, for I find that they are doing me good. Please send them as soon as possible. I gave a trial of them to my neighbors and they recommend them very highly."

Yours truly, MRS. DONALD MCCARTHY.

50c. a box—6 boxes for $2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your dealer does not handle them. 93

BOLE DRUG CO. - - WINNIPEG, Man.



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MEN, READ IT!

Dr. McLaughlin's Belt will do this for You.

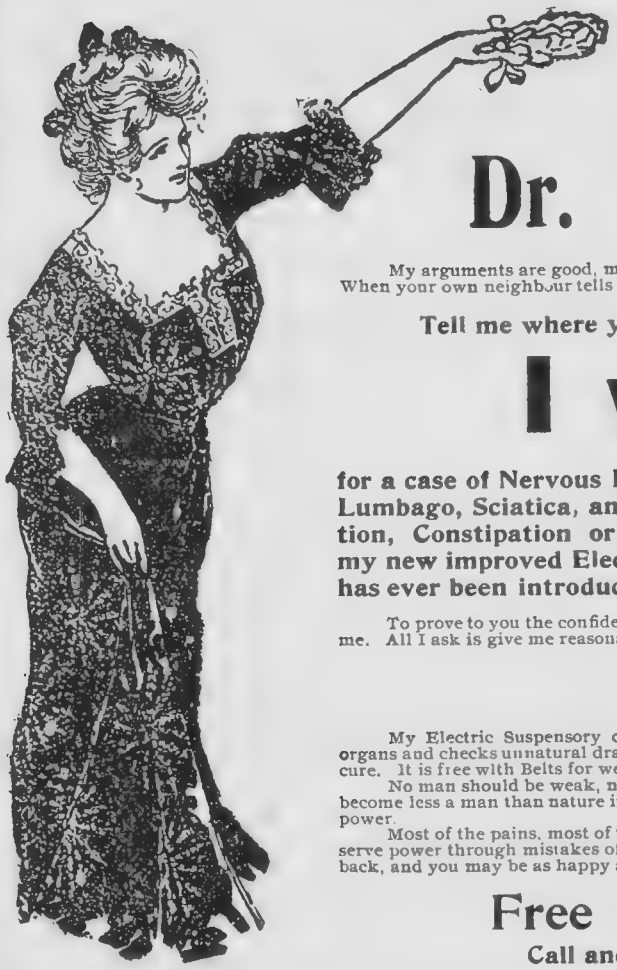
Aetna, Alta.

Dr. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir,—I have been cured of all the distressing symptoms of the disease, or complication of diseases, from which I was suffering. My bowels have been natural from the first day aft.r wearing the Belt until now. I began wearing it on May 9th of this year, and have not had any pain in my b ck nor dull, heavy feeling in my head since. I feel much improved in mind and in memory. I have gained in weight, and have been working hard and continuously. I would not do without the Belt for a good deal I wore it regularly for two months, and owing to absence from home have only worn it occasionally since. I have postponed sending a final report to see if the effect is going to be a lasting one, and I feel that it will. Mrs. Klippert has also worn the Belt, and has derived great benefit from it. With gratitude to you for your kindly interest and advice, I subscribe myself.

Your well and well-wishing patient,

Wm. F. Klippert.



What would you give to have your old vim back again? What would you not sacrifice to feel as you did a few years ago; to have the same snap and energy, the same gladsome, joyous, light-hearted spirit and the physical strength you used to have? You know you are not the same man, and you know y u would like to be. You might as well be. It's easy. I am making men out of wrecks every day, and I can make you as good a man as you ever were with

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

My arguments are good, my system is good, but I know you haven't time to study these. You want proof, and I give you that, and lots of it. When your own neighbour tells you I cured him, you will know I did it.

Tell me where you are and I'll give you the name of a man in your own town I've cured.

I will Pay $1,000

for a case of Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Early Decay and waste of Power, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, any case of Kidney Disease that has not gone as far as Bright's Disease, Indigestion, Constipation or any weakness caused by ignoring the laws of nature, which I cannot cure with my new improved Electric Belt—the marvel of electricians, the most wonderful curative device that has ever been introduced.

To prove to you the confidence I have in the curative powers of my Belt, I am willing to accept your case, and after I have cured you, then pay me. All I ask is give me reasonable security. You can then use my Belt at my risk and

Pay when Cured.

My Electric Suspensory carries the currrent direct to the weak parts and cures all weaknesses of men, varicocele, etc. It develops all weak organs and checks unnatural drains. No case of Failing Vigor, Varicocele, or Debility can resist the powerful Electric Suspensory. It never fails to cure. It is free with Belts for weak men.

No man should be weak, no man should suffer the loss of that vital element which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him; no man should suffer when there is at hand a certain cure for his weakness, a check to his waste of power.

Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain, and nerves, from which men suffer are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power through mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any man that lives. My Belt has

Free Electric Suspensory for Weak Men

Call and Test it To-Day! If You Can't Call Send for My Book—Free,

CAUTION.—In order to protect the reputation of my Belt, I am compelled to caution people against certain concerns that are electric advertising belts. My office contains hundreds of these magnet bands that possess no virtue. Even if they did those selling them could not advise the proper manner to apply them.

READ WITH CARE—Dr. McLaughlin's is positively the only electric appliance sold in Canada with which the patient has the care of a physician. I do not allow agents or drug stores to handle my belts.

FREE BOOK,—Write for my beautiful Illustrated Book, showing how my Belt is used. I want you to read this book and learn the truth about my arguments. If you suffer from rheumatic pains, weak kidneys, loss of vitality, prostatic troubles, nervous spells, varicocele, or any ailment of that kind that unmans you, this book contains information you should know; it explains my method thoroughly. I send it closely sealed without remarks, free upon application. If you are not the man or woman you should be, call or write at once. CONSULTATION FREE. Cut out this coupon and send in for free book.

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Mailed from	Addressed to
Caledonia, N. B.	"Rosebud"
Calendonia, N. B..	"Mayflower"
Leduc, Alta.	"Brownie"
Weyburn, Sask.	"Handsome Widow"
Ashmore, Ill., U.S.A.	"Sweet Nell"
Estes Park, Colo., U.S.A.	"Old Bach"
Minnedosa, Man.	"Ripe Strawberry"
Griswold, Man..	"Pretty Polly"
Deleau, Man.	"Handsome Widow"
Myrtle, Man.	"Sweet Nell"
Oak Lake, Man.	"Pretty Polly"
Solsgirth, Man.	"Rosebud No. 3"
Winnipeg, Man.	"A High Ball"
Foxleigh, Sask.	"Sunny Jim"
Moose Jaw, Sask.	"Rosebud No. 3"
Macdonald, Man.	"Pretty Polly"
Winnipeg, Man.	"Bill Bailey"
Okotoks, Alta.	"Sunny Jim"
Montreal..	"Lonely Molly"
Baldur, Man.	"Candy Boy"
Russell, Man.	"Handsome Widow"
Stanisleigh, Alta.	"Black-eyed Beauty"
Stanisleigh.	"One Who is Particular"
Yellow Grass, Sask.	"Sweet Nell"
Medicine Hat, Sask.	"Sweet Nell"
Melita, Man.	"Handsome Widow"
Taylorboro, Sask.	"Busybody"
Taylorboro, Sask.	"Dimples"
Battleford, Sask.	"Lady Betty"
Ferry Point, Alta.	"Interested Reader"
Stanisleigh, Alta.	"Lauretta & Lusetta"
Portage la Prairie.	"Cheerful Canadian"
Melfort, Sask.	"Lusetta"
Edberg, Alta.	"Dimples"
Brant, Alta.	"Canadian Rose"
Rapid City, Man.	"Hetty"
Regina, Sask.	"Happy Hooligan"
Stanisleigh, Alta.	"Bright Eyes"
Riverview, Sask.	"Bright Eyes"
Riverview, Sask.	"Rosebud No. 5"
Riverview, Sask.	"Jolly Nell"
Riverview, Sask.	"Daisy"
Riverview, Sask.	"Canadian Rose No. 2"
Riverview, Sask.	"Flossie"
Medicine Hat, Sask.	"Bright Eyes"
Dubuc, Sask.	"Jolly Nell"
Paddle Lake, Sask.	"One Fair Maiden"
Mudsville, Sask.	"Edith Lyle"
Findlay, Man.	"Winter Sunshine"
Waukegan, Ill., U.S.A.	"Chatterbox"
Gillingham, Alta.	"Englishwoman No 1"
Mortlach, Sask.	"Winter Sunshine"
Earl Grey, Sask.	"Fair Fae"
Halbrite, Sask.	"Twin Sisters"
Starbuck, Man.	"Rosebud"
Elva, Man.	"Violet"
Loganton, Sask.	"Fair Fae"
Deloraine, Man.	"The Other Bird"
Rathwell, Man.	"Fair Fae"
Weyburn, Sask.	"English Widow"
Reston, Man.	"Daisy"
Reston, Man.	"Irish Molly O"
Whitewood, Sask.	"Winter Sunshine"
Macoun, Sask.	"Fair Fae"
Binscarth, Man.	"Winter Sunshine"
St. Lazare, Man..	"Chatterbox"
Deleau, Man.	"Chatterbox"
Mortlach, Sask.	"Blue Eyed Biddy"
Long Ridge, Alta.	"Rosebud"
Westbourne..	"Fair Fae"
Strathmore, Alta.	"Daisy"
Ottawa, Can.	"Fur Fur"
Calgary, Alta.	"Violet"
Calgary, Alta.	"Fair Fae"
Oxbow, Sask.	"Rosebud"
Sidney, Man.	"Winter Sunshine"
Killam, Alta.	"Chatterbox"
Killam, Alta.	"Winter Sunshine"
Logan, Alta.	"Fair Fae"
Arrow River, Man.	"Blacksmith"
Elva, Man.	"Violet"
Bowden..	"Rosebud"
Stoughton, Sask.	"Blue Bell from Ont"
Tessier, Sask.	"Prince Albert Lassie"
Lanigan, Sask.	"Woodland Violet"
Togo, Sask.	"Fair Fae"
North Battleford..	"Chatterbox"
North Battleford	"Winter Sunshine"
Weyburn, Sask.	"Fair Fae"
Weyburn, Sask.	"Irish Molly O"
Moose Jaw, Sask.	"The Masher"
Carman, Man.	"The Masher"
Regina, Sask.	"Chatterbox"
Tapscott, Alta..	"Blue Bell"
Bentley, Alta.	"Victoria"
Ewing, Alta..	"Irish Molly O"
Flett's Springs,	"Prince Albert Lassie"
Flett's Springs, Sask.	"Northern Rose"
Elkhorn, Man..	"Fair Fae"
Reston, Man..	"Twin Sisters"
Winnipeg, Man.	"Fair Fae"
Elmor, Alta..	"London Jennie"
Indian Head, Sask.	"Fair Fae"
Didsbury, Alta..	"From Old Quebec"

A Chance for Bachelors.

New Brunswick, Jan. 22, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your very valuable paper for some time, and think the correspondence colums are very interesting.

Some of the boys and girls write very comical letters. I think "Merry a woman's place is out of the home, Sunshine's" letter in September number is very good, and would like to correspond with him, if he will write first; and if any other young bachelor would care to write, I will answer him.

I am 18 years old rather fair, with brown eyes, weigh 126 pounds. I live on a farm and like it very much. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, I remain.

"An Eastern Rose."

Not in a Hurry to Marry.

Montreal, Jan. 1908.

Editor.—Please forward the enclosed letter to "High Ball," Brantford, Ont., whose letter in the November issue is, to my mind, worthy of a reply.

If you care to publish this letter of mine I would be pleased, as I would be grateful to any nice young gentleman who would care to answer. I am 22 years of age, fair, and measure 5 feet 5 inches, have blue eyes and auburn hair. I am very loving and wish to share this life with one of the same disposition, that is, a true and sincere person. I am not in a hurry to marry as I am very happy as I am. I live in the East, have no father or mother and only one brother.

Will cheerfully exchange photos and answer all letters addressed to me through your columns. I like very much reading your paper. I am not a subscriber, but where I am employed we receive it every month.

"Tiny Rose Bud"

Kathleen's Valentine.

When Dick Howell's fortune took unto itself wings and flew, he knew not whither, everyone who knew Dick immediately took it upon himself to prophesy that he would either go to the dogs and die an outcast from society, or else would worry along in obscurity for a year or so and then quit this life with a broken heart.

Instead of doing either of these things, Dick took the one small talent he possessed and put it to its most practical use; he taught music.

"Which is rough enough on Dick, Heaven knows," as his one-time friend, Jack Gilligan, remarked one day, "but think what it must be on the neighbors!"

Dick's music teaching was not a success. He did not make a good living at it, and he soon grew weary to death of trying to hammer the science of notes and bars into unmusical heads, and finally he stopped giving lessons and left the city.

Most people thought this was because Dick was not satisfied to retrench gracefully and come down in the social scale; the truth was, he was in love with a girl whom he would never dare to ask to marry him now that he was poor.

As has been tritely remarked before, poverty is no disgrace, but it is decidedly uncomfortable for the party most interested; and though Dick tried to tell himself that his failure in a financial way was nothing, a mere trifle, his heart misgave him, and he spent more than one unhappy evening cursing the fate that had so ruthlessly turned her back on him.

At first the surprise and excitement had deadened the pain of the real heart agony at losing the girl of his choice, but by and by, when he had settled down to cheap lunches and cheaper boarding house accommodations, the old longings came back upon him too strongly to be resisted. He went away, and no one took the trouble to ask where he had disappeared to. The public memory is apt to be short when the private purse is likewise.

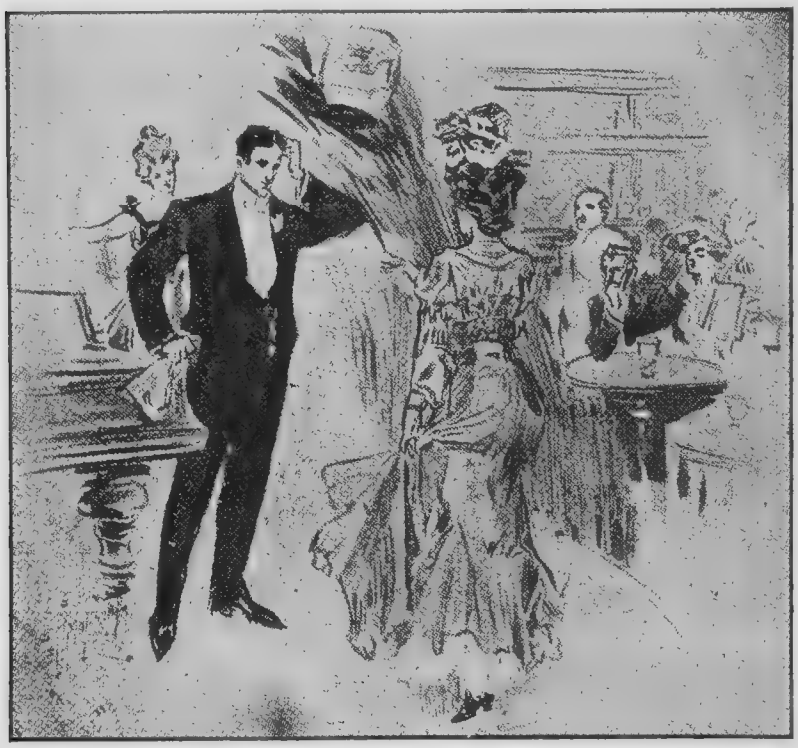
She was a beautiful girl, and a truly good one, this girl that he loved, but worshipping her at a distance, as he had secretly done for two years, he had not sounded her heart. She always welcomed him cordially and smiled upon him in such a happy, winning manner that he felt sure she did not find his society a bore. All this came to him on St. Valentine's eve, as he passed and repassed her house, looking up at the windows, hoping to catch one glimpse of her to cheer him in the long days to come.

* * *

One year before he had carried her valentine to her—a bunch of the rarest, freshest violets that could be found. He remembered, too, how charming she had been on that evening, and how many times he had been ready to say the words he was glad now had been left unsaid. Of course she cared nothing for him now, because he could not give her position and a full allowance. He judged her from the standpoint that many of his friends had taken when he had lost his fortune, and in this way he wronged the girl, as many a one has been misjudged.

A year passed, and poor Dick had seen much of the world. He had observed its seamy side, not at a respectful distance, but at uncomfortably close quarters, and though the experience had aged him, it had also softened him.

From teaching he had gone to playing for concerts, and then for dances, and now—now, God help him!—he was pounding out songs for music-hall singers, while the smoke choked him, the lights dimmed his eyes, and the coarse jests and odor of stale beer made him sick. Yet there was no choice for him; it was this or starve, and, though Dick was a gentleman, he did not care to die like one, if dying of starvation embodied that idea of a blue blood's demise.



"With a white face, Dick sprang to his feet."

* * *

To-night, as he was crashing away at the accompaniment of the latest song success, rendered by a painted, powdered young woman, with a shrill, cracked concert-hall voice, Dick began to think of a certain evening, two years before that very night, when he sat near a true girl, a sweet, womanly girl, who wore his valentine offering of violets on her breast. He forgot for the moment the surroundings, his own shabby appearance, and again stood on the threshhold of what seemed a happy, useful life. Suddenly, as his thoughts took this turn a girl stood beside him, not the girl with the shrill voice, and the music stopped.

With a white face Dick sprang to his feet, hardly believing his eyes, while the growling of the audience and the excited voices of the proprietors of the place told that something unexpected had happened.

But he did not turn to see what it was, for before him, looking softly, quietly and happily—yes, happily—into his eyes, stood Kathleen herself, with one dainty gloved hand held out to him.

"'Dick," she said softly, while the other woman shrank back instinctively, "Dick, you here!"

For a moment he could not answer, then, drawing his hand across his eyes hastily, he answered:

"Kathleen! Yes, it is I, but you——"

The girl smiled gently.

"Come," she said, taking his shabbily-clad arm and leading him away, "it is all right. We are only a small party. Yes, a slumming party, if you will!'

They had reached the little hallway leading to the street as she spoke, and the others of her party were already at the carriage door.

"What does it mean?" asked Dick hoarsely, stopping and shaking himself to see if he dreamed or not.

"It means that you have been a foolish, wicked boy," said she softly, placing her hand in his again, "and that some time ago I determined to find you. Do you remember what you told me—what your eyes told me—that last night on the stairs? Well, so do I, and, Dick, I couldn't stand it when you went away. I have enough for us both—and, dear, I do love you! Now will you understand? I have searched for you for months, Dick. Do not humiliate me by refusing to come with me now."

Dick, still dazed, stood on the walk, when a boy in threadbare clothes came down the street crying for sale the last remnant of hs day's wares, a bunch of violets.

"My valentine," cried Kathleen, and Dick, now thoroughly roused, dived deep into his pocket, found enough to buy the flowers, and sent the boy home happy.

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Simply answer my questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the free medical advice coupon and mail it to me without delay. Address: ***Catarrh Specialist Sproule*** (Graduate in Medicine and Surgeon, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgery British Royal Mail Naval Service.) ***117 Trade Building, Boston.*** Don't waste any time—delays are dangerous. Do it NOW.

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Are your eyes watery?
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Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
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Do you have a discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

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A Pair of Ghosts.

By Marian F. Stockton.

The winter night was clear, and with that delightful sharpness in the air that makes young spirits buoyant. The snow crackled crisply and musically under my feet. The white roads looked very inviting in the gleam of the starlight, and I pictured myself flying over them in our red sleigh, with Jenny Carroll by my side, all tucked in snugly with buffalo robes to keep her dear little self warm. She had promised to ride with me at moonrise, which would be at nine o'clock. It was now seven, and I was on my way home from the village store. I was doing so well on the farm, that I thought I was justified in asking Jenny to be my wife, and I felt sure that she cared for me a little; perhaps not enough, though for that—I could not be certain. At all events, I intended to ask her, for she was not likely to tell me unless I did; and, as I walked home in the starlight, I concluded it would not be amiss to ask her this important question that very evening, during our ride.

An extinguisher was clapped over my buoyant spirits at the supper table, by the announcement that our horse was dead lame. We had but one horse at that time, but he was a fine, spirited creature and a first-rate trotter; and that he should have contrived to get something into his foot on that particular day was certainly most provoking. There was no help for it, however. The foot had been doctored and tied up, and there was an end of him for that night. It was a great disappointment to me, and I knew it would be to Jenny, for the sweet little thing loved sleighing as well as she did sugar-plums.

"I must have a horse from somewhere, father," I said, "for I promised Jenny Carroll a ride."

"That's unlucky," said father, "for Jim Bent and Fred Hackett are both going to take *their* sweethearts sleighing, as I happen to know. I don't know where you can get a horse, except at Carrolls'."

'Oh, that will never do!" I said. "I have it! I'll ask old Andrew Springer to lend me his horse. Davy is venerable and rather stiff in the legs, but he will do on a pinch."

"Don't build your hopes on that," said father. "Old Andrew is very cross-grained."

"Yes, but I am a special favorite, and he has already loaned me Davy three times. It comes in my way occasionally to do him a favor."

I saw that father was incredulous, but I felt sure I would get the horse. So I tramped willingly enough over the snow, for I did not mind a mile walk to please Jenny, and, returning, I could ride the horse. I was not long in reaching Andrew Springer's place, where I found everything as still as the grave. I had not been there for a month. There was not even a dog to greet me with a bark. Everything about the place was old; the house, the stable, the outbuildings and the fences. Andrew was very old; he had two servants older still; and the age of Davy, the horse, was put at fabulous figures by the villagers. But, somehow, all these old things seemed to possess amazing vitality, and there were certain legends current among us young folks, all tending to show that old Andrew was a very successful practitioner of the black art. We took pleasure in pretending to believe these stories, though we knew well enough that Andrew was nothing in the world but a crusty, musty, stingy old man. For some reason he had always been especially gracious to me, and, as I was the only individual he favored, with his smiles, I plumed myself very much thereupon. But when I entered his room, after my brisk walk, I found him looking as sour as a crab-apple, and just about as hard and knobby. Old Chrissy, his maid-servant, had opened the door in answer to my knock. Her face was puckered into more wrinkles than she had hairs on her head; and her light, fishy eyes had a peculiar cast in them which did not add to the beauty of her countenance. She looked especially ugly that night, I thought; and as she flared the candle up in my face she gave me a sinister glance and vanished into the darkness without a word. This was of no consequence, for I knew which was Andrew's room. I found him in it, busily engaged writing in a dilapidated old ledger, by the light of a tallow candle.

"Good evening, Mr. Springer," said I. "I will not interrupt you. I came to see if you would lend——"

He looked up quickly and interrupted me.

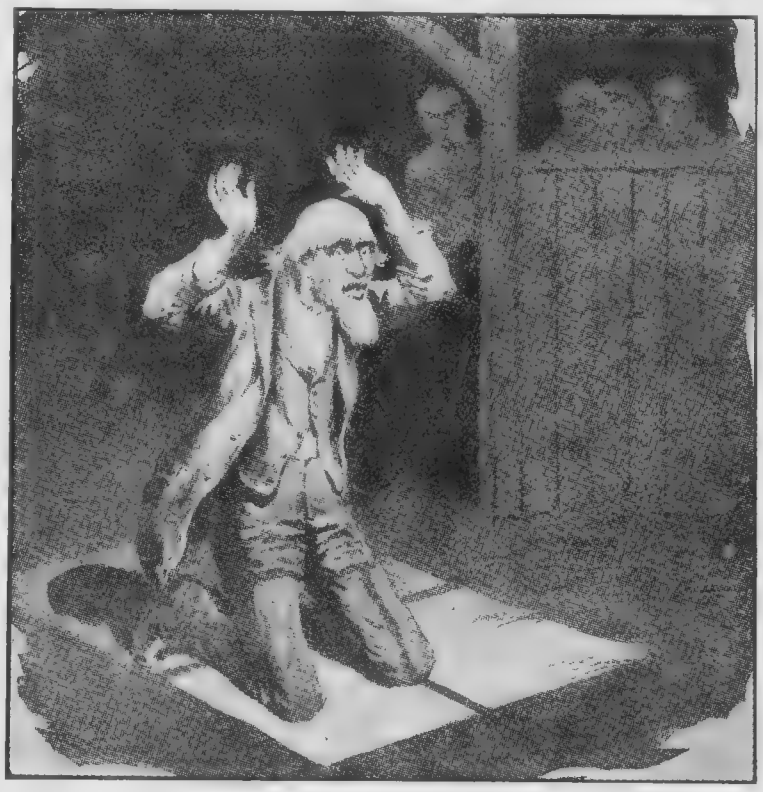
"Lend, indeed!" he said, snappishly. "No money coming in, and——"

"It is not money I want," I said, interrupting him in my turn, "but your horse."

"Oh, my horse! old Davy?"

"Yes, old Davy. I will take good care of him, and not drive him fast."

"Now that's a different thing from money, ain't it?" he said, good humoredly, and then he began to chuckle. "You're welcome enough to old Davy," he added, presently; "but my man don't live here, and has gone away for the night, and if I go to the stable with you I'll be laid up for a week. But I guess Chrissy will go with you. She is as tough as a pine-knot."



"He cowed down on the floor, and shrieked: 'Oh, good Lord! It's Davy! Help! Chrissy.'"

In vain I protested that I could find my way to the stable and the horse if he would furnish me with a lantern. "It was a crooked way," he said, "and Chrissy did not mind going."

I remained in the room while he went into the kitchen, and he soon returned and told me Chrissy was ready, upon which I took my leave of him with many thanks for the service he had rendered me.

I found Chrissy in the kitchen, opening cupboard doors and peering under shelves and grumbling with all her might. It presently appeared that she was searching for a lantern, which she at last produced—a forlorn old concern, with one of the glasses out. In this lantern she stuck a lighted piece of candle, and declared herself ready. I was impatient enough by this time, and insisted that she should give me the lantern and let me go alone to the stable, but she declared that she must obey her master's orders. I thought perhaps old Andrews had hidden some of his gold in the stable and they were afraid I had come to search for it.

The way to that stable certainly was "crooked," and it seemed to me that the stars gave very little light, and the lantern only shed a feeble gleam; but we reached the door at last, and Chrissy unlocked it, and we both entered. No sooner were we inside than the door went to with a bang, and out went the light!

"I turned the open side of the lantern out," muttered Chrissy, "and now I'll have to go back and light it."

"No, you won't," said I, sharply. Open the door, and I'll find the horse."

"You can't do it," said Chrissy, as she opened the door and slipped out. Bang went the door again, and I was alone in the pitchy darkness.

The darkness did not terrify me, but I was immediately conscious of a vague feeling of uneasiness, as if there were something "uncanny" about the place. It was foolish, of course, but I felt as if I should breathe more freely outside, and in a few minutes I would return and get the horse without waiting for Chrissy. The door opened with a latch, I noticed, and after some fumbling I found it, lifted it up, and pushed against the door. It was locked!

I whistled and walked up and down the narrow space near the door, trying to think that this was only an odd freak of old Chrissy's to keep me from doing any mischief, but my courage grew less with every moment. I recalled the looks and actions of both master and servant, and now these seemed fraught with sinister meanings. They could not suppose I had any money. What diabolical purpose could they have for doing away with me? I knew nothing about the stable or the buildings around it, and there was no house within half a mile.

Suddenly I conceived the brilliant idea of taking the horse out of the stall and bridling him. I had brought a bridle with me, intending to ride the horse back home. It was not quite clear to my mind what I would do with him. I think it was my purpose to jump on his back and use him as a weapon of defence. And then it occurred to me for the first time as strange that during all the noise at the door, and my walking and whistling, I had heard no movement whatever from the horse. Apparently our proceedings had not aroused his attention.

I groped along, feeling for the stalls—very cautiously, for I had a reasonable fear of receiving a kick if I came suddenly near old Davy's hind legs. I found the first stall, and slipped quietly in close to the side, until I reached the manger. Here I was safe, and I began in a coaxing tone. "Whoa, old Davy! Whoa, sir!" and stretched out my hand. I encountered only vacancy. I felt along the floor with my feet. There was no litter of straw and no horse lying down. I felt my way into the second stall, where I went through the same forms I had in the first, and with the same result. In like manner I entered and examined the third stall. Empty also! Then I came to the dead-wall. There were no more stalls on that side. I felt along this wall, and soon came to a window. There were no sashes in it, and the shutter was bolted. Happy discovery! Here I could get some light, I thought, but the bolt was so rusty I could not move it, though I shook it with all my force. I walked on, and found a blank wall to the door. There were, then, but three stalls, and they were empty!

It was clear enough that I had been enticed into the stable for some evil purpose. The ugly stories I had heard about old Andrew rushed into my memory, and I was thinking that, perhaps, his mysterious reputation was due to a blacker art than any we had fancifully ascribed to him, when I heard directly opposite to me the hoarse breathing of a horse. I listened breathlessly. There could be no mistake; and, to put the matter past doubt, I heard him rubbing against his stall. How *could* I have overlooked such a great creature as a horse! The idea was absurd. But I could distinctly hear the breathing and the rubbing, and I rushed into the stall without regard to kicks. It was as empty as before! While I stood irresolute I heard the same rubbing noise in the last stall, and immediately after a faint thumping of hoofs on the floor. I knew now the situation of the stalls, and I flew around to this last one, but I found nothing. What could it mean? Had a phantom horse taken up his abode there? Had Chrissy been frightened by these ghostly noises, and had she locked me in there to find out whether I could also hear them? Just here there came a heavy stamping and an impatient pawing very near me. That could be no phantom. It was a flesh and blood animal of some kind, and, moreover, it was certainly in the next stall. But when I walked in I encountered only vacancy, and, on examining the first stall again, I found it to contain nothing.

I had never put any faith in ghostly apparitions or ghostly noises, but now that my skepticism was compelled to face this mystery, I think it must have given way, for I felt as if little lumps of ice were chasing each other down my back, and my heart beat loudly. At that moment old Andrew, with club, pistol, or whatever murderous weapon he might select, would have been welcome to me compared with this phantom horror. I must have had a grain of courage and a small fraction of common-sense left, for I tried to convince myself that there was nothing frightful in the breathing of a horse, whether phantom or otherwise. What harm could that possibly do me? But this question did not stop the beating of my heart or check the lumps of ice.

Even this last flickering spark went out when, standing within the middle stall, close by the manger, with my hand upon it, I distinctly *felt* the board move, as the phantom horse rubbed its head against it; and immediately after the head was raised, and there came from out the empty air a loud whinny close to my ear!

I could bear no more. I rushed to the window, shook the shutter frantically, and rattled the rusty bolt with the desperation of terror. The whole thing gave way, and fell with a crash into the yard, and I lost no time in vaulting out. The moon was shining brightly to raise my spirits, and I ran swiftly from the horrible place. I did not go home, but to the Carrolls', who lived much nearer. Disordered in dress, but still more disordered in mind, I burst into their family circle and told my tale.

Simon Merval was there, and as soon as I had finished, he exclaimed:

"Why, old Davy died two weeks ago! I know it, for I bought his skin."

"Then you really did see a ghost—I mean *hear* one?" cried Jenny, most delightfully excited. "But if you *had* to meet a ghost, it is a great pity that it was that of a horse!"

After the matter had been talked over for a few moments, and I had become calmer, it was decided that Simon, the two Carroll brothers and myself should at once return, armed with different weapons, and explore this mystery; for, though I gave up the ghost theory as absurd, now that I was by a cheerful

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You Are To Be The One

to say whether it has or not, whether it did its work or failed, whether we are right or wrong. We leave it entirely for YOU TO DECIDE. You get the evidence, weigh it carefully during thirty days, note your bodily feelings and then pass your calm judgement upon it. It is ALL left to you.

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You Don't Pay for Promises, but pay only for the HEALTH it brings. You pay for WORK and not for words, and if the work is not done to your satisfaction, you don't pay a penny. You alone are to be the judge. We take all of the risk. You are the one to say "YES" or "NO." Read our thirty-day trial offer, read what Vitae-Ore is and write for a dollar package on trial.

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We owe much to Vitæ-Ore, my husband my brother and myself, and in recommending it to our friends and neighbors we try only to repay a small part of the debt. For many years I suffered with a sore back; it hurt me to bend it, to pick up something from the floor; at times the pain would be so bad I could hardly move. Then Sciatica developed and the misery I suffered was indeed something terrible. I tried every medicine and treatment which I thought would do me any good, but got very little benefit. I was almost without hope of relief when I saw the

Vitæ-Ore advertisement and I procured a trial package only as a last resort. It was offered so fairly that I thought there might be some good in it, and I knew I did not have to pay for it if it did not do some good for me. By the time I had used half of the package I felt that at last I had found the right remedy and I continued with it until I was sure the benefit was lasting. This was three years ago and I am still cured today. My husband, who had been afflicted with Stomach Trouble, began its use upon seeing what it accomplished in my case, and it produced the same beneficial results for him, doing him more good than all of the medicines he had taken.

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I send my husband's and my own photograph, and am glad to add our testimonials to the long list who say, "Vitæ-Ore has cured me."

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MRS. J. F. MORRIS.

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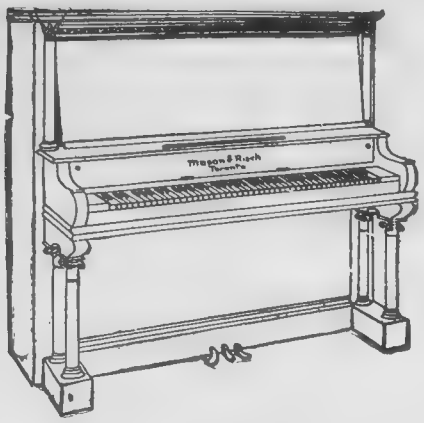

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fireside, yet it was evident that some evil plot had been hatched in the stable.

We walked very rapidly, and were soon at the stableyard, into which we crept cautiously. I peeped into the window, but I could see nothing, for the moonlight did not penetrate far into the stable. After listening a moment, and finding all was still, we quietly climbed through the window and took our station in one of the haunted stalls. I was anxious now for the ghostly noises to recommence, but the phantom creature remained most provokingly quiet.

"They will be sure to think that I have imagined it all, and a pretty laughing stock I'll be!" was my not very pleasant reflection.

But in a few minutes my apprehensions on this score were relieved, for the rubbing noise commenced with more violence than it had before; but it was not in the stalls, or very near them, and was unaccompanied by any of the former manifestations. It soon became evident that it was caused by the pushing open of a door over a wooden floor. This could scarcely be a horse, either real or ghostly; and it must be an inner door, for the outer one would have let in the moonlight.

There was a breathless moment of suspense, and then we heard a man's footstep falling on the floor. The lumps of ice again began chasing each other down my back. This was worse than the ghost. Here was the danger that had been prepared for me! I did not doubt that it was Andrew come to murder me! It was horror I felt—not fear. There was nothing to fear with four against one. But I thought what *might have been* but for the friendly window.

Tramp! tramp! went the footsteps over the floor, but they did not seem to come any nearer. Presently we heard the door-latch lifted, then the door was shaken.

"Confound it!" cried a voice, which I recognized as Andrew's. "While I have been playing a trick on Marston, that old witch has played one on me."

I could hear the boys tittering near me, while Andrew rattled at the door, and the lumps of ice gave place to a tingling sensation of shame. But a happy thought came to me. I whispered, "Keep quiet!" and, with a stick of wood, which was one of our weapons, I made a few strokes on the floor, imitating as nearly as I could, the prancing of a horse.

The old man instantly became quiet, and I felt sure that he was frightened, more than I had been, probably, for he *knew* his horse was dead, and I had been ignorant of the fact. Then I made a few more pawings, and breathed hoarsely.

"Oh, Lord!" muttered Andrew. "What is that?"

Here I rubbed against the side of the stall with all my might, and then commenced stamping toward the old man; and, as I approached him, I broke into what was intended for a whinny, though the boys said afterward it was more like a bray.

Andrew was too thoroughly frightened to be critical. He cowed down on the floor, and shrieked:

"Oh, good Lord! It's Davy! Help! Chrissy! Help! Don't hurt me, Davy! I killed you to save you pain. I gave you oats when they were cheap, and you won't take it amiss that I couldn't buy 'em when dear!"

The boys could restrain themselves no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter, in which I could join, now that I had retaliated on old Andrew with his own weapons.

The old man scrambled up from the floor. "Is that you, Marston?" he said. "Who is with you?"

Here I gave him a brief account of events, taking care not to admit that I was in the least alarmed at what I had heard in the stable. I had found the window broken, the shutter open, and escaped, I said, carelessly, in conclusion. And then I angrily demanded what he meant by playing me such a trick.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said; "but first let us get out of this dark hole if we can. What has become of Chrissy? I don't know, unless old Davy has carried her off on his back. One of you get out of the window, and unlock the door; I expect the key is in it. Come into the house, and I'll give you some hot mulled cider."

I sprang out of the window, and found that the key had been left in the door. I released the prisoners, and we all proceeded to the house, where we found Chrissy fast asleep by the kitchen-stove. She started up in astonishment at our entrance.

"I was just a-coming to let you out, Mr. Springer," she said. "I was kind o' in a doze."

"Doze!" said Andrew, angrily; "you've slept like a rock for half the night, and left me to freeze!"

"And serve you right," muttered the old woman, "a-playing tricks at your time o' life!"

While Andrew was brewing the mulled cider, he told us that old Davy being dead, he had bought a younger and more reliable horse, which had not yet been sent home. He had been thinking that very day that Marston might sometimes worry him by borrowing this horse, as he was the only one who ever did ask for the loan of old Davy. He didn't believe in trusting young men with valuable horses to go sweethearting with. Sending old Davy, he didn't mind so much. And when I appeared that evening, asking for the horse that had been dead two weeks, he was "mightily tickled." He began to think if he could not turn it to profit, and he contrived the plot which he had carried out. He had never known anybody so brave he couldn't be scared by a ghost. He arranged it all with Chrissy when he went into the kitchen. She pretended to look for the lantern, and led me the longest way to the stable, to give him time to get to the cowhouse, which adjoined the stable, on the side where the stalls were, the partition not running up to the roof, so that every noise made there could be distinctly heard in the stable. Chrissy was to put the lantern out, and lock me in, and in about half an hour was to return and quietly unlock the door. It was supposed that by that time I would be thoroughly frightened and glad to run away, and when I was fairly gone, Andrew would also leave. The entrance to the cowhouse was boarded up, and there was no way of getting in or out except through the stable.

One of his youthful accomplishments had been whinnying like a horse, and so he had been able to play me a very clever trick. He had heard the noise of the falling shutter, but did not know what it was. But when all had been still in the stable for some time, he concluded I had gone, and attempting to go out himself found, to his surprise, that the door was locked. He had no idea he had been in there so long, he said in conclusion, and he thought he must have "dozed a little." Chrissy had certainly dozed, and entirely forgotten him.

The old man was so amused at the counter trick I had played him, and complimented me so much on my excellent acting that I could not but forgive him. He told me he should insist now upon my using the new horse whenever I liked, but of this generous offer I never availed myself. He urged us to stay and he would brew us another pitcher of mulled cider, which was certainly a wonderful stretch of courtesy for him.

But we were anxious to return and relieve Jenny's mind, for she doubtless imagined that we were devoured by goblins.

She was glad to receive us in safety, but was greatly disappointed to find that, after all, there was no ghost.

"That is always the way!" she said; "the ghost stories that promise to be so delightful are all spoiled by some miserable explanation."

But she was not disappointed in another story I told her that evening. For I asked her to be my wife, and she said she thought it was a great deal nicer in a parlor than in a sleigh, and I thought so, too.

Teacher—"Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms?"

Bright Pupil—"Yes, mum; there's hash."

The Month's Bright Sayings

Thomas A. Edison: No matter how wide the world is, there is always room for a person who can do a thing better.

Gordon Smith: The test of high character is the amount of freedom it will absorb without going to pieces.

Sir Frederick Treves: It is very hard for us doctors to think that we live by the sins, the ignorance, and follies of mankind.

Professor Osborne: The greatest possession we have is life, and life is the perpetual opportunity for improvement.

Sir Conan Doyle: A man's character is always written in a thousand ways upon himself for those who care to read it.

Wm. Whyte: The development of the great country—an empire—to the west of Winnipeg, is just touched upon.

Miss Laurence Alma Tadema: I do not believe that woman will ever do anything great or transcendent if she tries to get away from womanhood.

Hall Caine: I believe in my heart that no man is altogether bad, utterly incorrigible, or absolutely hopeless.

The Bishop of London: Good houses, good wages, good conditions of life will not make earth like heaven. The West-end of London has all these things, but it is not heaven.

Marie Corelli: Intelligence for which there is no outlet, and capacities which are neglected, are answerable for much of the thirst for excitement and change which marks the modern girl.

Mayor Ashdown: Winnipeg is already the third city in the Dominion and I have no reason to change my opinion that the time is not very far distant when it will attain a still higher position.

Sir Charles Dilke: There is no danger of war between the United States and Japan because there cannot be war unless somebody wants it, and neither of the parties in this case wants war.

Gertrude Atherton: Even though you cannot find time to read and meditate, you do a splendid thing when you place a score of good books in the pathway of your children. Books are silent creatures, but they are alive with a strange mental energy, and breathe an atmosphere of spiritual power.

William Jennings Bryan: The Jingoes in the United States and Japan are doing their best to stir up a war sentiment. When a loud-mouthed Japanese booster issues a challenge it is taken up by some swaggering American and threats are tossed back and forth across the ocean. What occasion is there for war or war talk?

Lord Grey: Quebec was the corner stone of Greater Britain, in the sense that Wolfe's victory gave to Britain half a continent, and inaugurated her imperial expansion. The thought adds another reason for the marking of that historic spot for all time to come, and invests it with an imperial as well as Canadian significa

Rev. Dr. Patrick: A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life.

Mrs. Wharton: Too much love, or too much expression of it, never yet spoiled a child; it is undue indulgence that does that, and it is what the mother should guard against. She must have a well-defined idea of what is just to expect of her child, and work to that as the builder does to his plan, if she would develop a respectful, self-respecting character.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy: The growth of Winnipeg during the past five years was not abnormal; it was only in line with the progress of the territory to the west. It is my firm conviction that, barring some unforeseen calamity, Winnipeg and every section of our country will make more advancement in population and wealth during the next five years than was made during the past five years, great as it was.

Sir William Van Horne: The railroads are the leaders among the commercial apostles of temperance. But the same truth applies to every class of business, and is receiving wider acceptance every year. Already the man who befuddles his brain with drink places himself under a heavy handicap, and the time is not far distant when there will be no room left for him in the business and industrial world.

Police Magistrate Daly: Canadian statesmen have been distinguished by prophetic imagination. In 1851, Joseph Howe, speaking at Halifax, said: "I believe that many in this room will live to listen to the whistles of the steam engine in the passes of the Rockies and will make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days." To the people of those days, such statements seemed but the outpourings of an impractical dream, not the results of the wonderful foresight of a great statesman.

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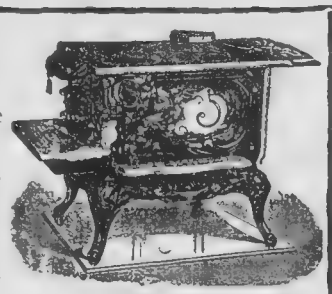

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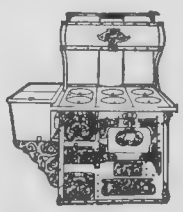

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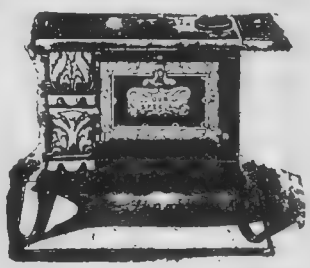

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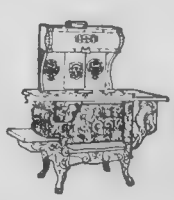

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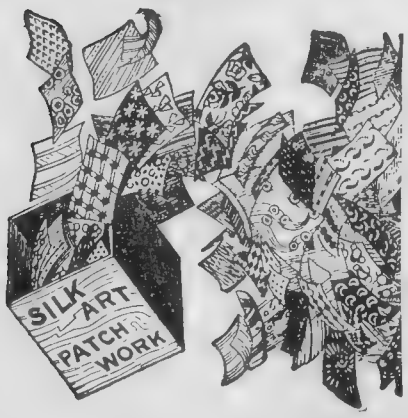

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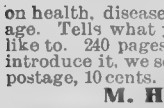

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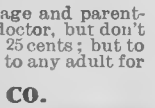

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Old Dad Kinney

By J. L. Harbour.

It is doing Old Dad Kinney no injustice to state openly that he was the toughest man in Camp Hilarity. Dad himself would not have resented this doubtful honor. He rather gloried in it and boasted openly that he was "open and above board" in all that he did. He called it "honest wickedness."

"I don't perfess to be what I ain't" he sometimes said, with his usual defiance of grammatical construction. There was defiance in all Dad did. He liked to set at naught established conventional Like many other residents of Camp Hilarity, he was reticent regarding his past. It was known that he had come to Colorado from "the States" in what he called the "good old days of fifty-nine," and that he had been "mixed up" with every great boom in the Rocky Mountains since that time. He had a restless spirit and one that fed on excitement. Not even the weight of years could lessen his eager interest in a "boom."

The old man had the reckless generosity of most miners, and had been known to share his last dollar with some "poor cuss" who had appealed to him. Indeed, there was much that was commendable in the old man, and at times there was something wonderfully winning in him. At the age of seventy, Dad Kinney had made and lost several fortunes, and was living a hand-to-mouth existence in Camp Hilarity, and no man in it was a happier exponent of good cheer. It was his boast that he never "squealed" over the misfortunes that had befallen him.

Old Dad was a resident of Camp Hilarity long after the boom had subsided. A sudden and sharp attack of pneumonia had laid him low in his little cabin, and nothing but his great physique and his fixed determination not to "pass in his checks" and "go over the range" had kept him from bidding adieu to all things earthly. He had come forth after his illness weak but triumphant, poverty-stricken but hilarious. Half philosopher and half jester, he had said, giving utterance to one of his common sayings:

"If you can't have what you want, be satisfied with what you kin git, by Joe!"

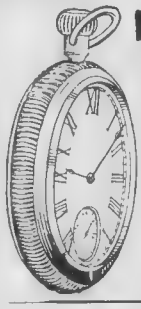
One stormy night in December five or six of "the boys" fought their way against a wind with an edge like a blade, and reached Old Dad's cabin "just to be sociable," as Jack Harney said. Old Dad had given them his usual cheery and noisy welcome. He placed boxes and stools for them around the fire, and piled on a fresh supply of pine knots. He was on his "high horse" that night, as one of the men said. Suddenly he stopped in the midst of a jolly song and said:

"Say, boys, you know what comes next week?"

"Ya-a-s, the bottom o' my old flour bar'l, an' there's the sum total o' my boodle to get me another one," said Long Jack, as he held out one broad and not very lean palm with a silver half-dollar on it.

"I reckon I'll have to begin takin' boarders then if the rest of you are in the same box, or bar'l, for I've got a good half bar'l left," said Old Dad. "But, comin' back to my 'firstly,' as a gospel shark would say, ain't it ever crep' into the little things you gents air pleased to call your minds that next week is the time when you air to hang up your stockin's?"

"Christmas, by the great horn spoon!" roared Big Andy Taft, bring-



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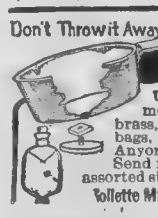

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ing his two calloused palms together with a resounding whack.

"'Hang up the baby's stockin'
Be sure you don't forgit,
Dear litte dimpled darlin'
Ain't never had a Christmas yit!'"

sang little Joe Moss in his thin treble voice.

"Next week's Christmas all right, an' it seems to me that something ought to be did about it," said Old Dad.

"What for instance?" asked Big Andy.

Old Dad scratched his head with its great shock of grisly iron-gray hair and said:

"Hanged if I ain't stumped for once in my life. We're all too near bed rock in our finances to do much, but I'll be derned if the day shall go by without something being did. Gimme a day or two to think the matter over, will ye?"

The next day was one of more than ordinary interest in Camp Hilarity, because it brought the bi-weeky mail. Old dad rarely received a letter, but on this day there was one for him bearing the Denver postmark. It was in a bright yellow envelope addressed in a sprawling hand that the old man did not recognize. A storm was brewing and Old Dad hurried homeward as soon as he had received his letter and his Denver papers. Within the cabin he threw off his great bearskin coat and buckskin gloves with cuffs reaching to his elbows, and hung his big fur cap on a wooden peg in the wall. Then he lighted a tallow candle and sat down with it in one hand and the letter in the other. He glanced at the signature of the letter, and said to himself:

"Old Bill Heffner! What in time can he—"

He did not finish the sentence, for a thin slip of printed paper slipped from the envelope and fell to the floor, and the old man leaned over to pick it up.

"What's this? Why, it's—yes, by gum, if it ain't a check! An' for an even thousand dollars! Am I asleep or awake? What's it all mean?"

He turned to the letter for information, and read these words:

"Dear Old Dad: I reckon you will be considdabel dashed to git this letter an' what's in it from me. But mebbe you ain't forgot that ten year ago this month, when I was down an' you was up, you loaned me five hundred dollars, an' I reckon you've got my I O U for it tucked away somwheres. No matter if you ain't or if you have, here is the money with plenty of interest added. I struck it ritch over in ole Bald Eagle Gulch a few weeks ago, an' have got money to burn, but I gess I will pay my dets an' you come first. So find check inklosed an' thank God I can do it. Have just found out your whareabouts, an' hasten to send the money with thanks for awl your kindness in days that are went an' gone. Call on me if you ever find myself in a tite place, for one good turn deserves another, as the saying is. So good-bye from "Yures trooly,
"Bill Heffner."

"Well, if that ain't bread cast on the waters I'd like to know what is," said the old man, slowly nodding his head to and fro. "Bill Heffner's white, that's just what he is! I'll write and tell him so before I go to sleep this night. If this don't come in the very nick o' time, fer a two-dollar bill is the extent o' my cash boodle. I'll just fasten my feet to a pair o' snowshoes and scun over to Lead City and cash this near little slip o' paper to-morrow. I reckon it will make me about the flushest man in camp. Some o' the poor cusses ain't got a dollar to their names. Makes a kind of a tough outlook fer Christmas fer 'em."

He sat for a long time in silence before the fire with the check in his hand. The letter dropped to the floor, but Old Dad held the check lightly between his thumb and finger. Presently he sat erect, slapped one leg with his open hand, and said:

"I'll do it! I'll give the boys a Christmas blowout with this check, or a part of it! There ain't more than thirty of us left in camp. I'll invite the hull caboodle of 'em to dinner at Denny Thompson's tavern. It's many a day since Denny set up a dinner to that many, and I've my suspicions that he'll never git a chance to do it ag'in. I'll give the boys a dinner and a good time all round that will cheer them up for many a day."

True to this generous impulse Old Dad went down to the camp early next morning and held a conference with Denny Thompson, proprietor of the Delmonico Hotel, the only building of two storeys in the camp. Denny fell in readily with Old Dad's plan and agreed to "spread himself" in the way of a dinner for the boys on Christmas day. Then Old Dad attached himself to a pair of snowshoes and slipped away down the gulch in the direction of Lead City, with two or three stout canvas ore bags on his back. These were for the purpose of holding a few "gimcracks in the way of seegars an' sich" for the boys.

It was down grade all the way to Lead City, and Old Dad found himself in that camp by ten o'clock. Lead City was almost as dead as Camp Hilarity, but it still had a daily mail, a bank and three or four paying mines giving employment to about one hundred men. There was a large and well-stocked general store, for the camp was the base of supplies for many miners in the gulches and small camps round about.

Having cashed his check and filled his ore bags with "gimcracks," Old Dad started on his homeward way. This homeward journey would be slower and more difficult than had been the journey to Lead City. There would be some stiff climbing and the ore bags on the old man's back were heavy.

"I feel sure-enough like a old Santy Claws," he said to himself as he left the camp behind him and began the ascent of a steep trail.

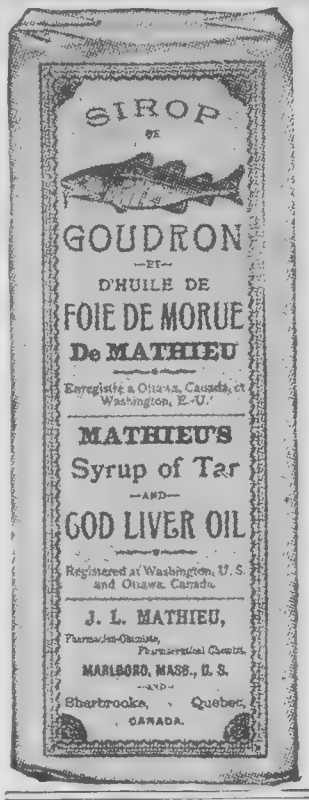
There were some things in the bags on his back over which he chuckled merrily as he walked over the snowy trail. His fun-loving spirit had induced him to make some queer purchases. He had in one bag a large and gorgeously attired wax doll he proposed to present to Big Andy Taft, who was six feet four and "tipped the beam" at two hundred and eighty pounds. Then he had a glittering toy rattle-box with a horn in the handle for Joey Moss. There were tin railroad trains and other childish toys for some of the other men, and several pounds of striped stick candy, with which Old Dad proposed to have "slathers of fun" at his Christmas dinner on the morrow. He was within a couple of miles of his cabin on his homeward way, and the sun, a great golden ball, was slipping down behind old Paradise Mountain, and the black shadows in the gulch were lengthening on the snow. Suddenly the old man stopped short on the trail. A thin column of smoke was rising on the mountain slope far above him. He saw it was coming up from among the stunted pines at the edge of the timber line, and an oath came from between his bearded lips.

"If that smoke ain't comin' from the little cabin on my Sweet Lavendar claim then I'm a liar!" he said, angrily. "And if some sneak of a claim-jumper has jumped that claim of mine the Lord help him! Big Andy said yesterday that they had nabbed a couple of claim jumpers over in Stray Horse Gulch. It looks mightily to me as if one had lit down on my claim now, and I'll know whether he has or not before I sleep. It's going to be a moonlight night, and I shan't mind gettin' home late. There'll be trouble if I find a claim-jumper on Sweet Lavendar. I have a feeling that its going to open up into something big in the spring."

The nature of the "trouble" in store for the possible claim-jumper may be inferred from the fact that before he started up the trail toward the claim he took a pair of villainous-looking pistols from his belt and examined them carefully to make sure that they were in perfect order.

"A claim-jumper don't deserve no more mercy than a hoss thief," said Old Dad, as he went up the trail.

It was slow and difficult work climbing the steep snow-covered trail leading up to the Sweet Lavendar claim. The full moon came riding up above the highest peaks of the distant mountain range before the old man had gone half way up the trail. The stars came out and the snow on the mountain slopes began to glisten. The old man cast a long and grotesque shadow on the snow, and the trees took on queer shapes.



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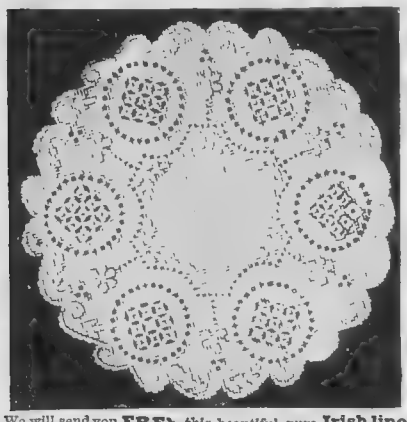

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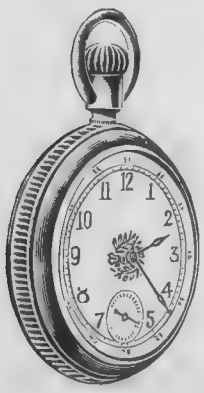

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It was nine o'clock when he came within sight of the cabin. An angry oath escaped his lips when he saw a light streaming forth from the one little window beside the cabin door. He shook his head savagely and muttered dire threats against the "ornery cuss" within the cabin. Then he crept forth cautiously, with his hand on the butt of one of his pistols, ready to fire instantly should the invader detect his presence and come forth to open the attack. He crept up to the little window and peeped in, and as he did so his hand fell from the butt of the pistol and his mouth opened and closed in speechless surprise. He saw a careworn looking woman sitting by a smouldering fire on the hearth, mending a little stocking. Two other stockings were dangling from the rough pine board shelf on the chimney above the fireplace, and over in a bunk in a corner he saw the curly heads of two children sleeping under some old grey blankets. He saw a rude pine cradle near the fireplace, and the woman rocked it gently with one foot as she passed the needle in and out the stocking. Old Dad looked in on the scene with gaping mouth and staring eyes. He saw the woman hang the third little stocking with the others, and then she put into each two or three little cakes, and into the largest stocking she thrust a poor little rag doll. It was apparently all she had, and the thought of her poverty seemed suddenly to depress her, for she burst into tears and stood before the little stockings with a corner of her apron held to her eyes.

Then Old Dad laid his hand on the latch of the cabin door. It yielded to his touch and the door opened. He stepped into the cabin, and when the woman turned with a half-uttered cry of affright, he pointed toward the sleeping children and said, softly:

"Sh-sh-sh! I'm Santy Claws!"

The woman drew back and looked at him with affright still in her eyes.

"Don't be skeered, ma'am," said Old Dad. "I mean no harm. You are perfectly safe. I just want to fill up them little stockings, and then I'll go."

She sat down on an old chest in a corner, and watched him with staring eyes as he took the bags from his back, set them on the floor and drew forth a great doll, toys of several kinds, candy, oranges, nuts, raisins. He filled the stockings to overflowing and set the doll on the mantel. Then he took a purse from his pocket and dropped some shining yellow coins into each stocking. He looked not unlike a veritable Santa Claus, with his long gray beard and his bushy hair hanging to his shoulders. Before he went away he said quietly to the woman:

"Now that you know that I mean you fair, mebbe you won't mind telling me how you and these babies happen to be here."

"There is little to tell," she said. 'We have been wintering on a claim of my husband's about a mile from here, and last week our cabin caught fire and burned down and we came over here to stay until my husband can build another. We thought that the owner of this old cabin would not mind if we stayed here for a little while, and—"

"No, he doesn't, ma'am," said Old Dad, hastily. "I know the owner of this old shack well and you needn't worry in the least about him makin' any fuss over you movin' in here. Stay just as long as you please."

"Tell him that we are very grateful for his kindness. My husband has not been very well of late, or he would have gone right to work on another cabin. He went to Lead City to-day to see if he could get work of any kind, as we are about out of provisions. I am expecting him home at any time now. I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am for your kindness in bringing all of those lovely things for my children, but I can't understand how you should happen to be here in this way. It seems like a real fairy tale. Whoever you are or whatever you are, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have done to give my babies a happy Christmas."

"That's all right ma'am. If you need any help or a friend at any time, just send word over to Old Dad Kinney in Camp Hilarity. Good-night, ma'am, and—merry Christmas!"

"The same to you, sir, and may God's blessing go with you!"

The old man went out into the moonlight and down the trail, chuckling to himself. He shook his shaggy head and burst into a roar of laughter when the cabin was far behind him. Then he said:

"I hope the boys at camp will never git on to the way I crep' up to that cabin, with a hand on my six-shooter ready to fill three little kids and their mite of a mother with cold lead for jumpin' the Sweet Lavendar. They'd rig me to death if they knew about it. Jee—whiz, but didn't I feel cheap when I caught on to the real situation up there! An' ain't I glad I had all that stuff on my back for them poor little cusses! I reckon their eyes will about pop out o' their heads to-morrow, and them yaller boys in each stockin' won't come amiss to a poverty-struck push like that. I never thought I'd figure as a real Santy Claws when I left home this morning, and I never thought I'd go tralin' up to the Sweet Lavendar to fire a lot o' claim-jumpers. Dandy claim-jumpers them!"

He went on down the trail with the

"Sh-sh-sh! I'm Santy Claws!"

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It is one of the most common sources of disease, because it fills your blood with impurities and poisons every organ of your body. Its effects are seen and felt in dull eyes, offensive breath, skin rashes, headache. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup; it strengthens the bowels, and makes constipation impossible.

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Christmas moon riding high above him, and the Christmas stars twinkling a myriad host above the snow-covered mountain ranges. The Christmas spirit was in his heart, and suddenly he puckered his lips and began to whistle the air of a long-forgotten Christmas song:

"While shepherds kept their watch by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And shone with glory round."

Then Old Dad went on his way in silence, thinking again the "long thoughts" of those who hark far back in memory to the days of their childhood, when life was full of hopes and of harmonies and the untried future promised so fair.

Winnipeg Business College Writing Contest.

The Winnipeg Business College is offering prizes and scholarships to the public schools of the Province of Manitoba, on conditions and regulations as follows:—

(1)—One cup is offered for advancement in penmanship, to be competed for by class work by any city or graded school or collegiate institute in the Province.

(2)—One cup is offered for advancement in penmanship, to be competed for by grades five, six, seven and eight in the ungraded schools of the Province.

(3)—Three scholarships of six, three and two months' tuition in any department of the Winnipeg Business College are offered to the students of Winnipeg, Brandon and Portage la Prairie schools, to be competed for by individual work.

(4)—Three scholarships of six, three and two months' tuition in any department of the Winnipeg Business College are offered to students of any schools of the Province, excepting Winnipeg, Brandon and Portage la Prairie, to be competed for by individual work.

(5)—Muscular movement necessary. Contestants to hand in a specimen of work every month, specimen to consist of same wording each month. Cup to be held for one year.

(6)—Scholarships transferable, but writing is compulsory to the student who enters on a scholarship, no matter what subjects he may desire to take up.

(7)—Good deportment and discipline must be maintained by the holder of a scholarship during his or her attendance at College, otherwise it will be rescinded.

8)—A specimen is to be written for the months of January, February, March, April, May and June. Each specimen written is to be handed to the teacher upon completion of same. When the June specimens have been written and handed in, the teacher will forward all specimens written to "Writing Contest," c/o. A. F. Macdonald, 222 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

(9)—The specimens must be written on paper, size 7½x8½ inches, arranged as follows: Name of School. Date. This is a specimen of my best rapid business writing at this time:—

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.
(Time taken to write specimen).

(10)—Where a student wishes to enter the contest for a scholarship, he will hand in a specimen for that competition as well as a specimen for class work competition. The teacher in forwarding specimens will make a distinction between the work of the class and that of the individual students who compete for the scholarships. Each student's work must be kept separate and fastened together at the corner with a pin or fastener.

This matter has been taken over by the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, and has been heartily endorsed by the Department of Education.

One examiner is to be appointed by the Department of Education, one by the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, and one by the Winnipeg Business College.

N. B.—It would be advisable for competing schools to write, stating their intention to enter the contest, addressing all correspondence, "Writing Contest," c/o A. F. Macdonald, 222 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man. Please put this up in a conspicuous place in the classroom.

When writing mention this magazine.

Write for Catalogue.

The Steele Briggs Co. Winnipeg, will mail a copy of their new big illustrated seed catalogue free to any reader of this magazine making a request for same. The Steele Briggs Co. have been before the public for many years and like old wine, their reputation improves with age. They now do a very large business in Western Canada, which they intend to extend very considerably this season. This firm has the reputation of probity and integrity in all their business dealings, and after all, this counts for a great deal in the business world and never fails to ensure success.

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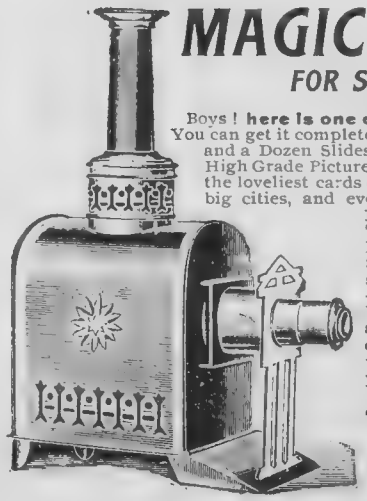

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The Gold Medal Premium Co.
CARD DEPT., 11 W. TORONTO.

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

A SPLENDID INVESTMENT. It pays to be kind. There is no investment like the investment of unselfishness. Eugene Field was a lover of children, and in the hour of his death the children of his neighborhood covered his coffin with flowers. One poor urchin begged a flower of a leading florist that she might place it on his casket. What a contrast in the case of Marie Antoinette. One writer says that when Marie Antoinette was on her way to Paris to become the queen of France, she commanded that the sick and crippled should not be permitted to mar the great gatherings which thronged the streets. When the Queen was on her way to execution these same cripples laughed at her misery. Selfishness is expensive. Kindness pays.

HOW TO REFUSE A REQUEST. The man who can say "No" gracefully is a true artist. To refuse the earnest request of a friend and at the same time retain his friendship—this is an achievement worthy of consideration. It was said of Louis XIV. that "he knew perfectly well how to content people, even while refusing their requests." Such tact is worthy even of a king. Concerning President Arthur, of the United States, it was said that he had such a graceful and winning manner that it seemed kinder to have him refuse a request than to have another grant it. There is such a thing as tact, infinite tact. Lincoln said that in order to be a successful politician a man must study and know the sensitive points of his companions and co-laborers. "Put yourself in his place"; in other words, try and imagine yourself in the other man's position. Be kind. Be thoughtful. Be tactful. In other words, act like a gentleman.

EXPERIENCE AND SYMPATHY. Experience is a great teacher. And among the many lessons taught by experience is—sympathy. What we have realized in ourselves we can more fully appreciate in others. In the hour of trouble let me have the sympathy of some mortal whose heart has been broken by a similar experience. Henry Clay Trumbull, hearing that a neighbor with whom he had no acquaintance had just lost his daughter by death, stepped across the way and calling upon the unfortunate man said, "I do not know you, but I know what you are passing through." What a splendid manifestation of sympathy. Listen to the words of the Rev. Charles Deems, with reference to the loss of his child: "It was as though I had been stabbed in the heart with a dagger of ice. Oh, how different the far and the near! A quarter of a century lies between that death and this writing, but that dead babe to-day has more power over me than any living man. He walks the streets with me. He goes to all the funerals of infants. Before his death I did not know how to talk at the funeral of a babe. Now I know at least how to sympathize with the parents. When a man comes into my house and tells me with quivering lips that there is a baby lying dead in his home, I go with him, led by the hand of a little child whose mortal body was buried a quarter of a century ago."

AGE AND VIGOR. A sound mind depends on a sound body. Brain and brawn keep pace in men of vigorous health. Too much brain means too much nerve, and too much blood results in sluggishness. To keep the body and the brain in perfect equipoise means a strong body and a vigorous mind. Health in the body and peace in the mind spells happiness. Knowledge feeds the mind. Exercise lubricates the body. The problems of life furnish the mind with sufficient exercise, but the proper development of the body is apt to be neglected. Keep the body in trim. Twenty minutes' exercise every day will keep you in splendid condition. Tennyson at 82 years of age could get up twenty times from a low chair without touching it with his hands.

HOW TO TREAT YOUR COACHMAN. If you are a thoughtful young man, and you would like to read a suggestive book, try "What All the World's A-Seeking," by Ralph Waldo Prine. It is full of good things—nuggets of gold on every page. Here is one of his illustrations:—"Instead of discharging your footman, as did a woman of whom I chance to know, because he finally refused to stand in the rain by the side of her carriage, with his arms folded just so, standing immovable like a mummy (I had almost said like a fool), daring to look neither to one side nor the other, but all the time in the direction of her so-called ladyship, while she spent an hour or two in doing fifteen or twenty minutes' shopping in her desire to make it known that this is Mrs. Q.'s carriage, and this is the footman that goes with it,—instead of doing this, give him an umbrella if necessary."

DANGER OF SUCCESS. Success is not without its dangers. Successful men are apt to be self-opinionated. Successful men are prone to be self-willed. Successful men are disposed to be impatient with those who have not been as successful as themselves. Successful men are in danger of being thoughtless and indifferent as to the interests and feelings of other people. The true man never fails to be considerate of the good name and reputation of even the failures and blunderers in the realm of social or commercial success. Samuel Smiles says concerning the Duke of Wellington:—"When an officer behaved ill before the enemy, instead of handing him over to a court-martial he begged that the resignation of the unfortunate man might be accepted. 'I prefer,' he said, 'letting him retire rather than expose him to the world.' On one occasion a sergeant deserted, taking with him the pay of the company. A woman was at the bottom of it, and had fooled the man into committing the crime. He had before an excellent character. The Duke forgave him. He again became a non-commissioned officer; he was recommended for a commission, and afterward became an excellent staff-officer in the Peninsular army."

TELEPHONE SECRETS. How careless some people are in their conversation. Without regard for or reference to the future, they utter sentence after sentence, never dreaming that the human memory is prone to store away for future reference remarks carelessly made and words thoughtlessly flung off by a flippant tongue. A new danger for the careless conversationalist has recently developed, and that in connection with the telephone. It may be new to some people, but conversation over the telephone is not always a secret affair: The New York Evening Post mentions the following incident:—"A young woman in this city was recently urged by another to tell a secret over the telephone, but declined for fear she might be overheard. After a second urging, Central broke in cheerfully with, 'O go on; tell her; I won't listen.'" The same paper adds that to-day the police force and detective agency make large use of the telephone in order to discover necessary secrets.

GET UP AGAIN. A man's character is not determined by the number of times he falls, but by the number of times he rises again. The great generals have been defeated again and again, but in the end they conquered. Our leading politicians have failed of a majority more than once, but they were determined to win and rule. The most unlikely man to be elected governor of Massachusetts was the odd and eccentric "Ben" Butler. He failed of election again and again, but one morning the citizens of New England awoke to discover that he was the chosen governor of the Bay State. Every famous writer has had a book rejected. And every great preacher has been refused a "call." Let nothing discourage you.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES. Great opportunities are not far away—they are as near as the blade of grass which touches the toe of your boot—so near, in fact, that you cannot see them. The man who had hunted squirrels all over the hill behind his house did not know that he was walking over a gold mine. A Southern preacher says concerning a parishioner: "When I was pastor in Knoxville, Tennessee, I went out to Third Creek Church on one occasion with some of my brethren. After dinner, we were standing out on the lawn, when our host said to us, 'Do you see that little mountain yonder? I sold that mountain to a company of men for forty dollars. Now, do you see that hole in the side of the mountain? They have taken ten thousand dollars' worth of marble out of that hole, and the whole mountain is solid marble. It is worth a million dollars."

MONEY vs. MANHOOD. Money seems to be the golden key which will unlock all the doors of pleasure and open all the avenues of human possibility. We yearn for it, worship it, hoard it, covet it, crave for it, and hug it, and yet we would not give our arm for $1,000, nor a foot for $2.000, nor an eye for $5,000, nor our teeth for $10,000. The body seems to be more than money. Behind the body is memory, imagination, spirit—soul—force;—in other words, character. Money may be the key to this world, but character is the key to eternity. A biographer of Tennyson records the following:—"Some girl in his presence spoke of a marriage, lately arranged between two acquaintances of her own, as a 'penniless' marriage. Tennyson glared, rummaged in his pocket, produced a penny and slapped it down before her, saying, 'There, I give you that! for that is the god you worship.'"

QUEENLY THOUGHTFULNESS. Three volumes have just been written, giving to the world the private correspondence of Queen Victoria. They are a rich and rare addition to the literature of the British people. This is the first time that the personal correspondence of a sovereign has ever been officially laid before the world. Here you will find the revelation of the inner life of a great woman—kind, queenly, motherly and sympathetic. Here is a suggestion of her thoughtfulness. In a note to Prince Albert, her future husband (it is on the eve of their marriage), she says: "I have a request to make, too, namely, that you will appoint poor Clark your physician; you need not consult him unless you wish it. It is only an honorary title, and would make him very happy." Thoughtfulness is a queenly trait, and ought to be characteristic of all great souls.

BE NATURAL. "Dare to be a Daniel," says the sacred song. "Dare to be yourself," says common sense. Be yourself. Be the man whom God intended you to be. You can be yourself; you can never be anybody else. If you are not yourself, it is because you are trying to be somebody else. Be yourself. Let no man, or woman, or social circle, or circumstance rob you of your own individuality. It is your most valuable asset. Act just like yourself. Sing like yourself. Talk like yourself. Walk like yourself. Let there be no "style," or "agony," or imitation. Be yourself! Robert Browning and his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning—two natural born poets—were exceedingly careful not to encroach on each other's individuality. They wrote in separate rooms, and never showed their poems one to the other until each literary product had reached well the point of completion. Guard well your individuality.

CONDUCT AND CONSCIENCE. Conscience! What is it? A spark of the infinite? A bit of the divine? A suggestion of the eternal? A bit of the God-nature? What ever conscience is or may be, of this you can be sure—that in the end it will turn out to be either your best friend or your worst enemy. Keep on good terms with your conscience. It is the voice of God in the soul. No man can ever be supremely miserable so long as his own conscience is friendly to him. No man can ever be perfectly happy so long as his conscience is against hm. When Charles I., who had destroyed his friend Strafford, was about to be beheaded, he said: "I basely ratified an unjust sentence, and the similar injustice I am now to undergo is a sensible retribution for the punishment I inflicted on an innocent man."

A FRIEND'S JUDGMENT. When you are doubtful of yourself, it is very often safe to trust the judgment of a sincere friend. When others believe in you, why should you not believe in yourself? Luther as a young man had no faith in his ability to preach. He argued the question with Dr. Staupitz. Dr. Staupitz affirmed that Luther should preach. Luther said, "I had fifteen reasons against it, and fifteen more when they were done. 'Doctor,' I used to say, 'you want to kill me. I shall not live three months if you compel me to go on.' 'Our Lord,' the doctor would reply, 'Our Lord requires the aid of able men; He needs your services, and must have them.'" And so Luther became a preacher. Yes, and the greatest preacher of his generation. The old doctor was right; he knew Luther better than Luther knew himself. You remember that Knox was also crowded into the ministry. He only accepted a call when it was forced upon him. His friends recognized his ability long before he discovered himself.

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BELL—walnut, mirror rail, two full sets of reeds, two couplers, vox humana, two swells, eleven stops, lamp stands....$67

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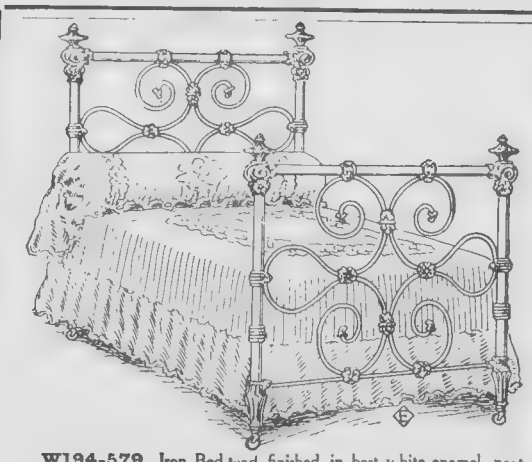

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Our January and February sale and our furniture sale are both on, and during this month we give our mail order friends opportunities of making material savings in almost anything they want to buy. We have catalogues for both sales. We shall be pleased to send either or both to any who writes for them.

And to our friends who may visit Winnipeg during the Bonspeil we extend a hearty invitation to come to see us. All the conveniences of the store are at their disposal. The checking offices where parcels and wraps may be checked Free of Charge. The writing and rest room where a restful hour may be spent, and the lunch and grill rooms where full course dinners or dainty luncheons are served at moderate cost.

19W-196. **Drawers,** fine ribbed Merino, same material as 19M-195 vests, in sizes to match, ankle length, open and closed styles. **Sale Price, 43c.**

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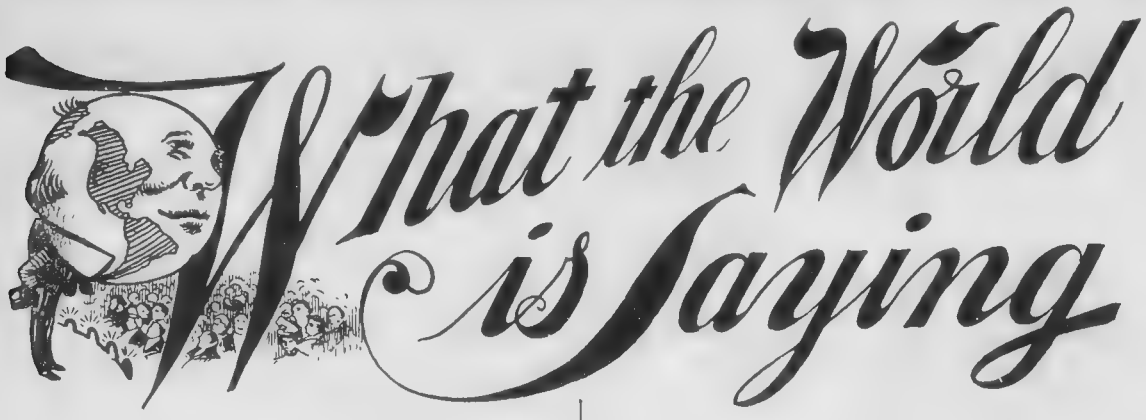

A Chuckle from Lethbridge.

In the east hockey players find the weather so cold that they feel like wearing fur-lined sweaters. Out here baseball players have to wear the summer costume in order to be comfortable. Quite a difference, isn't it?—*Lethbridge Daily Herald.*

A Road to Wealth.

Sir Joshua Reynolds once said that the greatest man was he who created a public taste, and that the next greatest was he who marred it. It has also been noticed that he who quenches the public thirst is frequently wealthy.—*Moose Jaw News.*

Disposing of the Opposition.

Twenty-seven members of the Duma have been exiled to the mines, or to Siberia. One of the advantages of representative government in Russia is that the short way can always be taken with the Opposition.—*Toronto Star.*

Few Farmers in Parliament.

Out of 209 members of the House of Commons there are only 20 farmers, of whom two are merely owners, not cultivators, of farms. The composition of our House of Commons is a question to which little attention is paid, but which is exceedingly important. What is to be done? How can we get an adequate representation of great interests like that of the farm?—*Weekly Sun.*

Confidence the Can-Opener.

It is hard to have patience with the man who looks to the future with misgiving, who is "holding back till he sees how things open up." For him it is not likely that the year holds much good. We must ourselves do the "opening up," and faith in ourselves and in our district and confidence in our country is the can-opener that will find us the plum of prosperity in 1908.—*Estevan Mercury.*

It Would Be a Fine Thing for Montreal.

If Earl Grey would accept an amendment to have the whole of Quebec city preserved as a sort of national historical park, and kept free of grain elevators, sky scrapers and other modern disfigurements, the public would hold up both hands.—*Montreal Herald.*

A Meddler's Job.

Some people are never happy unless they are butting into other people's business and trying to "reform" things. Their latest scheme is an agitation to abolish "Now I lay me down to sleep," on the ground that the third line is calculated to inspire fear of death in the child's mind. There is always an excuse for every "reform," no matter how preposterous.—*Calgary Herald.*

Optimistic Improvidence.

The American people is characterized by a queer mixture of improvidence and optimism. Gifford Pinchot tells us that twenty years from now we shall have a lumber famine, and everybody goes on chopping trees and says: "Oh, well, by that time somebody will invent something to take the place of lumber."—*Boston Globe.*

A Needed Parliamentary Reform.

One of the things that the Commons should have done, but did not do, when the chance offered, was to make provision for the shortening of the session. This could be done by cutting out the night-hawking. The length of speeches may be abolished only by some form of closure for which we in Canada are not quite ready. But the House itself, quite apart from the conventions, has means of discountenancing the bore, and the member who insists upon his right to talk, at so much per minute at the country's expense, when he has little or nothing to say, might be silenced by the clamor of public opinion, if his fault were made known by some concerted action of Parliament.—*Ottawa*

Scots Wha Hae.

Macaulay observes that after James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England "Scottish adventurers poured southward and obtained in all the walks of life a prosperity which excited much envy, but which was in general only the just reward of prudence and industry." Judging from the fact that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his predecessor in the Premiership are both of Scottish origin, the Caledonians are still fairly prudent and industrious. Moreover, their success in other parts of the world excites envy even to this day Take, for instance, the fact that Scotch Presbyterians are said to own two-thirds of the private property in Montreal—a city in which they constitute only a small fraction of the population. Then, again, the heads of the four leading Canadian universities are all of the same race and the same religion.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Labor in Japan.

The correspondent of The Manchester Guardian in Japan throws some light upon the industrial disquiet due to Japan's sudden leap from the simple arts and handicrafts to the employment of the most elaborate machinery in her workshops. The sudden change has proved extremely disastrous to the old artisan class; and the people have not yet adjusted themselves to the new era of machinery and wholesale production. The consequent social discontent is widespread. But added to this is the heartlessness of Japan's labor system; in fact, here is where the emigration movement gains its chief impetus. The worker is ground down to a degree that would not be tolerated in a western nation. The wage system is oppressive and bears particularly hard upon the women. Starvation wages are the rule even in Tokio, whose artisans are the best paid in the whole empire. The smallness of the wage has been recently intensified by the advance in the cost of living. Another thing is that the law does not control the hours of labor, and the condition of the toilers is said to be pitiable in the extreme. Factory operatives work eleven hours a day, and railway men often are on duty twenty-four hours consecutively. Employers in Japan attach little value to the lives of their employees, and foreigners are shocked at the unnecessary risk and exposure to which operatives are constantly exposed.—*Toronto News.*

The "Harmless" Continental Drinking.

When a man dies from alcoholism, or when his death is hastened by the use of alcohol at some period of his life, it is always, except in too obvious cases, announced and recorded as due to something else. Only statistics gathered independently and in the scientific spirit can be counted on to give any approach to the truth. This has been attempted by the medical faculty in France with remarkable results. Those who travel in Europe continually tell us how harmless is the drinking in continental countries, and people who have been brought up strict abstainers regard residence in France or Italy as so greatly changing the conditions as to make the precautions necessary in America not only needless but unwise. Yet what is the result of the statistics gathered by the French physicians who are presumably not temperance fanatics? Out of fifteen hundred deaths in hospitals and asylums, alcohol played a known part in one-third of the cases. The asylums taken alone showed a worse result, the alcoholic deaths being, in the case of men, one-half. In the general community the figure would be much lower than in these institutions, but if it could be ascertained it would probably produce a very serious impression on all well-wishers of mankind.—*Montreal Witness.*

The Canada of 1759.

Few countries have, within modern times, been subjected to more sweeping changes in the matter of territory than has Canada. This fact is recalled to mind by the publication, through the Dominion Archives Department, of documents relating to the constitutional history of Canada—documents selected and edited by Prof. Shortt and the Dominion Archivist. Included in these papers is a report, prepared by Gen. Murray, for the information of the Home Government, in 1762—shortly after the acquisition of Canada by the British Crown. Gen. Murray says in this report that it was impossible to ascertain from the records which had fallen into his possession exactly what territories the French had claimed under the general name of Canada. Gen. Gage, however, in a statement submitted with that of Gen. Murray, declared that not only was the inclusion of the Great Lakes indisputable, but he believed the same was true of the whole course of the Mississippi from its head to the junction with the Illinois. This would take in where the city of St. Louis in Missouri now stands and cover as well what are to-day the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio. On the other hand, Canada at that time did not include the Maritime Provinces or the vast territories now forming the Western Provinces of the Confederation. These were under British control, but they were not then part of Canada. The marvel of it all is that the French, with a settled population of little more than that of the present city of Brantford, were able even to maintain even nominal jurisdiction over a country with a string of posts covering Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Mackinac, and the great rivers of the Middle West. —*Toronto Globe.*

Marconi's Triumph.

Less than six years ago a young Italian inventor successfully established wireless communication between the Isle of Wight and the Lizards, in Cornwall, England. The distance is 183 miles, and scientific experts marvelled at Signor Marconi's achievement. Now there have flashed across the Atlantic Ocean wireless messages proclaiming to all the world that the transmission of "airgrams" had begun in earnest; that the commercial value of the service now took precedence over the experiments of the past. Three thousand miles of space to cross, and not an arm's length of outstretched wire to speed along the words that will work a telegraphic revolution! And more than this, the epoch-making message sent eastward by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, from the Nova Scotia station, and which reached Clifden, on the Irish coast, produced no undue excitement in the public mind. The triumph of Guglielmo Marconi would be incomplete to-day were the world to overlook the energy and patience that made possible what he accomplished. Like Edison and Bell, in their respective spheres and generations, this young Italian wizard worked indefatigably until he reached his goal. Those uninitiated in the laboratory researches of the inventor can never fathom the periods of despair, the elusiveness of that of which he is in quest, the moments when all that has gone before seems so much nervous energy gone wrong. Sir Hiram Maxim was among the first to congratulate the young inventor, and a message sent President Roosevelt by the Daily Mail of London was couched in terms that bespoke the satisfaction of the British nation because of this further means to stretch forth friendly hands across the sea. Port Morien, bleak as it is, has written its name large on the page of history. The new era of telegraphic interchange will date from October 17, 1907.—*London Telegraph.*

Cows as Defenders Against Consumption.

The London Tribune has elicited some discussion of the relation of cows to consumption—an old notion, by the way. One writer asserts, on the authority of all the doctors he has known, that there is no instance of a cowman, a milker of cows, having died of this disease:—"Cowmen live in cowsheds during a great many hours of the night and day, and those cowsheds are said to be, of all places, the most crowded with tubercular germs. One would not wish to calculate the billions of these germs a cowman breathes on to his lungs in a year, if we accept the figures of those who deal in sensations. On the other hand, one can find in every district almost instances where grooms have died from consumption. The strange fact is that, whereas the cow can contract tuberculosis, the horse does not. Yet the man who is intimately associated with the immune animal yields to the disease, whilst the man who is with the most common host of tuberculosis escapes it." This theory, it should be noted, was very commonly held about eighty years ago. Balzac in one of his minor novels makes his hero a consumptive who is cured by sleeping in sheds, and readers not familiar with the old belief might easily take it for an anticipation of the open-air cure. It is a matter which it ought to be quite possible to test by statistics.—*New York Tribune.*

The movement for the reclamation of the Plains of Abraham and the erection of a colossal statue representing the Angel of Peace on the impregnable rock of Quebec has been impressively begun, and with the co-operation of the Canadian Clubs of the Dominion, from ocean to ocean, is sure to be carried through to a conclusion worthy of the Canadian people. The Governor-General's appeal to the women of Canada to give the aid of their enthusiasm is notable for its high earnestness. Truly, as he declares, patriotism cannot be improvised or created by cold reason, but must be implanted in the heart of the child. As Lord Grey has said, "There is no more sacred spot on the whole of this continent than where Wolfe gave up his life." We Canadians would be doing something for which posterity would hold us in but light account, if we allowed the height, where the greatest and most decisive event in our history took place, to have "its glory defaced by a factory"—again to quote the Governor-General—"and crowned by a jail."

A DUTY OF PATRIOTISM.

In this new land of Western Canada, which within the memory of many men still active was held in fee simple by the Indians and the buffalo, it is too soon for people who believe that the world is growing worse to talk about a period known as "the good old times," when things were better. Beyond a doubt, when the next century is running its course there will be people who will point back to these years we are now living in as the good old times of the West. Eastern Canada is ancient enough to have its good old times for doubters in progress to point back to. Some interesting contemporary records of Toronto in 1828 have just been published; they show that, with a population of only two thousand, York, as Toronto was then called, had sixty taverns, or one to every thirty-three persons, and that in the year mentioned there were herded in an underground cell in the jail three female lunatics, and the stench from their cell was complained of by the prisoners in the cells above. York was at that time a garrison town, and a scene of much social gaiety. There was much in the past that was desirable for fortune's favored few, and no one can deny the general picturesqueness of "the good old times," when the sordid and the cruel is ignored by the romancer or the picturesque historical writer, who is not concerned with the common people and their conditions of life. Great are the privileges of those who are to-day in comparison with any yesterday.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

When any question of race preponderance—such as what is called "the yellow peril"—comes to the front, it tends to emphasize the tolerably obvious fact that unless a race, or a nation, is reinforced by continual births, it must tend to recede before the inroads made by death. Deaths are continuous, whether births are continuous or not. In some European countries the tendency toward decrease of births is very manifest. Less than half a century ago the populations of France and Germany were almost exactly equal, while that of Great Britain was much below both. Now France has less than forty millions of people, while Germany has more than sixty, France's population being practically stationary during recent years, while Germany's is increasing at the rate of nearly a million a year. In Great Britain the births exceed the deaths by 500,000 annually, and the population for the first time in history is greater than that of France; and this though the British birth-rate has fallen from 31 per 1,000 to 27. In Germany it has fallen in four years from 36 to 34. In the United States the decrease in the birth rate has been so marked as to justify the conclusion that the increase in the population is due almost entirely to immigration. In Canada of late years the birth rate has been practically stationary, with the exception of the Province of Quebec. On the other hand, the birth rate in Japan has increased during the last twenty-seven years from 17 to 31 per 1,000. In China the universal practice of infanticide keeps the population approximately stationary; and though statistics from China must be largely guess work, we know enough to be sure that if ever infanticide is abandoned, the yellow race will have an enormous annual rate of increase.

THE BIRTH RATES OF THE NATIONS.

But surely race suicide and race salvation are more than matters of mere numbers. No race has gone very far through just being numerous. Failure to improve the race condition, the race mind, is more serious than failure to increase greatly in mere numbers. It was no golden era in the development of mankind when in ancient Egypt the multitudinous population provided such vast arrays of labor for the building of the pyramids.

Statistics show that in the world's greatest centres of population and wealth there is an astonishing increase of certain diseases, notably heart disease and cancer, which seems to counterbalance much that has been accomplished in moderating the ravages of contagious and infectious diseases. While the promoting causes are obscure and not well understood, there is evidence leading to a conviction that intense application and high-pressure living are the fundamental causes. In the world's great cities there are thousands of people overtaxing their own brains, training their children in intellectual hothouses, and living at a constant high strain; and the penalty of such living falls upon them with deadly effect. The simple life has its privations; it has also its compensations.

COMPENSATIONS OF THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Of all the plans ever adopted for the regulation of the liquor traffic that of the Russian Government is beyond comparison the worst. In 1894 it established a monopoly in manufacturing, distributing and selling intoxicating drinks as a branch of civil administration. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Times gives a frightful account of the enormous increase in the consumption of vodka since that year. Figures which he gives show that it rose from 160,900,000 gallons in 1901 to 277,550,000 in 1906. As a consequence, he adds, the Russian villages, which were never prosperous or enlightened, are sinking under the curse of drunkenness. From many of these village communities requests have been sent to the Government to close the dram shops before it is too late. But the Minister of Finance, in his latest official statement, declares that it is, on the contrary, "necessary to increase the number of places for the sale of drink, and that no restriction should be placed on the opening of new dram shops in towns and villages." The Government finds it doubly profitable to spread its vodka among the people—financially, because of the enormous revenue brought into its coffers, and politically, because a drink-sodden population makes poor material for a revolution.

THE CURSE OF RUSSIA.

In the latest report of the Dominion Department of Justice it is noted that 12 per cent. of the convicts imprisoned in Canada during the twelve months covered by the report were under twenty years of age, while more than 50 per cent. were under thirty. This calls attention to the fact that the criminal class develops early in life; and, as the report says, it "brings the origin of crime very close to the home life of the country." It has been said that three generations are required in the making of a gentleman, but as it is much easier to become a criminal, a shorter period may evolve the finished product. Heredity, of course, goes for a great deal; but early training is all important. Mere goodness in the father and mother is a poor check for the lawless instincts of the child; some more robust virtue is necessary. An insistence upon obedience is the best saefguard of any home. The baby in arms is not too young to recognize dimly that its little life is subject to a law, and that its mother is the interpreter thereof. Brought thus early under discipline, that discipline need never be harsh. It is only when a child is permitted to run wild for years before the curb is applied that correction must be severe, and often ineffectual.

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT."

In the middle ages it was a nip and tuck race between the armorer and the maker of weapons, until men at arms were about as massive and unwieldy as so many parlor coal stoves. In these days the competition between the makers of guns and of armor grows keener with every advancing year. When the Invincible Armada of Spain went forth in proud confidence to the conquest of England, its ships were huge and towering, they bristled with cannon, and they were manned by fighters of no mean skill; but a smaller number of English ships of much smaller size created havoc among them. Battleship building has been carried far since then; until the Dreadnought of to-day is a thousandfold greater contrast to Nelson's flagship than even modern soldiers are to the Crusaders, clad from head to foot in armor, and carrying two-handed swords, battleaxes and maces. Still the contest between naval armor and armor-piercers goes on more keenly than ever. A main problem of modern warship construction is to keep projectiles out of the vital parts of the ship, to wit: the boilers, the engines and the magazines. Armor belts to stop projectiles, or to check their velocity so that arched protective decks will deflect them away from the ship's vitals are essential. But there will probably never be a warship on whose decks a fighting crew can work the destruction of their enemies in safety and comfort. Blood will ever be the price of admiralty.

NAVAL ARMOR AND PROJECTILES.

It is no further back than 1840 that the friction match was perfected and began to come into general use. The Hudson's Bay Company still supplies flints and steels to its northern posts; explorers find the old way of making fire more reliable than matches. No drenching will affect flint and steel. As for matches, they can hardly be said to be advancing, like so many conveniences to our material well-being, nearer and nearer perfection by a process of rapid evolution. They used to be put up in boxes which it was easy to tell the right end of in the dark. In those days you were in no danger of opening the box so as to empty all the matches on the floor. Not so now. The modern match often fizzles; but worse than that it is often cut against the grain of the wood. This, with the greater difficulty of ignition, supposed to be a safeguard, sometimes causes a match to break as one strikes it, and the burning end to fly off and fall into cracks, or against a curtain, or into some other place where prompt action is necessary to prevent a blaze. In some ways the up-to-date match is more dangerous than the old-fashioned article..

A COMPLAINT ABOUT MATCHES.

It is an old joke that when an estate is allowed to fall into the hands of lawyers, the lawyers too often get the lion's share of it and the heirs get the experience. In Toronto the other day a case came before Chief Justice Sir William Mulock in regard to the simple transfer of $143 from an estate to heirs. "I strongly object to this sort of thing," said the Chief Justice. "This matter should never have been brought up in court at all, and it is a scandal that five legal gentlemen should appear on such a matter. All that was necessary was to get the consent of the Official Guardian to pay the money into court, which he would have given as a matter of course." There are lots of things now done by lawyers which could be made, and ought to be made, as easy for laymen to do as the registration of a letter, if there were officials appointed to guide the laymen in fulfilling the obligations of the law. There are many honorable lawyers. But there are many, too, who bleed every purse that passes through their hands—"legal gentlemen" who, for instance, in the winding up of an estate miss no opportunities of saddling it with the cost of formalities.

HONEST LAWYERS, AND OTHERS.

A Chicago physician, Dr. Siebel, has evolved a scheme—or thinks he has—whereby the sugar, fats and certain other commodities which we take into our stomachs may be transformed into reserve of electrical power. Dr. Siebel, with his intestinal electric power station, is conservative, however, in comparison with the German surgeons over in Berlin who have transferred kidneys from one animal to another so deftly that the relaid organs took up the work of those they displaced. The Berlin surgeons even think that they can, in time, replace the diseased organs of men with healthy organs removed from animals, and set the man upon his feet again, like an old piano with new strings and keyboard. The only drawback is that all the cats which were fitted out with other cats' kidneys died. Some of them lasted a week, and one of them lived thirty-one days. No doubt, the doctors will learn their job better with practice, but with that record of feline mortality before his eyes, the man who desires to swap his worn-out stomach with an ostrich, or his weak heart with an ox, will hesitate a good while before he goes upon the operating table. The time may come when we can all be built over in sections, like a boy's jack knife; but for the present it is as well to take pretty good care of the vital organs we have.

MENDING MEN LIKE JACK KNIVES.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

OF

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS, TUESDAY, 14th JANUARY, 1908.

The forty-first annual meeting of the shareholders of the Canadian Bank of Commerce was held in the banking house on Tuesday, 14th January, 1908, at twelve o'clock.

The President, Mr. B. E. Walker, having taken the chair, Mr. A. St. L. Trigge was appointed to act as secretary, and Messrs. C. S. Gzowski and A. J. Glazebrook were appointed scrutineers.

The President called upon the Secretary to read the Annual Report of the Directors, as follows:—

REPORT.

The directors beg to present to the shareholders the forty-first annual report, covering the year ending 30th November, 1907, together with the usual statement of assets and liabilities:

The balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account brought forward from last year was	$ 103,562.43
Net profits for the year ending 30th November, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts, amounted to	1,752,349.67
	$1,855,912.10

Which has been appropriated as follows:

Dividends Nos. 80, 81, 82, and 83, at 8 per cent. per annum	$ 800,000.00
Written off Bank Premises	350,000.00
Transferred to Pension Fund (annual contribution)	30,000.00
Balance carried forward...	675,912.10
	$1,855,912.10

All the assets of the bank have been as usual carefully revalued and all bad and doubtful debts amply provided for.

Your directors have the pleasure of reporting the most satisfactory earnings in the history of the bank, amounting to $1,752,349.67. After providing for four quarterly dividends at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, and for the annual contribution to the Pension Fund, we have been able to write $350,000 off Bank Premises Account, and have carried forward at the credit of Profit and Loss Account the sum of $675,912.10.

During the year the bank has opened new branches at the following points: In British Columbia, at Creston, Mission City and Prince Rupert; in Alberta, at Hardisty; in Saskatchewan, at Drinkwater, Lanigan and Nokomis; in Manitoba, at Durban and Kenville. The branch at Atlin, B.C., has been closed.

In accordance with our customary practice, the branches and agencies of the bank in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, and the various departments of the head office, have all been thoroughly inspected during the year.

The directors have again pleasure in recording their appreciation of the efficiency and zeal with which the officers of the bank have performed their respective duties.

B. E. Walker,
President.

Toronto, 14th January, 1908.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

30th November, 1907.

LIABILITIES.

Notes of the bank in circulation		$9,235,769.68
Deposits not bearing interest	$20,951,271.35	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	66,089,786.15	
		87,041,057.50
Balances due to other banks in Canada		155,499.78
Balances due to other banks in foreign countries....		1,373,791.12
Dividends unpaid		1,508.44
Dividend No. 83, payable 1st December		200,000.00
Capital paid up	$10,000,000.00	
Rest	5,000,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	675,912.10	
		15,675,912.10
		$113,683,538.62

ASSETS.

Coin and bullion	$5,663,047.48	
Dominion notes	5,390,372.25	
		$11,053,419.73
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation		450,000.00
Notes of and checks on other banks		3,730,479.42
Balances due by other banks in Canada		9,362.52
Balances due by agents of the bank in the United Kingdom		51,121.88
Balances due by agents of the bank and other banks in foreign countries		2,878,820.77
Government bonds, municipal and other securities		4,874,681.86
Call and short loans		12,695,557.30
		$35,743,443.48
Other Current Loans and Discounts		76,073,271.90
Overdue debts (loss fully provided for)		109,867.32
Real estate (other than bank premises)		64,082.58
Mortgages		34,248.58
Bank premises		1,412,935.26
Other assets		245,689.50
		$113,683,538.62

Alex. Laird,
General Manager.

The General Manager then spoke as follows:

GENERAL MANAGER'S ADDRESS.

We have come to the close of a year unprecedented in the history of financial stringency, and as it was world-wide in effect we in Canada have not escaped from the results of our own great expansion in trade, and the inevitable contraction of credit which comes as a check in the midst of prosperity throughout the country. Notwithstanding the unfavorable events of the year, the statements of the bank which we have pleasure in submitting are the best in its history. It is needless to say that with the present outlook we must again repeat the warning to you not to expect a repetition of such large profits. The check upon the volume of business has been later in coming than some of us expected, but it has now actually come, and with a disposition on the part of the public towards the liquidation rather than the creation of debt, the volume of banking business must decline and profits be correspondingly affected.

The net profits for the year amount to over 17½ per cent. on the capital of the bank, and exceed those of last year by $11,224. We have during the year paid four quarterly dividends of 2 per cent., or at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and after devoting the large sum of $350,000 to expenditures on bank premises and making the usual provision for the Pension Fund, we have carried forward a balance of $675,912.10 at credit of Profit and Loss Account. Now that the Rest of the Bank equals the sum of fifty per cent. of the paid-up capital, our recommendation will be that transfers to that account be made in even millions and that in the meantime the unappropriated profits should be carried forward at the credit of Profit and Loss Account.

Our deposits during the year show a small decrease, namely, 111,000. The decrease is altogether in deposits not bearing interest which are composed of the fluctuating balances of various business communities, and are, therefore, in the nature of things subject to rapid changes. A year ago we pointed out that some of the deposits then held were of a temporary character, and we deem it proper to say that at the close of this year also a considerable amount came under this category. In common with other banking institutions, a real shrinkage of deposits will probably result through withdrawals of money which but for the present emergencies of trade would remain with us. On the other hand, our deposits bearing interest, being those of a more stable character have increased during the year $1,564,000.

The administration of the affairs of the bank during the past year was fraught with unusual difficulties, but we look forward with confident expectation that with our organization we shall be able to conserve and maintain a high standard of efficiency in the management of the great interests committed to our care.

In moving the adoption of the report, the President said, in part:

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

the end of a very eventful year in the financial world it cannot be truthfully said that any business man in Canada was without warning, even if he found himself quite unprepared for the new conditions he was called upon to face. Nor can it be truthfully said that the banks as a whole have failed to do as much for the borrowing public as the latter had a right to expect. Indeed, when we consider the rash and ignorant criticism of the banks heard in communities where the stringency in money has been most keenly felt, it seems almost as if it were useless to offer a signal of danger to the borrowing public so long as prosperity is in full force. A year ago this bank did its part in offering a warning which events have shown to be justified, but this warning was actually regarded as an evidence of total inability to understand the true business conditions in the West. Canada was doing more business than was justified by the money at our command at home or that could be secured abroad by the sale of the securities the country was creating, although it was not producing even sufficient merchandise to meet the demand or building to any degree in advance of immediate requirements. We were, however, importing far in excess of our exports, and generally we were mortgaging our future, not, as a rule, in the case of each individual, municipality, industrial company, or railway, beyond what could be plainly justified if money were easy, but beyond what was wise, having regard to the world-wide condition of the money market which has been so marked in recent years. Now that the check upon our expansion, which we would not make of our own accord, has, in a measure, been forced upon us, we shall doubtless rapidly adjust our affairs to the new conditions, and I shall be surprised if we do not eventually conclude that as a borrowing country we have escaped the more serious troubles of our neighbors, have not failed to sustain the high credit Canada enjoys in Great Britain and elsewhere in Europe and that the banks, even if no more free from blame than other members of the business community, have really done all that could fairly be demanded.

While Canadians have taken a natural pride in the great growth of their foreign trade, which has increased from $257,168,000 in 1897 to $617,944,000 in 1907, some remark has seemed necessary each year upon the large excess in our imports. For the year ending midsummer, 1906, the two had so approximated that the excess of imports was only $37,680,000 in a foreign trade of $550,854,000, but for the year ending midsummer, 1907, we have an excess in imports of $101,601,000, our exports being but little larger than for the previous year, while our imports are about $65,000,000 more. The first three months following midsummer, 1907, showed no tendency towards improvement. We cannot build a third transcontinental railroad, in addition to providing for the large growth of older railroad systems; we cannot take care of an enormous and unprecedented inflow of immigrants; and we cannot build up new towns and cities by the hundred, without largely increasing our purchases as compared with what we have to sell. This is what we mean by mortgaging our future. After we make allowance for the wealth brought in by the immigrants themselves and by the many men with capital who come, mainly, from the United States, to establish industries or to become merchants or important farmers, the total of which must be very large indeed, the greater part of the sum required to liquidate this excess of imports must be obtained from the sale of our securities abroad. The railroad corporations provide their share and generally in advance of its expenditure, but our towns and cities have of late years sold their bonds so readily that they have not hesitated to spend money in very large sums on improvements, the bonds for which can not as a rule be legally issued until the work is completed. At the same time many industrial companies have been spending money and depending on foreign markets for the sale of securities with which to replace the capital required for such expenditures. In ordinary times such a course would not seriously inconvenience Canadian finances, but coming in a year when the balance against us was so large, our crops below the normal, and the money markets of the world in the worst possible condition for all borrowing countries, it would have been strange if we had not experienced considerable discomfort. We can, however, congratulate ourselves on the soundness of our business conditions apart from the lack of capital, and this has enabled Canadian enterprises to obtain money in European markets on easier terms than many other countries. The course we should follow in the immediate future seems plain. In all cases where important expenditure for public or private works is contemplated we must be assured as to securing the capital before undertaking the work, and this doubtless means that we must go more slowly for a few years. Whether we like the discipline or not, the results will certainly be good for Canada in many ways.

The scarcity of money arises from various causes. Roughly speaking if one man wishes to borrow, another man must have saved in a shape ready for investment. If the world is in a debt-paying and therefore also a saving mood, it will set aside annually more savings than are needed; and if the world's trade is expanding and profitable, and extravagance is therefore general, the reverse will be the case. One great French economist has endeavored to state the conditions of the world as they existed in 1906. He estimates the capital needed that year for new commitments as $3,250,000,000, and the world's savings available for investment at not more than $2,400,000,000 to $2,800,000,000. There was therefore an enormous deficiency, and however near this may be to the actual facts, it illustrates in a forcible way what the world is trying to do, and why interest rates have risen and the prices of all securities, no matter how excellent, have fallen. When we look at ordinary commercial banking operations connected with the production and movement of commodities, we must realize that as against an increased gold supply, and the increased credit made possible thereby, there have been two factors tending to increase the load of credit to be carried, and, second, a great increase in the price of almost all articles. Clearly the

world has gone too far in one direction, and now we must look for a mood of economy, in consequence of which personal extravagance will decline and savings increase, and the pace of the world's building operations and trade movement will somewhat lessen. This will probably be accompanied by a fall in wages, however regrettable, and by a fall in prices generally, although the steady increase in the gold output of the world and the power of certain industrial organizations may be opposing factors to any large and permanent decline.

MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN, AND ALBERTA.

So much has been written and said about the crop conditions of the Prairie Provinces, and these conditions have varied so greatly in different districts and have changed so rapidly from time to time, that it is a relief and a pleasure to be able to report that the money result from all cereals will certainly be about $85,000,000, and will perhaps equal the result from the crop of 1906. Of course this is due to the high price set against the much smaller quantity and the great loss in grades due to frost. Had the season been a normal one, and had prices, which are not appreciably affected by our crop, remained high, our Western farmers would have enjoyed a prosperity exceeding anything they have known. Apart from the difficulties of transporting and financing the grain, the unfortunate feature of the crop has been that the results fall so unevenly as to districts. In the main the fair results have been enjoyed by those districts which could have borne poor crops, while the most meagre results have often come to the newest districts. Our estimate of the crop of 1906, which has since been verified by the latest returns of the actual outcome, was 190,000,000 bushels of cereals, as compared with 167,000,000 for 1905. Our estimate for 1907 is 160,000,000, divided as follows:

Wheat—70,000,000 bushels.
Oats—75,000,000 bushels.
Barley—15,000,000 bushels.

With two years' increase of settlement this is not a good showing, but it is too slight a falling off to distress anyone living in the West. The average yeld per acre is, of course, low; wheat 14 bushels; oats 33, and barley 25. About half of the wheat will grade as fit for milling—No. 4 or better. Oats suffered more from frost than wheat, and about two-thirds of the crop is of the lower grades.

After a winter of severity, greater than had been known for a quarter of a century, the farmers succeeded, although a month later than for many years, in sowing an acreage as large as that of 1906. The growing season in Saskatchewan and Alberta was all that could be desired, but in southern Manitoba the rainfall was quite insufficient; so that, barring frost, it seemed as if the two Western Provinces would show excellent results and Manitoba would disappoint us. But frost came to the late-sown crops and did an amount of damage hardly recognized at the time, so that in the end Manitoba, where the conditions had improved, and southern Alberta produced the best crops both in quality and quantity.

Apart from the peculiarities of the crop of 1907, the difficulties of marketing the crop have been so pronounced and have caused so much discussion in the newspapers, that it may be well to refer frankly to some of them. The farmers blame the grain dealers as to price, both farmers and dealers blame the railroads as to car supply, and for the first time in the history of the North-West the banks have found it difficult, because of the many demands by borrowers, to release the money necessary to carry the grain to market. One might think from some recent criticisms that these difficulties had never been heard of before, whereas they have accompanied the marketing of grain and cotton in the United States, from time to time, through the entire history of its settlement. We have been proceeding upon the assumption that the railroads can carry to the point of lake navigation all the grain the farmers choose to market in the few weeks between threshing and the close of lake traffic, and that the banks can not only take care of this but also find the money for the entire balance of the crop as the farmer chooses to sell it during the winter, and await the liquidation of such advances in the late spring or early summer. Now we may as well recognize the fact that when the crop is materially larger both of these things will be impossible, even with an ordinary money market. The grain and cotton crops of the United States have been moved largely by European credits, in addition to local loans, and this has been a sound system financially, because ultimately sufficient grain or cotton goes forward to Europe to liquidate such credits. Of late years in the United States dealers have been able to move grain crops without much outside assistance, but not the cotton crop, and this is because the point of consumption for most of the grain is now at home and not in Europe, while a great part of the cotton crop is still sold in Europe. We are a young country, with little accumulated capital relatively to our wants, and, like the United States of twenty or thirty years ago, we must use the credit of Europe to some extent for our grain carrying, redeeming such obligations as the grain goes forward.

Now, the reason why it has been feasible for the United States to borrow quite readily very large sums of money against grain in store, is because for the last thirty years or more everything possible has been done at such places as Chicago and Minneapolis to assure the lender that he had grain of a certain grade in the hands of a terminal warehouse, the owner or officers of which could have no object, and, because of weighing and inspecting supervised by the State, no power to dispose of the grain except in accordance with the State-countersigned receipts. The banking and elevator interests of Winnipeg have been steadily endeavoring to improve the conditions surrounding terminal receipts in Canada, and the system at present in use will give any foreign as well as any domestic banker a most perfect form of security.

Winnipeg holds the second place in America in the volume of grain trading, and everything which can be done to make this great department of our commerce work satisfactorily should have the patient consideration of all concerned. There seems to be little doubt that many of the provisions of the Dominion Act, known as the Manitoba Grain Act, are unsatisfactory to the farmers, the railway companies, and the banks. Designed originally, no doubt, to protect the farmer, it can be so made use of by dishonest people as to cause to others serious delays in transportation and losses in money, and in the final result it must hurt many more farmers than it benefits. So long as it is possible for hundreds of orders for single cars to be placed in the names of people who have actually no grain to ship, it cannot be also possible for the elevator companies to get cars to ship grain with reasonable promptitude, or to place the blame for lack of cars with any precision upon the railroad companies. It seems clear that the Act should be entirely reconsidered and amended before we enter upon another season.

In the cattle business the striking feature, of course, was the very heavy losses on the ranges caused by the severe winter. It will doubtless take two or three years for the stock of cattle, horses, and sheep on the ranges to get back to a normal condition. Meanwhile prices are likely to be good, even though dear money and lack of cars may affect the situation for the moment. The fact that several shipments of Alberta cattle have been made to Chicago via Montana with highly satisfactory results, shows the natural widening of the market coincident with the decline in the supply. It is to be hoped that the farmers of the three provinces will now be firmly impressed with the wisdom of breeding cattle, horses, sheep and pigs to an extent not attempted heretofore. Not only does the lessening for the time being of the number of cattle on the ranges seem to assure the farmer of good prices for some time to come, but his experience with his grain crops in 1907 has proved once more that he can get the best value out of damaged wheat and oats, and when prices happen to be low, out of any grain, by feeding it to his own stock. Wherever dairying has been developed this is abundantly clear, and we are glad to know that in many parts, particularly in Alberta, where mixed farming is more general, the farmer is able himself to use profitably all his damaged grain crops.

It would also be well if the farmers of these provinces would consider the value of raising their own poultry. The money paid out by the farmer who grows grain alone, for many of the necessaries of life which he could produce on his own farm, such as butter, eggs, poultry, and pork, may seem, when he is prosperous, a small matter; but prosperous or not the loss to his province is very serious, and sooner or later it may be serious to him individually.

As far as the payment of debts is concerned, collections are good or bad in accordance with local crop conditions, but better as a whole than might have been expected.

Naturally these lessened results from agricultural and pastoral work, accompanied by dear money, have caused curtailment in building of every kind, and this again will, as in the East, result in a much smaller cut of lumber in all districts relying on the Prairie Provinces for their market. This is from several points of view highly desirable. The cost of production was reaching dangerous figures, even though justified by the market prices, and while curtailment of building is as imperatively necessary in Canada as elsewhere in the world if we are to get the money market into an easy condition again, it was inevitable if the high prices of labor and material continued.

While it is not practicable to ascertain how many new settlers entered the Prairie Provinces, the immigration into all Canada for 1907, with the last month or so estimated, is about 280,000, of which about 210,000 are English-speaking people. This is a large gain over 1906, and whether immigration is now to be checked or not, the settlers of the last few years in the North-West will largely aid the future prosperity of Canada after they get through their first few years of pioneering. Land sales and homestead entries are, of course, somewhat less in number, but the average price for land sold is slightly higher than in 1906, and we must remember that if the opportunity for labor in other fields declines for a time throughout the world, many will, as in similar past experiences, go back to the land. Any decline in homesteading is partly due to the increasing difficulty of getting land near to railroads; indeed, it is surprising how far settlers are willing to go, counting upon the railroad coming to them in the near future. Prospectors are even going into the Peace River country, and before long it will be difficult to avoid opening it up for active settlement.

After several years of abundant crops, we have to record a year in which in several parts of the North-West the farmers' results are quite unsatisfactory, but as a whole the country will receive a very large sum for its products, and the general result to the three provinces will still represent prosperity, although on a diminished scale. Expansion for the moment will be checked; extravagance in expenditure, even where there is no actual diminution of income, will be changed to economy, stocks of goods will be lessened instead of persistently increased, and generally we shall have a time of debt paying instead of debt creating.

UNITED STATES.

In dealing with the general situation in the United States the President said:—

Taking the United States as a whole another great crop of cotton has been raised and is being sold at good prices, and while the grain crops of 1907 were slightly less than those of either 1905 or 1906, the result with the higher price is considerably greater to the farmer, so that the agricultural basis of the country has been well sustained. During the winter of 1906-7 the money markets of the United States had, however, repeatedly reflected the fact that the expansion of building, in trade volume and in prices common to so many different countries, had outrun the world's supply of money, and in March a short stock exchange panic gave special emphasis to this condition. It became evident that the plans of great railroad systems, involving very large expenditures of money, could not be readily carried out; money became perceptibly dearer for long loans, and ordinary building operations were somewhat checked. Sober financial journals suggested that we were approaching a crisis, but during the summer much was forgotten. However, during the week beginning 21st October a decidedly critical situation arose in New York, due largely to the acts of some of the larger Trust companies, which had apparently forgotten the principles on which such institutions should be based. The failure of one of the largest of these companies, and runs upon several others, created panicky conditions in New York, and this state of feeling rapidly spread throughout the country, causing timid indivdual depositors to withdraw money and lock it up, and a still more serious matter, causing country banks to attempt to build up reserves, in some cases needlessly large, by drawing their balances from the reserve cities. Under the banking system of the United States, because of an inelastic currency, but quite as much because of the laws regarding reserves and the peculiar system under which they can only be used for the very purpose for which they are held at the expense of breaking the letter of the law and thereby creating a panic, the effect of this hoarding of currency was to paralyze business and to cause on the one hand a premium on currency for a short time as high as 3 1-2 per cent, and on the other the creation of a temporary currency, illegal but eminently sensible, in order to enable the business of the country to go on. At the same time gold was imported from Europe to the extent of over $100,000,000, and while this was an extraordinary evidence of ability to apply heroic remedies to the situation, the very fact that it was necessary and possible to obtain this very large sum from Europe naturally alarmed the money markets there, because it was a concrete example of the violent and enormous forces which American trade and finance can exercise upon Europe when the pendulum has been allowed to swing too far in one direction. The situation is now steadily improving, the gold importations and the premium on currency have stopped, and the reserves of banks are being brought back to the legal requirements. How far the enormous fall in the price of copper, and the more moderate fall in other metals and in lumber, will be followed by a general fall in the price of all commodities, it is too early to estimate. But as the wages of labor are being reduced and large numbers have been thrown out of employment, we must expect a moderate readjustment of prices. Food stuffs do not, however, because of another series of factors, show any tendency to decline in price.

The hope has been confidently expressed on many occasions since 1893 that the United States would bring about reforms in its currency, and banking systems. Partly because the situation is full of difficulties not present in most countries nothing of a decisive nature has yet been accomplished, but the demand for reform from the public throughout the United States is more persistent than ever before, and we cannot doubt that with recent experience sharply in mind steps will now actually be taken to remedy the defects referred to. It is well for all of us residing outside of the United States not to forget that while stringency in money was inevitable owing to expansion, the extraordinary features which differentiate the monetary

troubles of the United States from those of other countries are due almost entirely to their peculiar banking and treasury systems. In Canada we have an enforced revision of the Bank Act every ten years, and it is well to bear in mind that we are approaching the time when the discussion connected therewith usually takes place.

The situation bears little relation to that following the troubles of 1893, either as to currency conditions and standards, crop conditions, or volume of manufactured goods relatively to the demand, and, provided the usual crops are harvested next year, a very full measure of industrial activity should prevail throughout North America. The marketing of the actual products of the field, forest, and mine of itself requires that large additions should be made to railroad equipment and that other building operations should be carried out, and if the world generally can be induced on the one hand to exercise its power of saving to a greater degree, and on the other to moderate somewhat the pace of its industrial expansion, especially as regards the fixin of capital in betterments of all kinds we need not fear for the prosperity of the farmer throughout North America, or that our workshops will be idle to an extent which should interfere with a sound and reasonable prosperity.

The motion for the adoption of the Report was then put and carried.

A by-law increasing the authorized capital stock of the Bank from Ten Million Dollars to Fifteen Million Dollars was then passed. The usual resolutions expressing the thanks of the shareholders to the President, Vice-President and Directors, and also to the General Manager, Superintendent of Branches, and other officers of the Bank, were unanimously carried. Upon motion the meeting proceeded to elect Directors for the coming year.

The meeting then adjourned.

After luncheon the meeting was resumed.

The scrutineers subsequently reported the following gentlemen to be elected as Directors for the ensuing year:

B. E. Walker, Robert Kilgour, Hon Geo. A. Cox, M Leggat, James Crathern, John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D., J. W. Flavelle, A. Kingman, Hon. L. Melvin-Jones, Frederic Nicholls, H. D. Warren, Hon. W. C. Edwards, Z. A. Lash, K.C., E. R. Wood.

At a meeting of the newly-elected Board of Directors held subsequently, Mr. B. E. Walker was elected President, and Mr. Robert Kilgour, Vice-President.

Three Eminent Benefactors of Humanity

Louis Pasteur, b. 1822; d. 1895.

Lord Joseph Lister, b. 1827; still living.

Dr. D. M. Coonley, b. 1842; still living.

The discoveries of Louis Pasteur marked the beginning of a new era in the treatment of disease. Before that time medical practice consisted largely of blind experiment and quackery, without any scientific basis to rest upon. Pasteur proved what some others had hinted at, viz., the Germ Theory of disease. He found and proved by rigid experiment that simple fermentation, such as the souring of milk, was not a mere chemical process as had been supposed, but was caused by the action of minute living organisms which have since been known as bacteria. These bacteria belong to the vegetable kingdom, being infinitely small plants which can be seen only by the aid of a powerful microscope. From fermentation to putrefaction is but a step, and Pasteur found that what was true of fermentation was also true of all festerings, inflammations and other forms of putrefaction, viz., that they were the result of the operations of these minute plants called microbes or bacteria. He further found that each particular disease was caused by its own peculiar microbe, that these microbes had various ways of getting into the system, and that certain chemicals, carbolic acid, for instance, were fatal to those producing fermentation and putrefaction. Among the further achievements of Pasteur and his pupils may be mentioned the treatment of anthrax in cattle, the treatment for hydrophobia and the antitoxin for diphtheria, the latter being developed by Dr. Roux, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, and Von Behring, of Berlin. It must be remembered that Pasteur was not a physician, and so during all the early years of his labors and discoveries he had to contend with the prejudice of the medical profession. Two eminent physicians in other lands, however, were convinced of the truth of his discoveries as soon as they were announced, and each at once set to work to apply them to relieve the diseases with which they were most familiar. These two men were Dr. Joseph Lister, of Great Britain (now Lord Lister, Surgeon to His Majesty King Edward the VII.) and D. Dwight M. Coonley, of the United States.

Dr. Lister was a surgeon. Adopting Pasteur's discovery that certain substances, including carbolic acid, were fatal to the microbes which produced fermentation, he commenced using these chemicals in treating the wounds of his patients. He also took means to prevent these microbes from gaining access to the wounds, and in a very short time he found the mortality from these wounds was reduced from 45 per cent. to less than 12 per cent. Lord Lister had been well named the Father of Antiseptic Surgery.

For several years before this time Dr. Coonley had devoted his entire attention to the various diseases known in a general way as Women's Disorders. He had found in every case of these troubles that there existed a congested condition of some of the womanly organs. This soon developed inflammation, etc., showing that the microbes were at work. He had become convinced of the futility of attempting to reach this condition by taking medicine into the stomach, but upon the announcement of Pasteur's discovery he intuitively reached the same conclusion as did Lister, viz., that the rational treatment consisted in applying to the seat of the trouble a chemical substance that will destroy the microbes causing the disease. The ordinary antiseptics, including carbolic acid, could not be employed, as they would injure the delicate membranes they would come in contact with, but he finally developed a powerful antiseptic which was absolutely fatal to the microbes, and at the same time would not in any wise injure the tissues or membranes to which it was applied. Going still further, he combined with this antiseptic material a concentrated vitalizing nerve food which, when absorbed, strengthened the debilitated nerves, thus making the combination an ideal remedy for these disorders. This was the original Local or Applied Treatment for Women's diseases. It was called Orange Lily, and by this name it is still known. The success of this antiseptic method of treating women's disorders has been quite as marked as the success of the antiseptic surgery of Lister; in fact, so uniformly favorable have been the results of its use (Dr. Coonley has a record of over 200,000 cures) that it has been adopted in their practice by thousands of the more prominent physicians in all the English speaking countries of the world.

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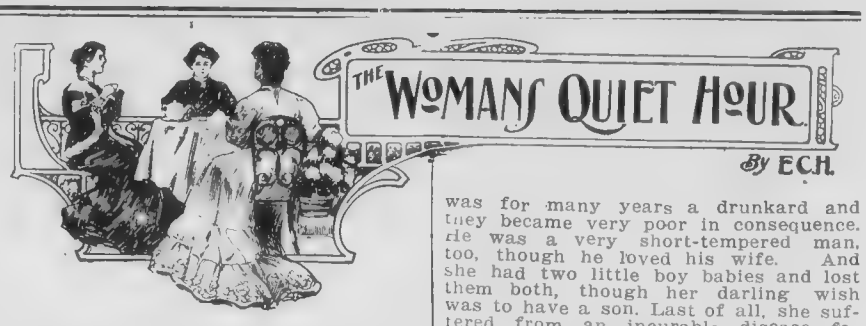

Alas, how light a cause may move
Dissensions between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow more closely tried;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.

—Thomas Moore.

How to be Happy. Our message to the readers of the Quiet Hour this month is "Be Happy." Get into the habit of being happy and you will never be miserable, and what is more you will never grow old. Years may pass over the head but they will leave no scars. They will only ripen the fruit. The saddest thing in all the world is an old person with a sour face. It means that they have missed their heritage, that they have never laid claim to the great wealth of happiness that belongs to them by right. They have let losses or poverty or death stand between them and the great joy they should have had. We cannot be joyful when we lose a loved one, you think, and perhaps some feel that it is perfectly right to go on grieving and holding a grudge with the world and life because it has taken away that which we loved. And there are others again who feel it their duty to grieve, I say, no! There is enough sorrow in the world. Bury yours as fast as you can. Remember your love for the lost and keep it ever green, but stop dwelling on the loss itself. This eternal mourning does no good to anyone, rather harm. The one who is gone will not be helped, those by whom you are surrounded will be made unhappy, and you will be miserable yourself. It is not a duty to grieve, it is a weakness.

Losses are not a good excuse for unhappiness. Other people have had losses and been happy after them. You can and should. At the time of the San Francisco disaster a woman in an elegant but soiled dress, passing along the street, recognized her husband as one of the ditch diggers in the street. She ran to him and he clasped her in his arms and cried, "Thank God you are safe. Nothing else matters." And they had been worth millions of dollars and it had all been swept away in a night. But they were happy. Love was left them still. The fire didn't burn that. It never does.

But poverty, the slow, dull, aching grind of poverty. That is hard. The planning and scheming and saving to make ends meet; the poor house, to which you are ashamed to invite the friend of better days; the load of debt that makes one ashamed to meet one's debtors; the little contributions one cannot make; to see the little ones go shabby—all this is hard. To have the children come and ask for what they cannot have, and what all the other children have. That is hard. But some of the bravest, sweetest women the world has ever known have been those who have smiled with aching hearts.

With many, however, it is not the big things like loss, or poverty, or sickness, or death that keeps them unhappy. It is the petty details of everyday life, some little habit or unkind word when one is tired, those are the little things that try the sweetest tempers. Perhaps John has a habit of taking your potato knife out to the harness shop and leaving it there. You speak to him about it and he doesn't pay much attention because he thinks you are a little bit of a crank on that subject, since he doesn't know how much you dislike peeling potatoes with any other knife; and you think he is stubborn because you don't know that he can't understand your point of view, and so you work at cross purposes; while, if you cultivated a happy disposition, you perhaps would not mind so much peeling potatoes with another knife, and if John followed the same plan, he might be more ready to humor your whim.

Most people can get along nicely so far as the big things are concerned, and it is simply astonishing how reasonable even unreasonable people are in the large matters of general importance. But we are all of us dreadfully small about some trifles. The only way to be able to overlook these things is to be glad with a great inward joy that fails to see them. I do not mean a patient forbearance that puts up with others, but a great love that acts like an X-ray to find the beauty and love in others. A quotation from one of our school books expresses my meaning: "The world's running over with joy." I know a woman or rather did know her, for she is dead now whose life was one sweet, exultant song of joy. But, you say, perhaps she had nothing to make her unhappy. Her husband was for many years a drunkard and they became very poor in consequence. He was a very short-tempered man, too, though he loved his wife. And she had two little boy babies and lost them both, though her darling wish was to have a son. Last of all, she suffered from an incurable disease for which she underwent three fruitless operations and after five years of terrible suffering died, and all that time she was the most cheerful person in the village. She knew life to be a good thing, full of brightness and kindness, and to her it was so. During her sickness people came for miles to do some little thing for her and to her bedside there came old and young, strong and weak; even those who were out with the rest of the world came to her and were made glad.

I like that saying of Elbert Hubbard, "The mintage of wisdom is to know that rest is rust, and real life lies in love, laughter and work." It is all so simple, this happy life. Just stop being unhappy. Give up thinking about unpleasant things. It is only a habit. Stop meeting troubles half way. If you hear some disturbing news, never enlarge upon it until you know the worst. Dear readers, it can be done. I am speaking from experience. Happiness can be cultivated, and unhappiness can be given up, just like any other bad habit.

A Girl's Right. At a recent woman's convention in an eastern city it was suggested that the girl on the farm should be given some independent source of income as a means of making home on the farm more attractive to her. This is an important question well worthy of consideration. It does seem rather unfair that the farm should belong to the son and if there is more than one, others are got for the younger ones while in many cases all the girl gets is her board and clothing until she is married. Many girls in the country leave school at sixteen and are not married before they are twenty at least. If they went out and engaged in domestic service they would probably earn fifteen dollars a month, at least; not a very large wage as wages are now. In four years at that rate she would earn seven hundred and twenty dollars. Of course, she would have to buy her clothes, but think of the pleasure she would have in spending her own money. Every girl who has ever earned a salary knows how much joy of spending it arises from the consciousness of having earned it herself.

On the other hand, if she had remained at home, she would probably not have anything but a few rugs and quilts that she could call her own. It is scarcely to be wondered at that girls leave the farms. If they were given an interest in something about the place and the profit accruing from that one thing really handed over to them it would be more just. Suppose, for instance, they were given some cattle or hogs or poultry and all the gain from this source turned over to them to reinvest, if they saw fit, or a certain number of acres of land might be put into crop for their benefit, or some particular field, each year, and all the grain left at their disposal. Nor should the young woman be expected to attend to the cattle or hogs or poultry or land, but it should be done for her. Her labor in the house is just as much capital to the farmer, and he has just as much right to pay for her work as that of the son. If this suggestion were followed it could not fail to result beneficially to the young woman, intellectually as well as financially. It would tend to make them brighter and would often leave opportunity for the following out of some favorite branch of study.

Of course, this does not mean to give these things as is so often done by fathers, to give in name but keep all the proceeds and the right to trade or sell. As a boy in the country once aptly expressed it to me when I asked him if the pigs were his, and his reply was, "Tom's pigs, and Daddy's pork." That is too often the way. The cow or calf or colt is Mary's or Harry's or Bob's until the father gets a good opportunity to sell it, and then it belongs to father. It is better not to give at all than to give it in such a way, though to be just, parents rarely do. Most of the animals said to belong to any particular member of the family were never given to them by an over-generous impulse but were claimed by the young people until they really began to think they were theirs. The father generally smiled and gave his silent consent to the arrangement, without, perhaps, ever thinking how seriously his silence might be taken, or that he was sowing the seeds for future discontent.

A Child's Right. Once again let me call your attention to a common practice that often results unpleasantly, at least, for the little ones concerned; i.e, that of dragging small children by the arms

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and compelling them to keep pace with older people. It is not an uncommon thing to see tiny tots of two and three years of age, encumbered with heavy coats down to their boot tops, hauled along the streets by the arm and threatened or punished when they lagged. One case in particular I remember, that of a woman hurrying into a store holding the hand of a little girl. The child could not have been more than two or three years of age, and the poor little creature was bent nearly double. At first I thought she must be deformed, but upon following them I discovered that it just couldn't keep up and was literally limp from fatigue.

On another occasion I overheard the following conversation between a mother and her little boy who had just returned from shopping and had entered the hall of an apartment block on the way to their own suite.

It was the child's voice I heard first saying plaintively: "Mamma, I can't walk up stairs; I'm so tired."

"Well, so am I," was the sharp rejoinder, and then there came the sound of little feet slowly climbing the stairs.

These are only two of many such instances that have come under my own notice; in fact, it is impossible to walk down the streets of a city without seeing the same thing many times over, and the question has occurred to me over and over again: Are the tiny feet that fail to keep up with our own a burden and a drag upon our lives?

It is true the mother must go out sometimes, and if she has no one to leave the children with she must take them. And she is tired. There is no question about it; the woman who has shopped for even a couple of hours with one or two children to care for is tired, perhaps more tired than they. But there is just this difference. The woman is tired by choice, while the children are dragged into it without even the choice of resistance.

Granting that these little ones are a trouble sometimes, who is responsible for that? Everyone knows that a baby cannot walk as fast as a grown person, and the time for the latter to consider their own comfort is before the little lives are brought into this world. Having brought them here, they are responsible for their health and happiness, and this is not a burden imposed by some unseen power, but a responsibility they have undertaken.

While mothers unquestionably have rights as well as children nothing can excuse the cruelty to be met with on the streets of towns and cities every day. Give the little ones more time.

Letters Wanted. During the dizzy days of the old year when the time from sunrise to sunset was far too short to accomplish half the things the busy brain had planned, I could understand why no letters came to my corner, but now, when the mothers and daughters on the farm have more leisure than at any other time, I might expect to hear from the readers of the Quiet Hour.

Some of these long evenings when the children are away to bed and the chores done for the night, and the "good man" of the house has taken the newspaper and settled down by the stove to read, won't you take pen and paper and write me a dear homey letter such as only those can write whose hands are busy all day in toil for others?

What will you tell me? Why, everything. It is the little things that make up life. Tell me about them. It is astonishing to me the valuable, practicable information farmers' wives have stored away in their brains and never think it of enough importance to pass along. You have learned so many, many things that might help other women and save them from having to find out by hard experience as you did. It is not, I am sure, because you would not be glad to reach out the helping hand, but because you do not think the things you know of any importance. That is the trouble with so many of you women. You are too modest. You think you don't know enough or else that you cannot express it as well as someone else. And there you are all wrong. It is not profound or learned subjects that interest the reading public it is matters of every-day life.

have lived a great deal among women on the farm, and I know that in the art of cooking and housekeeping of all kinds they are unsurpassed; that they know, better than any other class of people, and how to make a little go a long way. And I have also noticed this, that every place I went the woman had some one thing she could make better than anyone else. One woman had a peculiar way of cooking hams, another prepared eggs in a most delicious manner, while still another had a different kind of specialty—that of making beautiful rugs. She had some lovely patterns and her rugs were, perhaps, the most beautiful hand-made ones I ever saw. So it was in every home, there was something they could do particularly well or some clever device to add to the comfort of the inmates.

But the women did not think they were clever. Bless you, no! They were the meekest women on earth and would speak with a flush of shame on their cheeks of their own lack of opportunity and consequent deficiencies. They did not seem to count their long experience anything in the balance when weighed against educational advantages. Perhaps one of these women will read this article, and if so, I hope she may be induced to write to "The Quiet Hour" about anything which touches her life. I shall look for some letters next month and I hope you won't let me be disappointed. You would help me so much if you would and I'm sure you would if we can only help you to see how you could.

Remember the editor is going to look for letters next month addressed to E. C. H., Editor "Quiet Hour," Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

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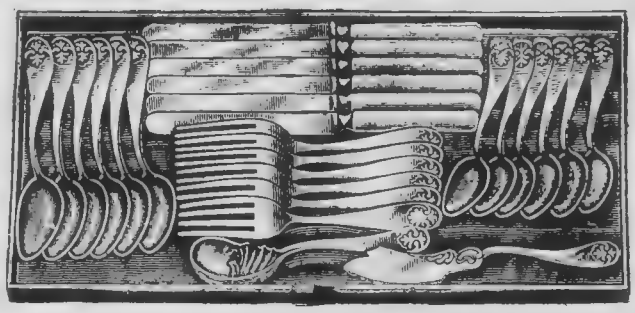

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HOME COLLECTION — FLOWER SEEDS, 1 pkt. each Alyssum, Balsam, Cornflower, Candytuft, Mignonette, Pansy, Pinks, Petunia, Phlox and Zinnia for 25c, post paid.

JOHN A. BRUCE & COMPANY

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SHORTHAND IN 5 EASY LESSONS

Success guaranteed. One hour study on each lesson sufficient. Easily learned by our special mail course. Write for Free Booklet.

20TH CENTURY SHORTHAND SCHOOL

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Strong, Healthy Women

are made possible by the use of Vitae-Ore, the mineral spring, condensed and concentrated. It restores health and strength in a natural way, through the blood, the vital fluid, to all parts of the body. Get a package on trial, as offered on page 19 of this paper. Turn to it now and read the trial offer.

Robust, Vigorous Men

are made out of weak, sick and disease-tortured men by Vitae-Ore, the tonic and healer which has cured thousands of men in all parts of the United States, Canada and Great Britain. It is offered on trial, free for the asking. Read advertisement on page 19 and write for a package of Vitae-Ore today.

What to Wear and When to Wear it.

Tendency of Fashions. The tendency for several seasons has been to revert to fashions of long ago. First the Empire period was revived and is still very much in evidence, although the long straight lines have suggested the fashions of a much earlier period, with the result that now a decided suggestion of the classic Greek period is noticed in the most elegant models. Draped bodices are quite the prevailing fad. Evening gowns of clinging chiffon or other sheer fabrics are cut square or shaped at the neck, with very small short puffs, if, indeed, any at all. Invariably the waist line is high, the entire bodice often being bound round with soft folds of some lustrous fabric, lending itself to graceful draperies. Little or no fulness is allowed across the bust or at the waist line. Of course, in the softer weaves worn for afternoon and evening toilettes, the severity of the lines is greatly modified. If it were not for the exquisite workmanship on many of the gowns, the beauty of their embroidery or the elaboration of their inserts and appliques, many of them might be described as plain, or, in any event, extremely simple.

No Hips. It would appear that for models of form, if not of fashion, the woman of Burns-Jones has been chosen. The woman of to-day who is regarded as having a good figure is the woman who is slender to the point of extreme thinness, who has no hips and an extremely small bust. The day of tight-lacing is past and the woman with a tiny waist and large hips and busts is old-fashioned. It is fashionable, as we have said, to be slender, but the next best thing is to have as little difference between the waist and hips as possible. All the gowns accentuate these points in their clinging tendency, long lines and severely draped bodices.

Short Sleeves. Sleeves, too, are much smaller and continue to just cover the elbow, for the dressier blouse and gown, and are hardly below the shoulder in in the evening gown. Tailor-mades and street dresses, generally, have long sleeves. There seems to be little prospect of a change in this fashion for spring. Attempts have been made, as we said a month ago, to reinstate the long sleeve, but women will apparently have none of them, excepting as previously stated for the severe tailor-made.

Draped Skirts. A new and decidedly novel feature is noticed in the latest skirts. I refer to the folds, or wrinkles, across the stomach that the newest skirts display. Practically all the new French models show this feature, the skirts otherwise being long and straight, with a decided clinging tendency. This applies to even those of heavy materials. While the walking length pleated skirt is still in vogue, it is only smart for general utility wear, the dragging skirt with its queer wrinkled front being the latest.

While on the subject of skirts, mention must be made of their elaborate trimmings, particularly at the bottom. On cloth gowns, yards and yards of braid are used, while lace or embroidery is employed on the dressier models. Braid manufacturers have great cause for rejoicing, since quantities of their product are in demand. Coats are heavily braided and outlined, a three-quarter coat, coming to a decided point, back and front and being much shorter at the sides, is a model on which braid outlining has been much in evidence.

To return for a moment to the subject of draperies; it must be recorded that some of the effects are quite Oriental, chiefly those which drape not only the torso, but the hips as well. This extreme mode has found favor and can be seen at almost any smart evening function, such as opera or ball. Tunic effects for wraps are becoming more and more in favor, and are rivalled only by the Japanese or kimona effects. Satins are used for these effects or fine soft broadcloth. The first requisite any fabric must have when bidding for favor to-day is pliability and draping qualities.

Soft cashmere, marquisettes, crepes and chiffon cloths find favor for these reasons. For street wear elephant grey, Copenhagen blue and parsley green are the favorite shades.

Small Checks. In wash materials there are many lovely ideas. Small checks in self or contrasting colors will be used for shirt waists. There is a decided effort afoot to push the colored waists. The frilled front will be worn again. Handsome waists of white are pretty, with frilled edge with an embroidered border in color. A good many tailored suits are shown in madras, duck, gingham or linen. These, of course, have waists buttoning down from the front and with long sleeves with stiff cuffs.

The little things of the toilette are worthy of attention also. Handkerchiefs, for example, now match the gown. Pure white ones, while, of course, always correct, are not considered nearly as smart as the gaily bordered ones. A novelty is the silk and linen mixture in all-over check effects. These styles are also correct in men's wear. The majority of smart tailored suits have a tiny breast pocket from which the handkerchief peeps.

Gay Stockings. Another startling innovation is the revival of the gaily colored hose; even for street wear it is extremely gay. The most fashionable high-buttoned shoes are of suede, to match the gown. Purple suede shoes, grey, brown, green and pastel shades are displayed by the leading footwear houses, and are worn by women who lead the fashion. Light-topped patent leathers are fashionable, as are also high-laced or buttoned tan shoes; these, especially when worn with the extremely short skirt.

Gloves, as we said before, should match the gown. With the evening and light-colored reception gowns, gloves of identically the same shade are much more elegant than white. Suede and glace seem to share equal favor.

The latest novelties in purses is the small silver purse, also a revival of a fashion in vogue half a century ago. These are not the link purses, but solid box-like affairs, resembling vanity or cigarette cases.

Just here we might mention, also, a New York fad that will be interesting to the Western women more as a curiosity than as a model. I refer to the fashion of carrying canes, introduced by some well-known society women in New York. It is scarcely likely, however, that this fancy will ever have a practical interest for our own women.

Among the smaller novelties for everyday wear, the dog collar of black velvet ribbon, with a sliding clasp set with coral, jade, topaz or turquoise, is a prime favorite, especially with the younger set. These same velvet ribbons ornamented with sets of slides in gold or silver, with or without stones, are also popular and make pretty birthday gifts for school girls, while a brand new cravat pin for adjusting and ornamenting the square cravat, worn with embroidered collars, will go straight to the heart of any girl who sees or owns it.

Necklaces of odd form in wrought gold or silver, set with jade, amethyst, topaz and coral are decidedly faddish for general wear, while for more formal use dog collars of closely set stones and fine gold chains that hold artistic looking pennants are fashionable.

Very tiny open-faced watches are the newest revivals of an old fashion. A rather large but very thin specimen of this class for a man's use was only one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, though it is stated that it contained a fine Swiss movement and was an excellent timepiece. The women's watches were like small lockets and these also had Swiss movements and were said to be constructed to keep the time of day, even though they were allowed to swing loosely at the end of a jewel studded chain, after the present fashion. Whatever the question of their use, these small watches are decidedly ornamental, with their delicate enamels and stone settings, and people who buy them can probably have other means of knowing what time it is.

Cameos. Cameos are fashionable as in our grandmother's day, and make up charmingly for collars, bracelets and pennants, as well as in many other forms. Lapis lazuli is also in considerable demand for brooches and for necklaces, while coral has come back again and accords particularly well with the same color, as used in fashionable trimmings and accessories.

Carved tortoise shell and amber are the favorite materials for making up the combs that are a necessary part of every woman's coiffure equipment, and some of these surpass in attractiveness the more pretentious combs, set with gold and stones, though many of these latter are a very desirable addition to the coiffure for semi-formal wear.

The Reason Why. Some of my readers will be asking if the editor man lost the copy and made it up with the scissors as he did once last summer. No, I am responsible this time. Of course, this general talk on styles and jewelry and what not has little of practical value to the woman on the farm, but this is really between seasons, and judging other women by myself, I fancy once in a while they like to read fashion notes that are not strictly practical and still at the same time give little hints that may be useful even in remote corners of the great West.

FREE

$200.00 in Cash

500 VALUABLE PREMIUMS

You need not Spend ONE CENT in order to Enter this Contest.

In order to introduce our goods into homes where they are not already known, we have decided to give away the above-named sum and 500 handsome premiums. The cash and premiums will be given in order of merit to persons sending in the best ending to the Limerick Verse that is written in part below.

1st prize..... $50.00 in cash
2nd prize..... $40.00 in cash
3rd prize..... $35.00 in cash
4th prize..... $25.00 in cash
5th to 9th prizes—Five prizes of $10 each $50.00 in cash

10th to 14th prizes—Five Ladies' or Gents' Gold Filled Hunting Case Watches.
15th to 19th prizes—Five Family Dinner Sets (97 pieces).
20th to 24th prizes—Five Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Plated Watches.
25th to 29th prizes—Five Sets of half a dozen Silver Plated Knives and Forks (Rogers).
30th to 34th prizes—Five Ladies' or Gents' Solid Silver Watches.
35th to 39th prizes—Five Handsome Violins and Bows.
40th to 44th prizes—Five Hardwood Accordeons.
45th to 49th prizes—Five Magnificent Fur Ruffs.
50th to 59th prizes—Ten Ladies' Toilet Sets.
60th to 159th prizes—One hundred Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Filled Rings.
160th to 259th prizes—One hundred Waterton Fountain Pens.
260th to 359th prizes—One hundred Sets of 6 Silver Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers).
360th to 399th prizes—Forty Ladies' Hand Bags.
400th to 510th prizes—110 Sets of Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives (Rogers).

Below will be found the Limerick Verse WITH A MISSING LINE, which line we expect our competitors to supply:

In giving good prizes we take pride,
They make known our goods both far and wide.
Why delay?
Call or write to-day,
.....
(Fill in the line above.)

Please note that the last line should rhyme with the first two lines.

As a last WORD for the missing line, we would suggest the use of any of the following words: "divide," "applied," "lied," "simplified," "provide," "confide," "supplied," "denied," "beside," "sighed," "tried," "decide," "betide," "cried," "dried," "bride," "side," "complied," "dyed," "implied," "spied," "inside," "died," "tried," "ride," "tied," "abide," "aside," "deride," "astride," "belied." These words all rhyme with the endings of the first two lines in the verse.

Below, will be found two examples of Limericks that can be made by adding ONE LINE to the four lines given above. There are many other endings to be made. Try and make one yourself. It is easy.

HERE ARE TWO EXAMPLES:

In giving good prizes we take pride,
They make known our goods both far and wide.
Why delay?
Call or write to-day,
And with full particulars be supplied.

In giving good prizes we take pride,
They make known our goods both far and wide.
Why delay?
Call or write to-day,
And declare with the judges' decision you'll abide.

CONDITIONS

There is another simple condition connected with the contest about which we will write you as soon as we get your answer to the above. THIS CONDITION DOES NOT INVOLVE THE SPENDING OF ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY.

The judging of the Limericks will be in the hands of a Committee of three gentlemen of undoubted integrity who have no connection with this office. No employees of ours or any of their relations will be allowed to compete, and the committee's judgment must be accepted as final.

I agree to abide by the decision of the committee of three appointed by the Bovel Manufacturing Co., and enter this competition on that distinct understanding.

Signature.....

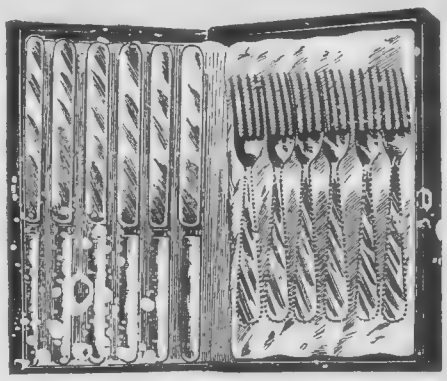
Address.....

.....

(State whether we are to address you as Mr., Mrs. or Miss.....

Please write very plainly. Cut out this advt. and send it to us after filling in the blank line. The filling in of the missing line may take a little thought and time but it should be time and energy well spent. There are over five hundred prizes any one of which is well worth the time and energy that we ask you to expend. Surely this is enough for everyone: Write today. Do not send any money. We will answer your letter immediately and tell you of the simple condition that must be adhered to, address very plainly

BOVEL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 41, Montreal.



USE

CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD

FOR THAT THIN HORSE

SHIP YOUR WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, FLAX

THROUGH A STRICTLY COMMISSION FIRM.

On account of the high prices of Grain at present, and the wide fluctuations there will be this season, shippers will find it greatly to their advantage to ship and sell through a reliable and strictly Commission Firm. We handle "Strictly on Commission," therefore can give every attention to car shipments, and will obtain the best prices for same. We will be pleased to answer enquiries *re* prices, shipping, etc. If you have grain to ship or sell, do not fail to write for "Our Way of Doing Business," as it will pay you well.

THOMPSON, SONS & COMPANY,
Box 77 D Grain Commission Merchants, Winnipeg.

DONALD MORRISON & CO.
GRAIN COMMISSION
414 Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man.

Consign your
WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, FLAX,
To us for prompt, reliable work.
LIBERAL ADVANCES MADE ON CONSIGNMENTS
OPTION ORDERS FILLED.

EDWARD FLORANCE, PRESIDENT. A. M. EKLUND, SECRETARY. M. K. SMITH, TREAS. & MGR.
Send us Samples of your Grain
20 Years' Experience in the Grain Business
Smith Grain Co. LIMITED
Grain Commission Merchants
Licensed and Bonded. Members Winnipeg Grain Exchange
Advances on Consignments. Prompt Returns
418 Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man.

WHEAT, OATS BARLEY, FLAX
Bought and sold on Commission by Experts
The Van Dusen-Harrington Co.
Grain Exchange, Winnipeg

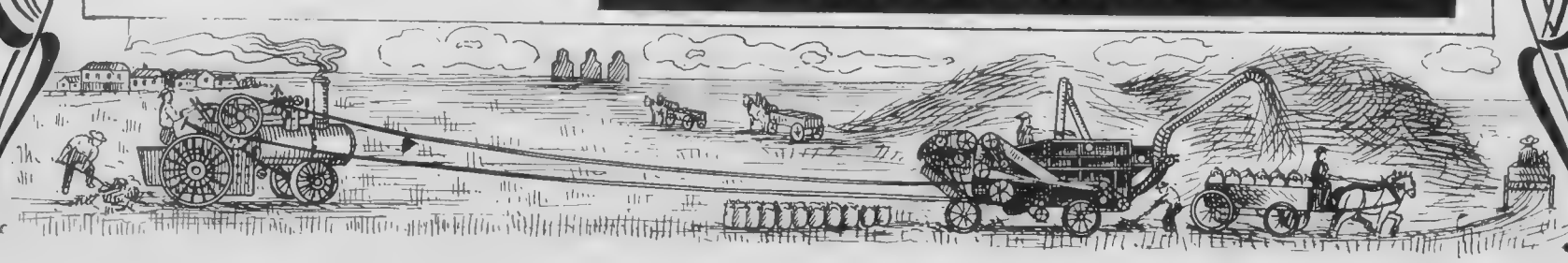
SECURE LIBERAL ADVANCE and Prompt Returns
CONSIGN YOUR GRAIN TO
PARRISH & LINDSAY
Grain Commission Merchants
WINNIPEG MAN.

We sell Grain on Commission only, and all Consignments, whether of one car or more, receive our best personal attention.
PETER JANSEN COMPANY, UNION BANK BUILDING, WINNIPEG.
Liberal Advances made on Grain consigned to us. Write for our booklet "Every Farmer's Form Filler," which will be sent you free if you mention Western Home Monthly.

The Canadian Elevator Co. LIMITED
WINNIPEG, MAN.
Grain Commission Merchants
GRAIN OF ALL KINDS
Bought on track or Handled on Commission.
Wire or write for prices and get our Daily Market Letter.
References: Any Bank or Commercial Agency.

ROBERT MUIR & Co.
GRAIN AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Being in direct communication with the export trade,
SHIPPERS of WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, FLAX
will obtain best results by selling us their grain; or if preferred, we will handle on commission, making usual cash advances. We refer to our nineteen years' record in handling Manitoba grain. Correspondence solicited.
Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

The Dunsheath-MacMillan Co., Limited
To secure best results consign your grain direct to us. Highest prices obtained for
WHEAT OATS BARLEY FLAX
Liberal advances made and prompt settlements guaranteed. The leading Commission Men
Room 48, Merchants Bank, Winnipeg, Canada.
References: Union Bank of Canada.



WHEAT MARKETS.

At the time of our going to press, viz., January 24th, the price of wheat on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange was as follows: 1 hard, $1.10¼; 1 northern, $1.09¼; 2 northern, $1.06¼; 3 northern, $1.00¼; No. 4. 91½c; No. 5, 81½c. No. 6, 65c; feed 1, 52¼c; feed 2, 47½c.

The following table will show the price of wheat for May and July delivery from December 23, 1907, to January 20, 1908:

		May delivery	July delivery.
Dec.	23	$1.14	$1.15
	24	1.13¾	1.14
	25	Christmas	
	26	No trading	
	27	1.14¼	1.15
	28	1.15¼	1.16
	29	Sunday	
	30	1.13½	1.14½
	31	1.14½	1.15
1908.			
Jan.	1	New Years	
	2	1.15½	1.16¾
	3	1.16	1.17
	4	1.17	1.17¾
	5	Sunday	
	6	1.16	1.18
	7	1.16½	1.17
	8	1.15¾	1.17
	9	1.16	1.17¾
	10	1.16	1.18
	11	1.15¾	1.17¾
	12	Sunday	
	13	1.15	1.17¼
	14	1.15¼	1.17¼
	15	1.14	1.15¾
	16	1.14	1.15¾
	17	1.15	1.16¾
	18	1.13½	1.15¾
	19	Sunday	
	20	1.14	1.16

A bill appropriating $10,000 to fight the green bug and Hessian fly has been asked for in the Kansas legislature and other states, notably Missouri and Illinois. Insect life has been found in the wheat in these states and it is believed to be the Hessian fly.

Smallest in Ten Years.

Mr. G. C. Armstrong, of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., has just returned from a trip through Minnesota and the Dakotas, and after a thorough investigation of stocks held in interior elevators and farmers' hands, reports they are the smallest in a decade. The crop was light, averaging under 12 bushels, and the strained monetary conditions earlier in the season, together with ideal weather and transportation conditions, and good prices have forced the wheat out much more rapidly than usual, and fully 75 to 80 per cent. of the crop has been marketed by the farmers. During the same time last year there was a serious shortage of cars, besides which the traffic was badly congested by severe and stormy weather, while this year there has been an unusually mild winter and ideal weather conditions have prevailed all over during the marketing period.

Foreign Crop Summary.

Broomhall—United Kingdom — Wheat that was seeded late and is weak shows the effects of the recent severe freezing, otherwise crop outlook favorable.

France—Outlook for crops continues favorable. Supplies generally moderate.

Germany—The weather is too changeable and effect on the wheat unfavorable.

Roumania—Weather seasonable, cold; outlook satisfactory.

Russia—Reports from the south show no improvement, while in the interior the outlook is less apprehensive, as there is plenty of snow.

Australia—The latest estimates place exportable surplus at 16,000,000, half of which will go to Europe. This year's crop is estimated at 34 700,000; in 1906 the crop was 66,000,000, and of this amount 34,000,000 was shipped for export.

Argentine Crop.

New York, Jan. 24.—The Herald has received the following cable despatch from Buenos Ayres: The optimistic reports regarding the Argentine harvest are fully confirmed. The wheat crop is splendid. There probably will remain about 116,000,000 bushels available for export.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.
The Great Traders of the Great West.
INCORPORATED A.D.1670.
WINNIPEG.

Have You Received Our Special Catalogue?

If not—write to-day—the sale commences promptly on FEBRUARY 1ST, and is only for February, March and April.

Our Mail Order Sale Catalogue

Brimful of bargains, dry goods, clothing, men's, women's and children's clothing, boots and shoes, furnishings, hardware, druggist's sundries, books, groceries, seeds etc. Special prices for February, March and April only. At the best we can give here only a little idea of the extraordinary money saving opportunities offered during this special sale. Lack of space forbids a large list. Write for complete catalogue, it will be mailed at once.

Playing Cards, best Ivory finish, non-sticking. Regular price 25c. per box. **Special Price, 10c.**

Thermometer registering 60 degrees below to 150 above. Regular price 75c. **Special Price, 25c.**

Letter Pads, Society and Imperial, sizes 5 x 8, fine linen fabric writing paper. Regular price 15c, **Special Price, 5c.**

Musson's Lumber and Log Book of the greatest value to farmers, bushmen, saw mill men etc., 390 pages. Regular price 23c. **Special Price, 12c.**

Horseman's Friend and Veterinary Adviser by Professor James Law, complete treatise on domestic animals, every disease of the horse, etc., fully treated, 450 pages. Regular price 85c. **Special Price 33c.**

There are hundreds of other very exceptional savings offered in dry goods clothing etc., in this great Mail Order sale. **Write at Once for Catalogue.** We will be pleased if you will also send the names of any of your Friends to whom we may send our catalogue.

Cut out this and Mail to us.

Please send your catalogue addressed to me.

Name..... Address.....

Also send to any friends (who live in different homes)

Name..... Address.....

Name..... Address.....

Name..... Address.....

One Cake or a Carload

Test either quantity of

GOLDEN WEST SOAP

You will find the same high standard of excellence in each—nothing added, nothing subtracted, nothing but good pure soap.

There are others, but Golden West is better than the rest.

Send for our premium catalogue, the best ever published in Canada—it's free.

STANDARD SOAP CO.
CALGARY

Special Prices ON Exchanged Organs to Clear

—Good This Month Only—

THOMAS Parlor Organ, high top. Good as new, worth $90, for..... **$60**

ESTEY Parlor Organ, handsome case, perfect condition, worth $85..... **$55**

BELL & CO Parlor Organ, high top, in excellent condition, worth $80..... **$50**

THOMAS Chapel Organ, fine for small church, worth $75..... **$47.50**

DOMINION Low top in good condition, worth $60..... **$35**

Terms:- $4.00 and $5.00 per month. Special discount for Cash. Write for particulars at once.

Lindsay's
284 PORTAGE AVE WINNIPEG

AT LAST——A CURE FOR
RHEUMATISM

Certain, Speedy, Harmless Combination Treatment for Rheumatism of any kind. Internal and external treatment at same time.

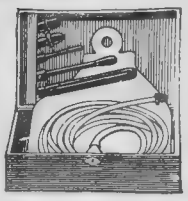
Eureka Rheumatism System

cures where doctors fail. Drives out the poison, relieves pain same time. Fully guaranteed to cure or no pay. If you suffer, send for this system on

30 Days' Trial FREE

You take no risk. Try it at our expense. Pay if benefited. Booklet telling all about it free. Send name to-day. Address

Eureka Chemical Company,
No. 103 Church St. QUARRYVILLE, PA.



IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER
We Have It.
Write us and mention your wants.
INDIA RUBBER SPECIALTY CO.
Box 1008. Montreal.

Free to School girls

NOTHING TO SELL.

Only a few circulars to hand to the boys and girls at school. That's all. Write a post card, and give your name, age, the name of your school, the class you are in, and your full address, all written plainly. Then we will send you the circulars, and when you write and say you have handed them out, we will send you this handsome Pearl and Ruby Gold Finished Ring. This is all you have to do. You have not one cent to pay. Mind, only one ring to one girl in each room in each school, so the first girls to write will be the lucky ones.

Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. A.
Toronto.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTRY

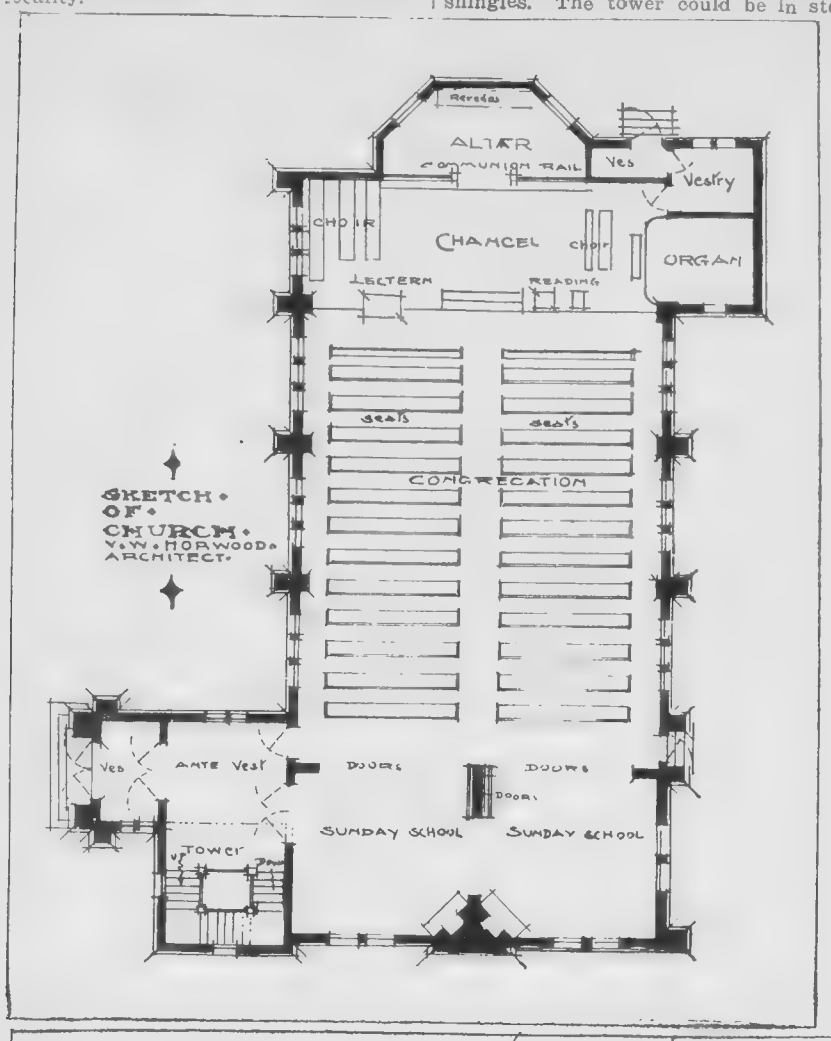
and Almanac for 1908 contains 220 pages, with many fine colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's really an encyclopædia of chickendom. You need it. Price only 15cts. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 132, FREEPORT, ILL.

ORIGINAL PLANS

By V. W. HORWOOD, Winnipeg.

In this sketch I show a church design, suitable for a country town. It would look well in almost any material; whatever is the most convenient in the locality.

I would suggest as the most picturesque, a field stone, or rough faced cement blocks, with wide colored joints as high as the eaves. Above this shingles. The tower could be in stone or cement about the same height, and then have an irregular finish, shingles lapping over the stone and parts of the stone work running into the shingle work, not having a straight break between shingles and stone.

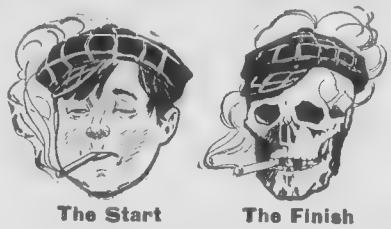


The design is for an Anglican congregation but could be modified in the plan to suit any denomination without giving up the artistic effect. The organ might be placed where the altar is on plan and choir rooms instead of vestry and organ room. The seating capacity of the church proper is about three hundred and fifty people, and the plan is so laid out that additional seating can be had by opening the school rooms into the body of the church.

There is a small basement under front portion where a hot air furnace is used to heat the building.

The finish inside is in cedar, the walls and ceiling being finished in wood and stained and varnished a dark color. The windows could be made of cathedral glass, leaded in quarries of a deep yellow tone. The seats are of ash or fir, and the whole interior is carried out in a yellowish brown scheme of coloring.

TOBACCO KILLS



The Start — The Finish

"Easy-To-Quit" is a positive, absolute "stopper" for any tobacco habit. It is a vegetable remedy and any lady can give it **secretly** in food or drink. It is harmless; leaves no reaction or bad after effects, and it stops the habit to stay stopped.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON.

Send this coupon, with your name and address to the Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 2013 Fifth and Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you, by mail, in plain wrapper, a free trial package of Rogers' "Easy-To-Quit," with a record of thousands of cures.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

It is so easy to cure Constipation.

Just a glass of

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

every morning makes the liver active — the bowels healthy and regular—and so easy to take.

25c. and 60c. a bottle. At druggists. 153

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. I wore many different kinds of trusses. Some were tortures, some positivly dangerous, and none would hold the rupture. The doctors told me I could not cure it without a surgical operation. But I fooled them all, and cured myself by a simple method which I discovered. Anyone can use it, and I will send the cure free by mail, postpaid, to anyone who writes for it. Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today.

Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 17 Watertown, N. Y.

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At the Winnipeg Theatre the stock company were seen to advantage in a very fine repertoire of plays which embraced "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Secret Service," "Jane," "Mistress Nell" and "Charley's Aunt." The leading roles were, as usual, in the capable hands of George Alison and Miss Warren and in the first named play the latter enjoyed a real triumph. After a series of comedies verging on dramas, "Charley's Aunt" came as a welcome relief and local theatre goers did not fail to make their presence "felt."

Grace George scored a big success at the Walker Theatre in Sardou's comedy, "Divorcons," and Winnipeggers will look anxiously forward to a return visit from this talented young actress.

Early in the month Maude Fealy, fresh from her London and New York successes, made a great hit in "The Stronger Sex," being seen to even greater advantage than in "The Illusions of Beatrice" which she presented here last season.

Other attractions at this playhouse during the month included "The Rollicking Girl," "The Alaskan," and "Happyland."

Winnipeg is to have yet another playhouse, as plans are now in the architect's hands for a new theatre which will be erected on Notre Dame Avenue next spring.

Claude Hughes, assisted by local talent, will put on a musical entertainment in Victoria hall, Grenfell, Sask, on February 25th. The programme will include solos, duets, choruses and glees.

Madame Keenan, of Regina, and a company of first-class entertainers appeared in Gull Lake on Saturday, Jan. 25th, and gave a very enjoyable entertainment which was largely attended.

The Winnipeg City Band is commanding and holding the attention of music-lovers of this city by sheer force of its progressiveness and accomplishments. Each week sees an improvement in its rendering of the best music and Winnipeggers are becoming more and more proud of this splendid musical body.

A very successful little concert was held at Round Hill, Alta., on New Year's Day. In addition to the many selections of music, recitations and dialogues furnished by the pupils of Meldal and Grand Forks, the children of Mr. Hoflin, Willow Flats, gave three interesting recitations. Miss Barkness' rendering of "Star of the East" was greatly enjoyed. Mr. and Miss Barkness and Miss Gunder Brockie furnished some excellent instrumental music. Mr. McQuirter was the accompanist for the evening.

A most enjoyable smoking concert was held on Friday, Jan. 9th, by the members of the Red Deer Conservative Club in their club room in the Alexandra hall. There was a good average attendance of members and friends. The chief items on the programme were as follows: Recitation, "Christmas Day in the Workhouse," Mr. Huskins; song, "The Bandolero," Mr. Hempson; song, "Following in Father's Footsteps," W. H. Hadley; song (encore), "You'd Better Come Down at Once." W. Morris acted as accompanist.

Paderewski, undoubtedly the finest pianist in the world, gave a recital in the Central Congregational Church on Monday, January 13, when, despite the exorbitant prices for seats, a large audience had the pleasure of listening to his marvelous playing. The programme was as follows:—Variations and Fugue, Op. 23 (Paderewski); Sonata, Op. 27, No. 1, E flat (Beethoven); (a) "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," (b) "Soiree de Vienne" A major, (c) "Erlking" (Schubert-Liszt); (a) Nocturne, F sharp, Major Op. 15, (b) Etudes Nos. 10 and 15, Op. 10, (c) Scherzo, B flat minor (Chopin), Chant d'Amour (Strojowski); Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 13 (Liszt).

A highly successful concert was held at Frobisher, Sask., on New Year's Eve when the following programme was creditably given: Chorus, Wake the Song, Choir; Duet, List to the Convent Bells, Miss Mawhinney and Miss Dallin; Recitation, Bert Mawhinney; Chorus, We Will Sing, Choir; Duet, When You and I were Young, Miss Reynolds and Mr. Mawhinney; Recitation, Olive Instrumental, Miss Olive Brown Nazareth, Mr. Fewster; Recitation, Dutch dialect, Bert Mawhinney em. Bless the Lord, Choir. ing of the national anthem very enjoyable evening. credit is due Mr. choir leader, who bringing it to s

The regular monthly meeting of the Brandon Art Club was held in the studio of Brandon College on Saturday, Jan. 11. The musical programme was as follows: Piano solo, "Albumlied" (Greig), Miss Lockhart; vocal solo, "The Dove," Miss Burnett; vocal solos, (a) "Wie Einst Im Mai" (b) "Chanson de Florian," Mr. A. F. Thornborough; piano solo, "Papillon" (Greig), Miss Lockhart; vocal solo, "The Angel at the Window," (Berthold Tours), Mr. Thornborough. Miss Hancock read an interesting and admirable paper on "Canadian Artists." She spoke of the different art societies of Canada and gave a short history of the Royal Canadian Academy, which is doing much in Eastern Canada to foster art. Miss Hancock's paper was illustrated by views of some of the leading Canadian artists and of art exhibits.

The production of moving pictures of the Passion Play in the Lyric Theatre, Calgary, on Sundays has been discontinued. The management of the Calgary theatre gave several Sunday performances, which were advertised as in aid of the Holy Cross Hospital, charging an admission. Complaint was made to the Attorney General's department, and after investigation and a report from Chief English, of Calgary, the Attorney General wrote Mr. Willis, the manager of the threatre, pointing out that the performance on Sunday was an offence punishable under the Lord's Day Act, and stating that upon a repetition of the offence the managers of the theatre would be prosecuted.

Under the auspices of the Literary Society, an enjoyable evening's entertainment was held at Swan Lake on January 9th. A good programme was provided and much credit is due the committee, Miss Couch and Miss McLaren, for their efforts in arranging the programme. Solos were given by Mrs. Render, Mrs. McCreath, and Rev. Mr. Price. Readings by Mrs. Cameron, Miss Hodgson and H. Goodwin. P. Skuse and D. Grey delighted the audience by their selections, comic and sentimental. Mr. Hartley and Miss Pritchard presided at the piano. The president occupied the chair. Miss Corbett was appointed secretary for this term. It was decided to hold meetings every fortnight. The arrangement of the programme will be in the hands of Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Cameron and Mr. Skinner, and we may rest assured that an excellent one will be provided.

Arrangements have just been concluded whereby "The Bonnie Briar Bush," one of the greatest plays in the history of the drama, will tour Western Canada. The following towns will be visited: Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Didsbury, Lacombe, Red Deer, Wetaskiwin, Edmonton, Macleod, Lethbridge, Pincher Creek, Blairmore, Fernie, Cranbrook, Phoenix, Greenwood, Grand Forks, Rossland and Nelson. The company which will present "The Bonnie Briar Bush" on this tour numbers thirty people, and is composed of players of prominence, among whom are J. Palmer Collins, Walter Scott Weeks, Ward E. Renselier, Robert Ireland, late Pipe Major of the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, Kenneth McKenzie, Marion McDonald, Ann Caird, Adelaide Matthews, Wm. J. Casey, the Bennett children and many others of note. The entire New York scenic production and electrical equipment is carried, a special large baggage car being required for its transportation. A decided feature will be the special engagement for this tour, of the Australian nightingale, Miss Maggie McCann, the sweetest singer of Scottish songs that ever visited Canada. "The Bonnie Briar Bush," the play of all plays dear to the hearts of the Canadian people, is a dramatization by James MacArthur of the late Ian Mac story of the same name, and life in the land whos heathery hills inspired poet, Robert Burns. long but useful li the Rev. John W real name—had ing but "The B life would not vain. To thos closely the pl house in the stories. It interest

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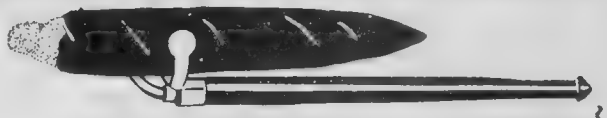

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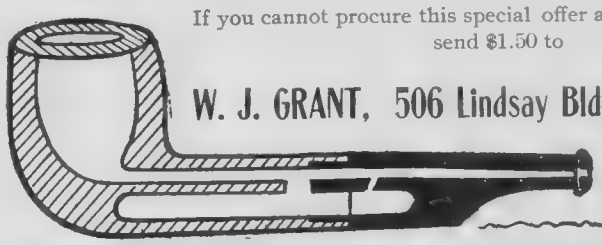

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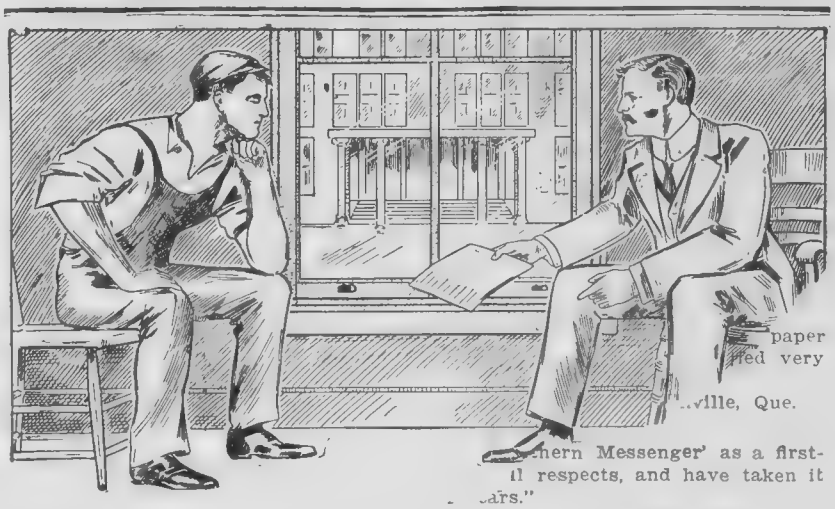

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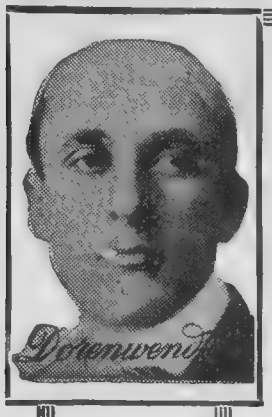

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4230—An Outfit for the Baby.

Three necessary garments for a very little one who requires new apparel are shown and may be found simple enough in construction for the veriest amateur to fashion. The dress has a round yoke to which the skirt is gathered front and back. The petticoat is of the usual style with a deep body part and full gathered skirt. The

third garment is the ever-useful kimono, which is all in one piece and closed under the arms and in front with ribbon bows. Any of the lingerie stuffs may serve for the dress and petticoat and French flannel, challis or cashmere for the sack. The pattern comes in one size and calls for 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material for the dress, 2 yards for the petticoat and ⅝ yard for the sack.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4291—A Graceful Little Box Pleated Dress.

Box-pleats in front and back, prettily arranged in pairs, give a most attractive appearance to this little dress. The attached skirt is of five-gored shaping, the box-pleats corresponding with those on the blouse. The latter closes in the back, the wide turn-down collar, which is here made of

linen, being attached with studs and closed in front. If a long sleeve is desired the deep cuffs may be used, while for those of elbow length a pretty turnback cuff is provided. Serge, brilliantine, or any of the fashionable woolen fabrics would make up prettily by this model, 6 yards, 24 inches wide, being needed for the 10-year size

4291—9 sizes, 6 to 14 years.

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4299—A Stylish Long Coat.

A new and extremely smart long coat for a young girl is illustrated in this sketch. It is modeled on the most approved mandarin lines in egg-plant broadcloth, and displays the fashionable garniture of braid. Distinction is apparent in every line of this attractive garment, while the wide armhole, tucked sleeve and either of the two styles of collar may be classed among the season's newest features. The

coat is suitable for development in any of the season's new coatings, and as it is quite simple of construction it may be readily made at home by an amateur workwoman. For modeling the 15-year size 3⅝ yards of 54-inch cloth will be required.

4299—Sizes 14, 15, 16, 17 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4320—The Little Maid's Party Dress.

The small girl needs a dainty party frock quite as much as her elder sister, and it is necessary that the design should be quite in line with the latest developments of fashion. The little dress shown is not nearly as elaborate as it appears to be, the blouse being simply gathered to the yoke at the neck and to the skirt at the waist. The boleros give a pretty and piquant effect to the whole, though these may be omitted if desired. The dress may be made in high or round neck effect and with full-length or shorter sleeves, while any soft-draping material may be used for modelling. For party

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wear, Liberty silk, voile, eolienne, point d'esprit or dotted Swiss would be pretty, with lace for garniture; while for ordinary wear a wool fabric would be more suitable, with braid or embroidery for trimming. For the 10-year size 3⅞ yards of material 36 inches wide are needed.

4320—8 sizes, 6 to 13 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

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6010—A Novelty in Shirtwaists.

The woman who seeks to get away from hackneyed ideas in shirtwaist modelling will find just what she desires in this pretty design, which shows a waist that can be made in either high or V neck and with long or elbow sleeves. Tucks at the shoulders in back and front provide a becoming fullness, and a novel and attractive feature is the pleated shoulder extension, which gives the long, unbroken line from neck to elbow that is so distinctive of the present modes. If not liked, however, this may be omitted, and the sleeve adjusted as shown in the smaller sketch. The

V-neck effect is obtained by omitting the yoke. Any preferred silk or wool fabric may be used for modelling the waist, 2¾ yards 36 inches wide being needed for the medium size.

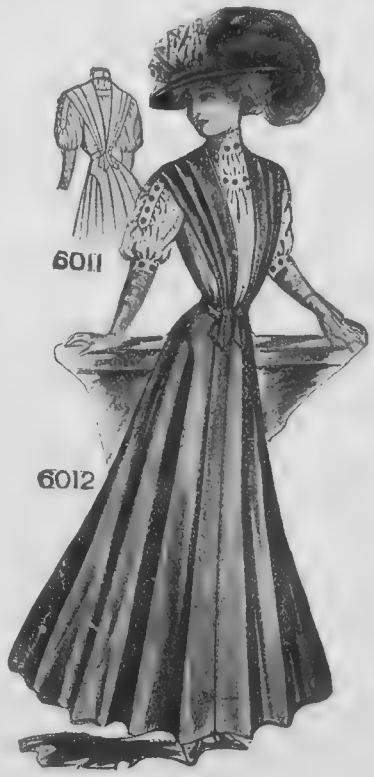
6010—7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6011-6012—For the Afternoon Toilette.

The gown here shown, one of the most charming creations of the present season, was specially designed for a bride's going-away gown, but it is equally appropriate for afternoon, calling or church wear—or, indeed, for any occasion when a smart, dressy costume is called for. Laurier green



broadcloth was selected for making, a daintily figured Liberty silk being used for the blouse. The latter, prettily shirred in novel effect, will be found most becoming, while the bretelles—which may be omitted if desired—will add appreciably to the grace of the figure. The shirred sleeves may be worn in elbow length, or they may be extended to the wrist by the addition of a deep cuff. The skirt is the new 12-gored model, having the front and back side gores extended to meet over the hips in yoke effect, the rest of the skirt being arranged in box-pleats. It may be made in round length or in a short sweep, as desired. This costume is suitable for development in any of the new materials, 3½ yards, 44 inches wide, being needed for the waist, and 6⅛ yards of the same width for the skirt.

Two patterns—6011—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust. 6012—7 sizes, 22 to 34 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30c., but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—These patterns, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6035—A Dainty Apron for Afternoon Wear.

There are still many women who cling to the charming fashion of wearing a little fancy apron when sewing or serving afternoon tea, and indeed a woman never looks more attractively feminine than when so adorned. The pretty apron here illustrated is just the thing to slip on at such moments and will be found so easy to make that it will doubtless be seized upon as an acceptable gift suggestion.

The circular ruffle is a pretty feature, giving just the frilliness required for a dainty effect. The apron may be made either without the bib or pocket, as desired, though these additions will

be found at once practical and becoming. Dotted Swiss, embroidered batiste or taffeta are suitable materials for making the apron, with lace insertion and edging for garniture; while the tie strings may be made of ribbon if preferred. To make the apron 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material will be needed.

6035—One size.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

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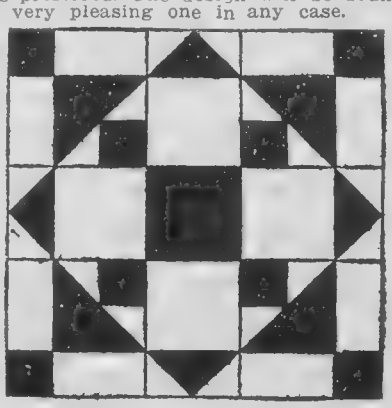

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Jacket is lined in excellent quality mercerized sateen, interlined and tailor padded. The Jacket as pictured is tight fitting front and back, same jacket supplied semifitfrontandbackif preferred. The coat is edged with military braid matching the cloth.

Skirt is cut 7 gore inverted pleat down front, trimmed with a wide fold now so fashionable. This Suit is the leading Spring style. We supply this beautiful Suit in all sizes.

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Work for Busy Fingers.

Description of Crochet Stitches.

Chain (ch.): A series of stitches (sts.) or loops, each drawn with the hook through loop preceding.

Slip-stitch (sl. st.): Drop the stitch on the hook; take up the one it is desired to join, and draw the dropped stitch through. This is used as a fastener, or joining stitch, where close work is wanted.

Single crochet (s. c.): Having a stitch on the needle, put hook through work, take up the thread and draw it through the work and the stitch on the needle at the same time. This is sometimes called "close-chain stitch."

Double crochet (d. c.): Having a stitch on the needle (as will be understood in following definitions), put hook through the work, draw the thread through, take up stitch, and draw it through the two stitches on the needle.

Treble crochet (t. c.). Thread over needle as if to make a stitch, hook through work, thread over and draw through, making three stitches on the needle; thread over, draw through two, over draw through remaining two.

Double treble crochet (d. t. c.): Like treble, except that the thread is put over twice before insertion of hook in the work; draw thread through, making four stitches on the needle; draw through two, again, and draw through remaining two. In the extra long treble, which is seldom used, the thread is put over three times before insertion of hook in work, the stitches being worked off by twos as directed.

Short treble (s. t.): Like treble, except that after thread is drawn through the work, making three stitches on the needle, it is taken up and drawn through all three at once, instead of two.

Description of Stitches in Knitting.

Knit (k.) is to knit plain.

Over (o.): Put thread over needle to make an extra loop or stitch.

Narrow (n.): Knit two stitches together.

Purl (p.) or seam (s.): Knit with the thread in front of needle; this is the reverse of plain knitting.

Purl-narrow (pn.): Purl two stitches together.

Fagot (f.): Over twice, purl two together.

Slip, narrow and bind (sl. n. and b.): Slip one stitch, narrow, then draw the slipped stitch over the narrow one, letting it fall between the needles.

Slip and bind (sl. and b.): Slip a stitch, knit one, draw slipped stitch over knitted one. To bind or cast off, repeat.

Stars (**) and parentheses ( ) indicate repetition, thus: * over, narrow, repeat from * twice, is the same as saying, over, narrow; while (over, narrow) three times, is the same.

Handsome Wide Knitted Lace.
(By request.)

Cast on 35 stitches, knit across plain.

1. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 1, over, narrow, knit 5, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *, knit 2, (over, narrow) 3 times, over, knit 2.

2. Knit 11, * over twice, purl 2 together, knit 8; over twice, purl 2 together) twice, knit 3.

3. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 2, over, narrow, knit 4, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *, knit 3, (over, narrow) 3 times, over, knit 2.

4. Knit 12; like 2d row from * to end.

5. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 3, over, narrow, knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *, knit 4, (over, narrow) 3 times, over; knit 2.

6. Knit 13; like 2d from *.

7. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 4, over, narrow, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *; knit 5, (over, narrow) 3 times, over, knit 2.

8. Knit 14; like 2d row from *.

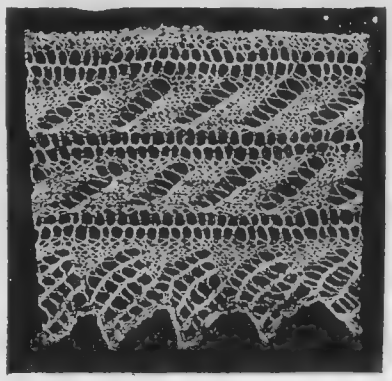
9. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 5, over, narrow, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *, knit 6, (over, narrow) 3 times, over; knit 2.

10. Knit 15; like 2d from *.

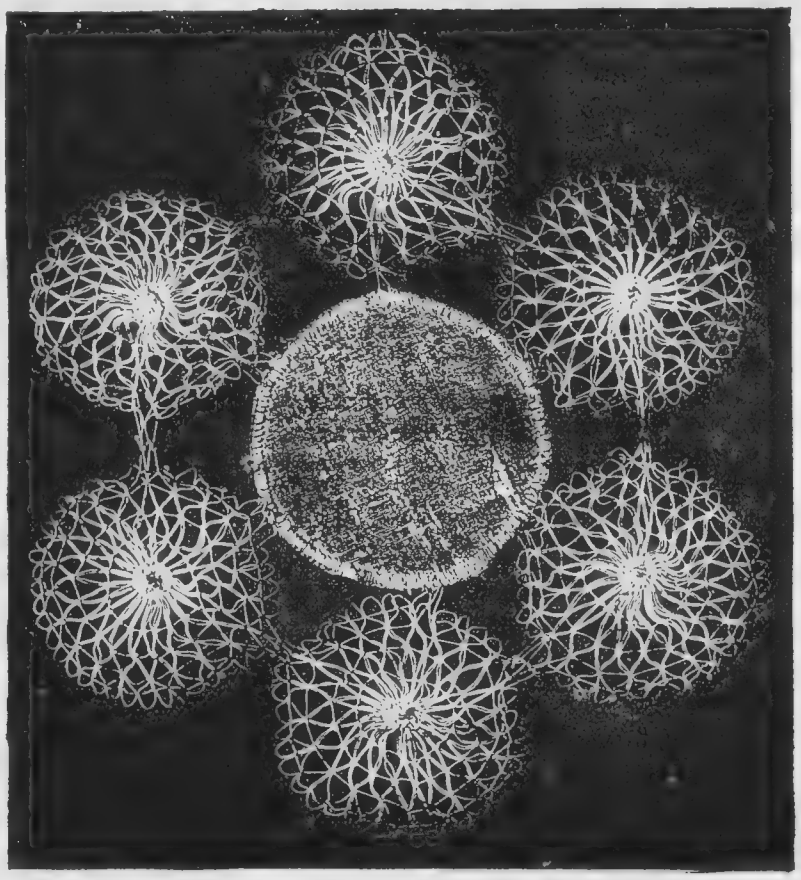
11. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 6, over, narrow, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *, knit 7, (over, narrow) 3 times, over, knit 2.

12. Bind off 6, knit 9; finish like 2d row from *.

This is a simple pattern, and may be readily knitted without looking at directions after working it through once or twice. It will be especially liked for pillow-cases, aprons and other trimming which requires frequent laundering. The insertion to match is made by leaving off the points, knitting both edges alike. If a narrower lace is wanted to match, the upper half of the diagonal pattern may be omitted.



Handsome Wide Knitted Lace.



Tumbler Doily in Teneriffe Lace.

A Dainty Tatted Collar.

The wheels of which this collar is composed are made thus: Begin in the centre with a ring of 8 picots, each separated by 2 double knots; close and tie. Make a ring of 3 double knots, (1 picot, 2 double knots) twice, join to picot of centre, (2 double knots, 1 picot) twice; 3 double knots; close; make a chain of (2 double knots, 1 picot) 7 times, 2 double knots; make another ring like 1st, joining to 1st by

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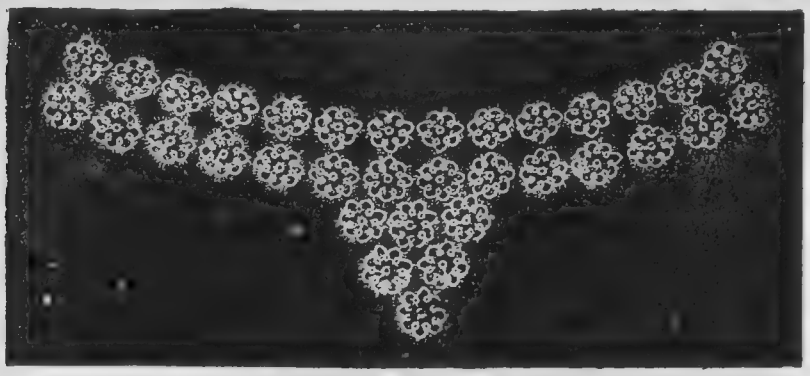


A Dainty Tatted Collar.

2d picot, and by centre picot to next picot of centre ring. Continue to alternate rings and chains until you have 8 of each, join to last of 1st and fasten off.

Join the wheels as you work, by centre picots of chains, forming the pointed tab in front of 3, 2 and 1 ring. These collars are made up on a frame, around which is sewed narrow ribbon of any color desired, with a strip of the same through the centre. Place the collar over this, sewing it down closely, weave the ribbon around the point, and put a bow of loops in front.

Tumbler Doily in Teneriffe Lace.

I have not the regular wheel for working on, so I take a piece of cardboard, mark two circles on it, one a very little smaller than the other, say one-fourth inch, then prick 50 holes in each circle, at equal distances apart. The holes in the smaller circle will, of course, be a little nearer together than those outside. Thread a needle with coarse thread, bring it up through a hole in the outside, put it down through one of the inside holes, up through next outside one, down through next inside one, and so on, all aorund, making tiny upright bars of thread which take the place of pins to hold the cross threads. Leave a length of the thread when you begin and tie the two ends firmly when the bars are completed. To begin the work, make a perforation in the exact centre of cardboard. Pass the needle under a bar, cross, catch under bar directly opposite, and continue until every bar has been worked under, the threads all crossing the centre. Take care that these threads do not twist in crossing. Thread a needle with a working thread long enough to do all the knotting, so that you will not have to join on another thread before the wheel is completed. Beginning at the centre, knot all the threads together exactly over the perforation, fastening securely with a double knot; then darn around, taking up and passing under a pair of threads alternately; beginning the 2d row of darning, pass under 2 pairs of threads, so as to alternate the weaving. Make 3 or 4 rows of darning, then pass out one-fourth inch and knot 2 pairs together all around, pass out one-fourth inch and do same thing, only dividing the groups by taking a pair from each group knotted before; make a 3d row in the same way, then knot 1 pair of threads all around, cut the thread bars at the back of the cardboard and release the wheel. It is a good plan to lay the cardboard face down on an ironing-sheet and press the back with a hot iron before removing the wheel, as this process stretches the threads so that they are less likely to pucker.

This is the "Maltese pattern," a favorite Teneriffe design and one of the most simple. It may be used in a variety of ways, as illustrated, for shirtwaist medallions, etc.

Transferable Embroidery Designs.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.

Pattern C
Shirtwaist Front.

This design is intended for a shirtwaist, buttoning in the back, and may be worked in either eyelet or solid. Lace insertion should be used in the space between the two lines. The cuffs and collar are made of rows of the same lace insertion.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

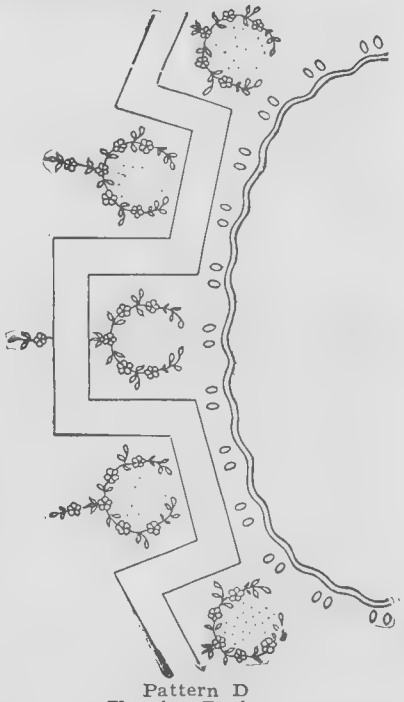
When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon. Don't let the pattern slip.

Send 15 cents for each design. Addrss Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

Pattern D is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.



Pattern D
Chemise Design.

When worked this design makes a very dainty and effective chemise. The wreaths may be worked solid and dots in the centre are French knots. Space is left in the centre wreath for an initial the space between the lines is for lace insertion, which should be continued to the arm holes. The edge and the eyelets for ribbon are buttonholed. Continue the edge around the back to complete the neck.

Letters for the wreath are found on Design No. 2, if you desire to use this feature.

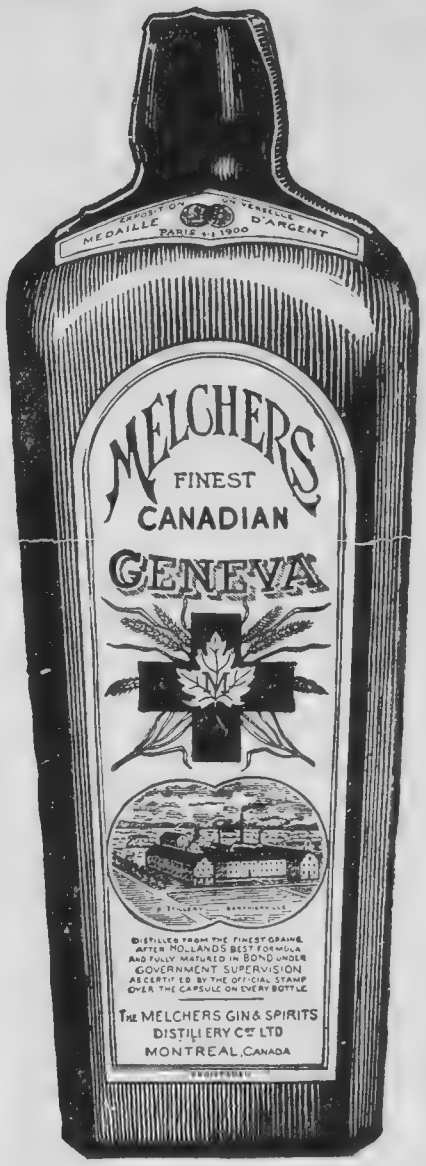
Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon. Don't let the pattern slip.

Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Hoem Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.



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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may peform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

1. What county in Iowa should be friendly to birds?
2. What county in Alabama is a well-known kind of apple?
3. The residents of what county in Georgia should have plenty to eat?
4. What county in Illinois is a piece of bedroom furniture?
5. What county in Georgia is worn by an infant?
6. What domestic servant lives in eight States?
7. What county in North Carolina is a small teamster?
8. What county in Oregon is a highly spiced condiment?
9. What eight States have counties of a bright color?

No. 2.—LADDER.

* * Uprights:
* * * * * Left-hand, divisions.
* * Right-hand, notice.
* * * * *
* *
* * * * * Rounds:
* * 1st, senior.
* * * * * 2nd, dismay.
* * 3rd, to discipline.
* * * * * 4th, result.
* * 5th, time.

9. Behead and curtail the centre, and leave a part of the body.
10. Behead and transpose excitement, and find a plant.
11. Syncopate excitement and give an article of clothing.

No. 9.—BLENDED SQUARES.

1	2	3		7	8	9
4	5	6		10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
		20	21	22		
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	32		36	37	38
33	34	35		39	40	41

Words of Three Letters: 1-3, a domestic animal; 4-6, mineral rock; 1-13, a small point; 2-14, mineral rock; 7-9, skill; 8-18, to regret; 9-19, the juice of pines or firs; 16-26, a male sheep; 20-22, a texture of rope or rushes; 23-33, a girl's name; 24-34, and 30-32, the lair of a wild beast; 33-35, one, every; 28-40, a negative conjunction; 36-38, part of the foot; 29-41, a Chinese shrub; 39-41, a space of time.

Words of Seven Letters: 3-35, a European country; 7-39, to disturb or stir up; 13-19, a species of hunting dog; 23-29, a hard stone.

No. 3.—SYNONYM PICTURE PUZZLE.

The boy in the above picture is being told to do something which may be expressed by one word. A synonym of that word is "say." What is the word?

No. 4.—HALF WORD SQUARE.

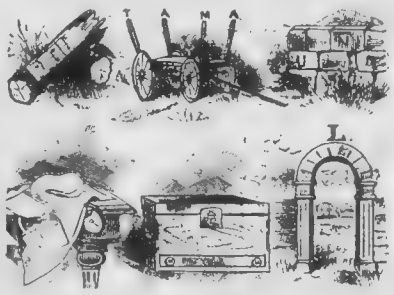
* * * * * * 1. A Western State.
* * * * * 2. A report.
* * * * 3. To cast forth.
* * * 4. Possessed.
* * 5. A conjunction.
* 6. A consonant.

No. 5.—AMPUTATED QUOTATION.

Three familiar lines from Tennyson. Each word is beheaded and curtailed.

—ru— —eart— —r— —or— —ha— —oronet— —n— —impl— —ait— —ha— —orma— —loo—.

No. 6.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



This picture illustrates the names of certain kinds of wood.

No. 7.—RIDDLE.

In the rich Brazilian forest
My first you oft may see;
Where the fleet chamois scales the rocks
My second's wont to be.

No grace nor beauty hath my whole,
At any time of year;
The scoff of ev'ry flippant fop,
Victim of jest and jeer.

No. 8.—MELANGE.

1. Behead a pavement, and find a planet.
2. Syncopate the pavement, and give a shrub.
3. Transpose the planet, and leave the centre.
4. Behead and transpose the centre, and find a weed.
5. Transpose the weed, and give degree.
6. Syncopate the centre, and leave an animal.
7. Behead the animal, and find skill.
8 Curtail the shrub, and give excitement.

No. 10.—WORD SQUARE.

Put the following letters into a Word Square in which the horizontal words differ from the perpendicular: m s e e e t d a i n n d l e a r.

No. 11.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

In each of the following sentences, fill the first blank, or set of blanks, with an appropriate word, or set of words, the letters of which may be transposed to fill the remaining blanks, as often as these blanks occur.

Thus, in No. 1, the first blank may be appropriately filled with the word "warned." The letters of this word, when transposed once, give "warden" for the second blank, and transposed again, "wander" for the third.

1. Though —— before setting forth, the church- —— lost his way and continued to —— helplessly for some time.
2. If a —— ——, or even a —— had —— at will through that well-kept ——, the plants would have been in great—.
3. If —— —— grow in the Levantine island of ——, at least —— and —— are to be found there. This was told be as —— fact.
4. Neither a precious stone such as a ——, nor a —— —— of pealed willow, nor even a —— —— of the sweet-pea vine, is of much account to an animal so savage as the ——.

Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the March number of The Western Home Monthly.

Answers to Puzzles in January Number

No. 1. Word Square—R A P I D
A R O M A
P O L A R
I M A G E
D A R E D

No. 2. Syncopations.—1. Dove, doe. 2. Hart, hat. 3. Clam cam. 4. Crab, cab. 5. Chub, cub. 6. Pike, pie. 7. Pine, pie. 8. Reed, red. 9. Hone, hoe. 10. Acre, ace.

No. 3. Synonym Picture Puzzle.—Nominate. (This word is indicated by the cook's message which means that "No min ate.")

No. 4. Hidden Geographical Names.—Om, Lime, Tso, Ea, Aso.

No. 5. The Drover's Question.—32.

No. 6. Illustrated Rebus.—
"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

No. 7. Metgram.—Sask, back, tack, lack, Jack, rack, hack, pack.

No. 8. Sphinx's Query.—Nowhere.

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Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Water Brash, Liver Complaint, Sallow or Muddy Complexion.

CLEAN COATED TONGUE

Sweeten the breath and clear away all waste and poisonous matter from the system.

Price 25c. a bottle or 5 for $1.00. All dealers or THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SOMERVILLE
Steam Marble and Granite Works
ROSSER AVE., BRANDON

ABERDEEN to BRANDON

A long distance indeed, but nine-tenths of the granite we handle comes direct to us in car lots from the Scottish quarries. When you buy from us you pay no jobbers profit. Our prices are rock bottom.

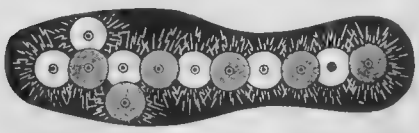
MAIL ORDERS

Be wise, and deal direct with us. We can sell you from 15% to 30% cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

DOVER'S PATENT CURLING STONES with cross handles carried in stock. Curling Stones sharpened at $4.00 per pair.

Remember! BRANDON.

WARM FEET.



KARN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES

THEY warm the Feet and Limbs, cure Cramps, Pains, and all aches arising from cold, and will positively prevent and cure Rheumatism. The regular price is 50c. per pair, but in order to introduce our large Catalogue of Electric Appliances, Trusses and Druggists' Sundries, we will send one sample pair, any size, and our new Catalogue on receipt of 35cts. AGENTS WANTED.

THE F. E. KARN CO., LIMITED
Canada's Largest Drug House,
Cor. Queen & Victoria Sts., Toronto, Can.

Among the Flowers.

The Snowdrops.

"It's rather dark in the earth today"
Said a little bulb to his brother,
"But I thought I felt a warm sunray;
Let's strive and grow till we find a way
Out of this prison, with walls of clay."

And they nestled close to each other,
Then they upward pressed by day and night,
Till two little Snowdrops in green and white
Slipped out of the darkness into the light—
And hastened to kiss one another.

Starting Cuttings.

The woman who takes pride in the symmetrical appearance of her plants will find it necessary to prune them more than once during the season. Here will be a branch where none is needed. There will be a branch that persists in outgrowing all other branches. The unnecessary branch should be removed, that all the vigor of the plant may be thrown into the branches that are to remain, and the too vigorous branch should be shortened to keep it in proportion with the rest of the plant. Both these branches can be made to take root, and form independent plants by inserting them in saucers of sand, which should be kept moist all through, all the time, and warm. Therefore, do not throw away any cutting. You can make use of the plant grown from it in next summer's garden, or, if you have no use for it, some friend will be glad to get it. I find it an easy matter to secure enough geranium plants each season, from cuttings obtained in training old plants, to fill the beds on the lawn, each summer. The same is true of heliotropes and salvias. I keep a vessel of sand in the greenhouse all the time to put cuttings into as fast as they are made. The person who has a love for flowers never likes to throw away anything that can be made into a plant. There are always poor children in the community who will be delighted with a plant in the spring. They will get a great deal of pleasure from it, and it will have an educative value as well, to say nothing of the refining, uplifting influence which a flower always exerts. Don't throw your cuttings away.

The Chinese Primrose.

I have found the Chinese primrose as satisfactory a plant for winter blooming as I have ever had in my window. It does not require a great deal of sunshine; in fact, it may be grown in a window where there is practically no sun. It is not a delicate plant to rear, and asks but little care—yet it blooms constantly and freely all through the winter months. The young plants, raised from the seed, may be procured in the fall from any florist, and they are the best for winter blooming. There are a variety of colors to choose from—white, carmine, pink, red and violet. The flowers are each about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and often bloom out in a great cluster, entirely enveloping the plant. The stalks to the flowers are just long enough to lift them well above the foliage, so that the plant is really a very beautiful one when in bloom.

There is one thing about which you must be very particular in potting your primrose. It must be set high in the pot, so that the water cannot possibly gather about the crown of the plant from which the leaves spring. Otherwise the plant will not thrive. In order to provide the best conditions for its growth, the pot must be well drained by supplying a thick layer of broken pottery, covered with dried moss and soil, at the bottom; and then the plant must be set with the crown so high as to be well above the soil, which should be made to slope away from it to the edge of the pot. The primrose likes a rather light, porous soil and but a moderate amount of water. You will find it necessary to support the plant in some way, as the weight of the flowers and leaves will otherwise bend it over and oftentimes break it. Sticks about the size of matches, but longer, may be inserted in the soil at the base of the plant, and serve as excellent supports, to which the stalks may be tied with bits of soft string. If these simple details are observed in potting, the primrose will thereafter require but very little care, and I am sure everyone cannot but be pleased with its success as a winter bloomer.

For the Cemetery Lot.

It is hard to advise as to what will best suit for planting on or about the graves of loved ones; cemeteries are usually on high ground, where the heat of summer and severe cold of winter have full play, and unless a caretaker is on the grounds all the time, only such plants as will stand the drouths of summer and the severe freezes of winter, and which will bear the inevitable neglect to which they must in most cases be subjected, should be chosen. There are a few such plants, but even these require some care in order to do their best. A few plants will bloom continuously, or give masses of green foliage as long as they can live; but they are very few.

It is a good idea, during the rest season of the summer, to remove the stiff clay that is usually heaped on the top of the mound and for it substitute plenty of rich garden loam. Do not use fresh manure, as this tends to dry out the soil. Rich garden loam is best. After the soil is prepared, hardy perennial seeds may be sown, or, a little later in the season—the middle of September to the first of October stock plants of the kind wanted should be set, well watered, and a mulch of chaff, short straw, or hay should be laid thickly on the soil to enable it to retain the moisture. Plants having delicate colors should be preferred. There are satisfactory annuals which "seed themselves" in the fall, low-growing and fragrant, which bloom profusely, even in drouth. Hardy, ever-blooming or monthly roses are fine, after getting established. Then, there are the hardy bulbs, which should be planted this fall, and the old, old myrtle that creeps so daintily over the ground, and the memorial roses, though shy bloomers, will form a matting of small, delicate foliage over the soil. The common tradescantia, Kenilworth ivy and money-wort are all hardy and form a close covering, while each of them have pretty, though inconspicuous, little flowers. If nothing better can be done, after attending to the soil, have it sodded and then "Let love attest its strength in memory."

Kentias and Areca Palms.

A lady writes to ask us to tell her what the difference is between a Kentia and an Areca palm. She adds that the pictures of them in the catalogues look so much alike that she is greatly puzzled over them. Sometimes a cut labelled Areca in one catalogue is called a Kentia in another.

Some florists are not very particular about their illustrations, and, like my correspondent, I have often seen a picture of a Kentia doing duty as an Areca, and vice versa. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that the amateur florist has no clear conception of the difference between these two varieties of the palm family. The leaf-stalks of the two are of about the same length, but that of the Kentia is stronger and darker green than that of the Areca. The pinnated portion of the latter is longer than that of the Kentia, but the Kentias have a coarser, wider pinnate. On this account the Areca is considered the more graceful in its habit. It is more delicate than the Kentias, therefore the latter are best adapted to house culture. They are of more robust habit, and have strength and dignity where the Areca has delicacy and grace.

"Made-up" plants are given this name because three or four seedlings are grown together, appearing to be one plant with as many crowns as there are plants in the group. Generally plants of different size are used, as this combination secures foliage from the pot up. A "made-up" plant will have several times as much foliage as a single plant. It costs more and is worth a good deal more, from the decorative standpoint.

Resourceful Nimrod.

They were spinning yarns of the great north woods and finally it came to the old major's turn.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you have all told stories of close calls in the great forests of the North, but I think my yarn will eclipse them all. Would you believe that I was once treed by one of the most ferocious bull moose that ever walked the woods? Well, gentlemen, I was, and to make matters worse, my ammunition gave out. As I thought of the loved ones at home tears came in my eyes, rolled down in the palm of my hand and froze as hard as marbles. A happy thought flashed through my mind. Taking the frozen tears I rammed them in my gun, blazed away, killed the moose, and then gentlemen, and then—"

But just then the picture of Ananias fell off the wall.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are, get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE
WHEN
MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health.

The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood.

The second period that constitutes a special drain on the system is during pregnancy.

The third and the one most liable to leave heart and nerve troubles is during "change of life."

In all three periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to tide over the time. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to "change of life." I have been taking your Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, as I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for $1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto Ont.

Music Lessons Free
IN YOUR OWN HOME

A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo Cornet, Sight Singing, or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11 year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

We have been established nine years—have thousands of pupils from eight years of age to seventy.

Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U.S. School of Music, Box 63, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Doctor Hammond's

NERVE and BRAIN PILLS

Marvellous, Magical, Youth Restoring Pills, that speedily bring back the vigor and vitality of youth. These wonderful pills make thousands of men and women happy every day. If you have given up hope of ever knowing again the youthful vim you once possessed and remember so well, cease despairing and get Dr. Hammond's Nerve and Brain Pills to-day. Sent securely sealed, all charges prepaid, for 60 cents a box, or six boxes for $3.00. Write for large Illustrated Catalogue of everything in the drug line. It's Free. Address

The F. E. KARN CO., Limited
COR. QUEEN & VICTORIA STS. TORONTO, CANADA

ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES

Our new catalogue, 64 pages, just out. Latest electrical specialties, interest everybody. Fine Christmas presents. This **Catalogue** mailed **Free** on receipt of your address. Agents wanted in every town. Good profits, easy sales. Address:

SAYER ELECTRIC,
Dept. F, 10-14 Beaver Hall Hill,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

12 SOUVENIR POSTCARDS Beautiful British Columbia and Rocky Mountain Views. Strictly high-grade. Finest obtainable. 25c
Walter A. Bailey, Barnard St. Vancouver, Can.

When the children need a laxative, don't dose them with castor oil, salts, senna or calomel.

Fruit-a-tives

OR—FRUIT LIVER TABLETS

are the finest medicine in the world for children. Pleasant to take—never 'grip.' Made of fruit juices and tonics. 50c a box. At druggists'. 128

10c. The latest success.

Black Watch

The big black plug chewing tobacco.

2265

HALF-A-TICK

is about enough time in which to make a cup of "CAMP" Coffee, the best of all Coffees. There is no waste with

Camp COFFEE

that's why it is so economical. There is no disappointment with 'CAMP' Coffee. It pleases everybody.

Order "CAMP" when buying Coffee, and insist upon having it.

R. PATERSON & SONS, COFFEE SPECIALISTS, GLASGOW.

ORDER YOUR WINTER CLOTHES FROM THE MAKERS

OUR D. B. ULSTER.

SUITS

OVERCOATS

TROUSERS

We guarantee a perfect fit, good materials, proper workmanship and prompt delivery.

With our measurement form anyone can easily take correct measures.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE FREE. Send for catalogue of samples to-day – they are free for the asking - and get started now in dealing direct with the makers. Its a big advantage and means a large saving on every garment you buy

Suits and Overcoats $12 to $24. Trousers $3 to $6.50.

We give you a much better assortment to select from than your local dealer could afford to carry.

All Goods Delivered FREE anywhere in Canada.

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK.

MEN'S WEAR, LIMITED

475 St. Catherine St. East, Montreal

Refer to any Bank or Mercantile Agency.

The Home Doctor.

Spend some time out of doors every day.

Learn the art of relaxation after close application to work.

To prevent swelling after a blow, rub the part with butter.

Strong tea is constipating, as it contains tannic acid, which is a powerful astringent.

Thin, nervous people should eat freely of butter and drink rich milk and cream; fats are nerve foods.

A fig split open, moistened with water or milk, toasted and applied to a gumboil while hot, will bring quick relief.

If the stomach is weak and sensitive, hot water is more acceptable than cold when taken by the glassful.

Inhalations of compound tincture of benzoin or a few drops of sanitas oil in boiling water are effectual remedies for sore throat.

Try the effect of a teaspoonful of pure glycerine after each meal when suffering from obstinate indigestion. Mix the glycerine with a small quantity of water.

Listerine used as a mouth wash is most excellent in its effect upon gums and teeth. A drop or two in the water with which baby's mouth is rinsed every morning will prevent thrush.

The Japanese, who have lived for ages on a diet almost exclusively of rice and fish, drinking large quantities of water, prove the fact that simplicity in living is conducive to mental and physical activity.

Sea water acts as a stimulant on the nerve fibres of the skin, and is found to be very efficient in removing wrinkles. The sea salt which is kept in drug stores can be used with warm water in the morning toilet.

All furniture stores now have single beds in pairs, if so desired, and this plan, though new to some, will appeal to the thoughtful as more healthful and sanitary.

If your skin is very oily, sponge it occasionally with alcohol, but be careful not to use this too often. A little borax in the water in which you bathe your face is also good.

The quick bath every morning with tepid water, a handful of salt, and a good flesh brush, will injure no woman's health, but will, instead, make her feel bright, rested and refreshed.

A hair mattress sufficiently thick, soft and elastic, with a good set of springs, yields the most refreshing rest. One who has become accustomed to it will not be willing to return to the luxurious but germ secreting feather bed.

A few mouthfuls of limewater, or a few drops of the tincture of myrrh in a tumbler of water, will sweeten an unpleasant breath, and a small piece of orris root, if chewed, will give a violet odor to the breath.

Almond meal affects the skin exactly as bran does—that is, it softens and whitens it. Use it exactly as you would soap, putting a little in the palm of one hand, dampening it, and then applying it to the face, afterwards washing it off thoroughly.

It is a good German custom—a bed for every sleeper. It is not necessary to add the waves and billows of feather bed under which the "gude haus frau," with true German hospitality, submerges each individual, whether guest or house folk. There is no doubt that the time-old custom of double beds will in this century be more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Bear in mind three very necessary rules in taking or giving medicine:—
Read the label on the bottle.
Shake the bottle before pouring out the mixture.
Do not waken a sick person to give medicine through the night, unless expressly ordered by the physician.
It is better to measure medicine in a glass properly marked and graded, than by the teaspoon or tablespoon, as these differ considerably in size

FOR WHITE HANDS.—The white of an egg, beaten for a few moments—but not to a stiff froth—with a little powdered alum, is excellent as a means of making the hands white and soft. This should be applied just before going to bed, the hands being first washed in warm soap-suds, dried thoroughly with a soft towel, and then damped with the white of egg. The hands should then be encased in a pair of chamois leather gloves.

HOME-MADE TOILET WATER.—A refreshing toilet water which may be easily made at home is composed of 19 ozs. of orange-flower water mixed with 1 oz. of pure glycerine and ½ oz. of powdered borax. The ingredients should be added by degrees, constant stirring being necessary in order to mix them thoroughly together, when the liquid should be bottled and well shaken before it is used.

We have seen dyspeptics who suffered untold torments with almost every kind of food; no liquid could be taken without suffering; bread became a burning acid; meat and milk were solid liquid fires; and we have seen their torments pass away and their hunger relieved by living on the whites of eggs which have been boiled in bubbling water for thirty minutes. At the end of a week we have given the half yolk of the egg with the white, and upon this diet alone, without food of any kind, we have seen them begin to gain flesh and strength, and quiet, refreshing sleep. After weeks of this treatment they have been able, with care, to begin upon other food. And all this without taking medicine. Hard-boiled eggs are not half as bad as half-boiled ones, and ten times as easy to digest as raw eggs, even in egg-nog.

WATER.—Water constitutes three-fifths of the body weight. In the more delicate structures, such as the brain and in the blood, it forms a much larger proportion. The changes in the substance of the brain which assist to thought and emotion would be impossible, were it not for the extreme delicacy of structure dependent on the water organized into its substance. A man who weighs 150 pounds carries about in his system more than 100 pints of water, and every particle of this water is in its own place and necessary to the powers and actions of life. In health an adult should pass about two quarts of water from kidneys, bowels, skin and lungs in twenty-four hours. At least this amount should be taken into the system every day to make good the loss, otherwise there is a drain on the body itself. Water serves a double purpose in the system, for not only does it hold in solution all the alimentary principles which are to nourish the body, but it also dissolves all the waste and worn out materials, so that they can be carried off. Those who drink very little water except in the form of strong tea or coffee almost invariably suffer from constipation of the kidneys and are fit subjects for rheumatism, Bright's disease and kindred ailments.

DON'T STAY FAT

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured. No Charge to Try the NEW KRESSLIN TREATMENT.

Just Send Your Address and a Supply Will Be Sent You FREE—Do It To-Day.

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their weight, and, in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment will be

This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

sent, free of charge, to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the KRESSLIN TREATMENT, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting, or in any way interfering with your customary habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to the Dr. Bromley Co., Dept. 642 W 41 West 25th St., New York City, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of indorsement from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form. Let them hear from you promptly

Burdock Blood Bitters

CURES

Dyspepsia, Boils, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Burdock Blood Bitters

Mrs. A. Lethangue, of Ballyduff, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. After using two bottles of B. B. B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all tired and worn out women."

Insist on having Windsor Salt

It is the famous Canadian Salt, known all over Canada for its absolute purity.

There's no comparison between Windsor Salt, and the cheap, inferior salts that are being sold throughout the west.

Windsor Salt costs no more than these imported salts at the present prices.

Insist on having Windsor Salt.

191W

WANTED—AGENTS TO SOLICIT ORders for Men's high class made to order clothing. Good Commissions—Attractive proposition to good agents. Write with references for splendid free sample outfit and designs. ROYAL TAILORING CO., Box 1477, Guelph, Ont.

SHILOH'S

Quick ease for the worst cough—quick relief to the heaviest cold—and SAFE to take, even for a child. That is Shiloh's Cure. Sold under a guarantee to cure colds and coughs quicker than any other medicine—or your money back. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's Cure. 25c., 50c., $1. 316

Cures Coughs & Colds

QUICKLY!

Are You Economical In Your Purchases ?

Remember that the **best** is always the **cheapest** in any commodity.

Apply this to your churn. Have you got the **best** churn on the market?

I you want to be **really** economical and to make yourself a perfect butter-maker all you have to do to begin with is to spend **one penny** for a postal card and mail to us today and we will send you full information about the **celebrated** "DAISY" churn.

In the meantime we want to give you a few facts about the "DAISY." We waited a few years until we got **the opinion** of thousands of Canadian housekeepers who use the "DAISY" churn and now we are only going to repeat what they say.

We **knew** the "DAISY" was the best but we also knew that the **most convincing** argument in its favor would be the **sales** and what the purchasers had to say about it.

Listen! Thousands of housekeepers say that the "DAISY" is not only the best butter maker but the **strongest,**

handiest, most serviceable churn manufactured.

Look at the illustration at the head of this ad. and note the points as we describe them.

The feet are on **wheels,** making it easy to move the churn whether empty or filled. Suppose that the floor is uneven, all that you have to do is to loosen the screw on the upright back board at the bottom and insert enough paper to make the feet rest evenly on the floor.

The "DAISY" churn is fitted both with a **foot pedal** and with a **bow lever,** so that you may sit down to your churning or you can stand up to it and do it by hand. Besides, the bow lever makes the churning even on both sides of the barrel.

And then there are the **Cream Breakers.** This device makes the butter **come quicker** and the "DAISY" cream breaker can be put in or taken out in a jiffy,—**a feature not in any other Barrel Churn.**

OUR GREAT OFFER.

We will ship the "DAISY" churn to your address and PAY THE FREIGHT on receipt of price. Keep the churn on 30 DAYS' TRIAL. If it is not in every particular all that we claim it to be and the most satisfactory churn you have ever used, ship it back to us and we will pay the freight and return your money.

THIS IS THE BEST CHURN OFFER THAT HAS EVER BEEN MADE IN CANADA.

Write for descriptive catalogue and prices. **Write today.**

Wortman & Ward Co., Ltd.,

MANUFACTURERS,

538 YORK STREET

LONDON, ONT. 625

Boys and Girls.

Confidence Betrayed.

George Washington, he was only a youth
When he cut down his daddy's best cherry tree,
'N cuz he owned up 'n told the truth,
His Pa did nuthin' but praise him. Gee!

Teacher read us that yarn in class one day,
'N 'splained that when George got bigger yet,
He was the famousest Gen'ral. Say!
Wasn't that a slick ezample to set

Us little boys? I thought quite a bit
'N decided to hack up our prize cherry tree.
'Twas orful hard work 'n it took lots of grit,
But I didn't wan't George to be smarter than me!

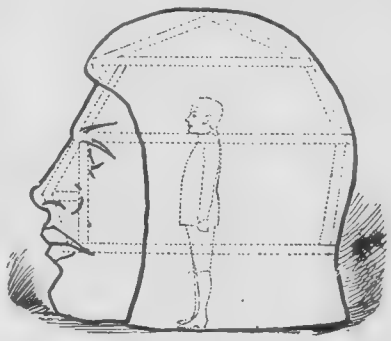
'N Dad? Well, I'm willing to bet my one dime
That this generation of growed-up folks
Is changed pretty much sence G. Washington's time,
'R else the hull story's only a hoax;

George's Pa MAY have patted his head with a smile—
Mine didn't—he just laid it on with a stick.
And daddies, you see, ain't all the same style,
Some of 'em may pat, but most of 'em lick!

The Head of the Sphinx.

In Egypt, you know, there are great stone figures in the desert, called Sphinxes, and the word has known a half dozen meanings in history, but the most popular use of the word is to indicate a perfectly silent person who will not answer a question of any kind. Here is a Sphinx which can and will talk, a decided novelty, and, moreover, one you can introduce at a party of your friends with great success.

First you must build your Sphinx. The dotted lines in the accompanying picture show how to construct a frame



work, which should be of the lightest boards you can procure. Lath is the best, for it is strong and light, too, and the pieces will be just long enough for the longer pieces of your framework. This may be held together by ordinary carpet tacks of a large size, and can be put together in no time by a boy at all expert with hammer and nails.

Get eight pieces of wrapping paper, paste the edges of four pieces together, making a square of about six feet each way. Now draw on this square a face and head as large as the edges of your paper will permit. This done, form a similar sheet by pasting together the remaining four pieces of wrapping paper, and lay the piece with the head drawn on it upon the other sheet. Then, with a heavy pair of scissors, cut through both sheets along the outlines of the face you have drawn. Now you have two sides of a face, which you may fit over your frame work, pasting the edges of the paper together everywhere but at the bottom. It is not necessary to paste the paper to the framework, as the peculiar shape of the frame and the paper will keep the paper from slipping. Cut a little hole where the eyes of the Sphinx should come, and over the hole paste a sheet of isinglass, which you can get at any hardware store for a penny. Now slip the paper over a chair so that the framework will rest upon the seat, and let it dry for several hours.

When the paper has become thoroughly dry, paint the face a soft pink, and the rest, the part enclosed in the heavy black line in the accompanying picture, a solid black. When this paint has dried the Sphinx is ready to talk.

The head always creates a sensation when introduced at a party. Nothing is visible but the gigantic head above two feet. The boy holding it makes it bow gravely to the party by tipping it gently forward. A few jig steps will make the head bob around in a most surprising manner and cause roars of laughter among your guests. It is rather a startling thing to see this huge head come rolling into the room, and even more so to hear it speak. Of course, this is done by the boy inside.

When the head has made the circuit of the room it should pause in the centre and announce that, although a Sphinx is usually the most silent of beings, this one will make an exception on this occasion and will answer any question about some one in the room that may be asked it. Of course, the boy inside knows every one present, and he may make some sort of reply to any question concerning his friends which may be asked.

The questions themselves will create a great deal of fun, for, as every one knows every one else, some very ridiculous things may be asked, and the Sphinx may double the fun by witty and unexpected answers.

A Task for Nimble Fingers.

Here is a bridge, and a pretty strong one, considering its material, which is made of matches, without using rivets, glue, string or any other fastening except friction.

It is quite a trick to put it together, and the bridge builder must have patience and a steady hand, but the result is worth a little trouble. If you go about it in a haphazard, hit or miss fashion, even with the aid of the illustration, you will be pretty sure to fail and will soon vote the whole thing stupid and give it up, but the task is not so very difficult if you go to work in the right way.

Lay a match on the table, and upon it, near the ends, lay the heads of two other matches, the other ends of which rest on the table. These two matches must lie at right angles to the one first mentioned. They are the ones which start from the ground at the near end of the bridge in the picture, and the match on which their heads rest is the second cross--piece.

Now across these two parallel

matches lay a fourth match—the first cross-piece in the picture.

Next, lift up the match you laid down first, raising the others with it, and slip two more matches under it and over the one you laid down last (the first cross-piece in the picture). Lay the heads of these last two matches on another (the fourth cross-piece), and across them lay still another (third cross-piece). Now you have two links of the bridge done.

Lift up the cross-piece, slip in turn more matches under it and lay over the third, add the next pair of cross-pieces and go on in this way, link by link, until you have five or six links, which will make a strong bridge of graceful shape. More than this makes the arch too high, less makes it too flat.

The matches should be long, strong and either square or quite rough, so that they will neither roll nor slip.

As in all such tricks, it is advisable to use safety matches and to handle them carefully.

It is still better to use burnt matches if you can get them long enough and of equal length. Toothpicks or any other little sticks of uniform length and thickness may be used instead of matches.

A Heart Party.

A heart party would be an appropriate entertainment for St. Valentine's day. Heart-shaped wreaths of evergreens, brightened with bunches of holly, would be suitable decorations.

Cupids, made of sugar or wax, would be pretty suspended over the refreshment table, by gold or silver cords.

The sandwiches should be cut into heart shapes, and small, iced cakes, baked in the form of hearts, would please the children. The ice cream should be individual, and frozen in heart-shaped molds. Fancy heart-shaped boxes, filled with pink and white heart lozenges, would be appropriate souvenirs.

When the guests have all arrived, a box of small, different colored paper hearts (two hearts of each color), is passed around. The boy and girl drawing hearts of the same color are partners for the evening.

An enjoyable game could be played by cutting out a large heart of red cardboard, with a tiny heart of red paper sewed or pasted in the centre. This is placed at a convenient distance, and with a small bow and arrow, each child tries to hit the bull's or heart's eye. Each one has three trials. The child coming nearest the black heart is presented with a prize—a silver heart stickpin or brooch would be pretty for a girl, and a cravat pin for a boy. The "booby," or consolation prize, could be a great pink and white sugar heart.

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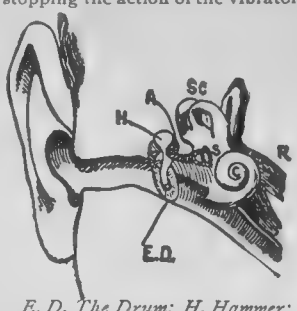
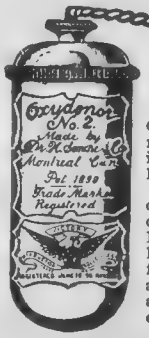
Ninety-five per cent of the cases of deafness brought to our attention are the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed relief is impossible. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying hence the inability of specialists to always give relief. That there is a scientific treatment for most forms of deafness and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the "Actina" treatment. The vapor generated in the "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the vibration of sound. "Actina" is also very successful in relieving head noises. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be completely relieved in a few weeks by this wonderful invention. "Actina" has also been very successful in the treatment of la grippe, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headaches, and other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina will be sent on trial postpaid. Write us about your case. Our advice will be sent free as well as a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 4C, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.



E. D. The Drum; H. Hammer; A. Anvil; S. Stirrup; S. C. Semicircular Canals; C. Cochlea.



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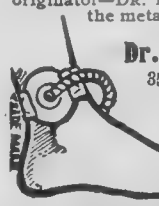

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Woman and the Home.

Glad Days.

Time to wander back a ways
Down the dark and sunlit ways,
Pausing here and there,
Picking out the cloudless skie
Picking out the days you prize.
Happy days and fair.

Dwelling on each old delight,
Happy days and cloudy bright,
Not the grieving or
The sad days at all, at all;
Days when happy voices call,
Days you're thankful for.

Winter Evening Recreations.

I will begin by telling of games that interest the small people. Hunt the thimble is one of which they never tire. One "hides" the thimble in some unusual place, but in plain sight, while the others remain in the kitchen or bedroom until he says "ready." Once the thimble was found in papa's ear, and sometimes when all the "good places" have been used, it is placed where it belongs, but where no one seems to expect to find it, on mamma's finger.

Another little game they enjoy is "Occupations." They march in as large a circle as the room will permit, singing:

This is the way we sow the grain,
Sow the grain,
Sow the grain,
On a springtime morning.

This is the way we hoe the corn,
Hoe the corn,
Hoe the corn,
On a summer morning.

This is the way we wash the clothes,
Wash the clothes,
Wash the clothes,
On a Monday morning.

etc., suiting action to words until they and tired, when they close thus:

And then we go when Sunday comes,
Sunday comes,
Sunday comes,
And sing in Sunday School.

when they all sit down and the whole family joins them in singing a Sunday school song.

"Stage coach" is a great favorite, but one of the grown-ups must tell the story, first naming the children, the white horse, the black horse, the driver, the harness, the whip, the woman passenger, the baby, the bundle, the mail bags, etc.; each child jumps up and turns around when in the progress of the story the thing he represents is mentioned, and when the words "stage coach" are said all must leave their seats and each sit in another's place, as when "the stage coach started" or "the stage coach tipped over," etc. "Fruit basket" is played the same, each child being named some fruit.

Sometimes we have a real game of romps, "Pussy wants the corner," or "Blind man's buff," moving everything to the sides of the room. These games do not last long as the little folks must be in bed at 8 o'clock, and are as much enjoyed by the older members of the family as any one, the older children often joining in.

For the young people we have charades, sometimes acted, sometimes simply represented. A young lady named May standing before the company with a cape over her shoulders was a geographical object, "Cape May." John, on the sofa, snoring under a sheet, represented "sheet music," etc. The acting charades may be left to the ingenuity of the young people.

"Consequences," in which four persons go about giving each person the name of two other persons, or a person and an object, an act and a "consequence," with which each is to make a sentence, creates much amusement. For instance, one says, "John and Mary sang and the consequence was a terrible scare!" "Emily used an axe and created a mix-up." "Frank and Mabel sawed wood until a cyclone struck them." "Harriet and James went fishing and the house burned down." Some of the unusual combinations are decidedly funny, and often one who is quick-witted takes the liberty of naming his own consequence.

Heart and Home Talks.

Nowhere is there such a need of perfect control as in the home and schoolroom.

The mother expects to control her children, the teacher her pupils, as the commander his army, before they have learned to control themselves, and the result is—failure.

We are ambitious to go out and conquer the world before we have learned to conquer ourselves.

We feel sufficiently strong for the conflict of competition before we have attained sufficient strength of character to control the conflict of our own smotions and passions.

We undertake the training of other human souls before we understand the moods of our own and how to control them.

The happiness of our families, our homes and our entire lives is in daily jeopardy, because from the lack of self control, hasty words, unconsidered, unkind speeches escape us.

There are those who boast of their lack of self control, saying, "When I am angry folks know better than to stand in my way; "I can stand about so much, then look out;" "When my temper's up there's no knowing what I may do," and other senseless, silly and shameless remarks.

Any person of intelligence and right feeling or instincts will be ashamed instead of boasting of a want of self-control. It is only the ignorant and vicious who can regard it lightly.

The power and influence for good that radiates from a properly self-controlled person is beyond estimation.

Whenever unpleasant conditions arise they are met cheerfully and borne patiently.

However hasty and unkind the words and manner of others, the one who has attained control of self is calm and pleasant and dignified.

The wife and mother who possesses such control is the tower of refuge and strength of her family, to whom they turn in every emergency for help and comfort.

Contrast such a mother and the atmosphere she creates in the home with the uncontrolled, hasty, impetuous woman, who pets and rages at her children by turns, whose moods are so fitful and uncertain that they know not what to expect from her, and who naturally seek the sympathy and society of others outside the home.

There is no truer saying than that "he who conquereth himself is mightier than he that taketh a city."

Is not such a conquest worth striving for?

Muslin Underwear.

Any of the combination garments that do away with draw-strings and belts about the waist are welcomed by the woman who cares to be well dressed. Neatness and trimness about the waist-line and over the hips are of as much importance as comfort, and while the combination garments can be bought very inexpensively at the stores, they can be made at home with the aid of a well-fitting paper pattern.

Many women—especially those who are spare-built—fail to grasp the fact that fulness over and about the knees is of great importance. They strive for fulness and flare at the ankles, and pad or otherwise build out the hips; but they never seem to think that the knees are the really important angularities to be protected and rounded out. Notice half the women you see, how ungracefully the thinly-clad knees protrude through one's skirts when sitting down. To do away with this angularity, a woman should have ruffles on her short underwear, at this point, and the ruffles should begin on her petticoat about two inches above the knees, and she would at once notice a very great improvement in the set of her outer skirt at this point.

In buying ready-made muslin underwear, avoid coarse muslin and careless, coarse stitching. Unless paying a good price for the garment, it is best not to choose one having an oversupply of lace, or of open-work embroidery, as very little laundering, even of a careful kind, will ruin it. Skirts and drawers having draw-strings are better than those having bands, as the home-seamstress can adjust the gathers into plaits, side-stitched to a narrow bias band which fits about the corset an inch and a half below the waist-line, or lay the extra fulness in little gores, or darts, in order to fit it to the form. Or the skirt may be fitted to a close-fitting yoke at the top, and the extra length be taken up in tucks about the knees.

Drawers should have three to five darts from the facing at top, each side, to fit the form, and should be very short and full, and fastened at back with a rust-proof hook and eye on a tiny pad of linen tape. Do not use buttons.

It Needs No Testimonial.—It is a guarantee in itself. If testimonials were required they could be furnished in thousands from all sorts and conditions of men in widely different places. Many medicines are put forth every year which have but an ephemeral existence and then are heard of no more. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has grown in reputation every day since it first made its appearance.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

COOKING RECIPES.

Crusted Potatoes—Cut boiled potatoes lengthwise into fairly thick slices. Dip well in beaten eggs, highly seasoned; roll in flour and fry in hot spider.

Molasses Ginger Bread—One-half cupful of molasses, scant one-half cupful of butter one-half cuptul of sour milk, small teaspoonful soda, one egg, teaspoonful of ginger, two even cupfuls of flour.

Roast Duck and Onions—Procure a pair of nice ducks, clean them well and put in a shallow baking pan. Season with salt and pepper, lard and a little water. Surround ducks with onions cut in halves and small slices of fresh ham. Set in a warm oven.

Frizzled Beef—Shave beef very fine, put into a frying pan when good and hot, season with pepper and salt just before serving. Beat two or three eggs light and stir in, and you have an appetizing dish easily prepared for tea. Cold ham is also good.

Rice Mush—One teacupful of rice, half a teacupful of fine cornmeal and a little salt, well cooked in a pint and a half of sweet milk or water; when cold cut it into thin slices and fry or bake it in sufficient butter to prevent sticking to the griddle; serve hot with maple syrup.

Fish Balls—Two cupfuls of fresh boiled potatoes, mashed while hot. Take a piece of salt fish, soak over night and boil till tender and mince fine. There should be one cupful; then add the potatoes and two eggs. Season to taste, and drop from spoon into boiling deep fat.

Mashed Onions—Peel a dozen onions, blanch and drain them. Cook them in enough chicken or veal broth to cover them nicely until tender. Add a cupful of bechamel sauce and let it cook until thick and well reduced. Then rub the whole through a sieve. Add a little butter, season to taste and serve.

Dessert Puffs—Take one pint each of milk and cream, the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one scant cupful of powdered sugar; add a little grated lemon peel and a little salt. Beat these together until very light, bake in gem pans, sift pulverized sugar over them, and eat with a sauce flavored with lemon.

Oyster Soup—Take a good piece of soup meat and boil it in a quart of water. Season with salt only. Make a hash of green onions, parsley and chervil. Fry this in hot butter; add flour for thickening, and pour the broth on the whole. Add two dozen oysters and more water, if needed. Season with a branch of thyme, two bay leaves and a piece of strong pepper. Serve with toast.

Barbecued Rabbit—Grease the rabbit all over with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lay on a gridiron, turn over often, cook till done. When done put in a pan with plenty of butter and set in the oven for fifteen minutes. Make sauce of four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of mustard, two of currant jelly and one teaspoonful of lemon juice, mixed together. Pour over rabbit and serve.

Tomato Soup—One quart tomatoes, half pint cold water, pinch of soda, one tablespoonful chopped onion, one of parsley. Cook all together ten minutes. Heat one cupful of milk, and make a cream sauce with one heaping tablespoonful butter melted and one of flour. Stir into the soup and cook ten minutes more. Strain and serve at once.

Coffee Macaroons—After blanching four ounces of almonds, pound them to a paste, moistening with four teaspoonfuls of very strong black coffee; add the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs blended with one pound of powdered sugar; shape into macaroons, arranging on paper-lined tins; bake ten minutes in a hot oven. While still warm press a crystalized cherry into the top of each little cake.

Savory Boiled Beef—Take six pounds of brisket of beef, salt, one onion, piece of mace, long peppers, carrots and turnips. Place the beef in a large saucepan with the salt, an onion stuck with cloves, a piece of mace, six allspice, carrots and turnips. Cover with water and cook slowly three and one-half hours; when done, slip out the bones and press till cold. Brush over with glaze and serve.

Baked Sweet Potatoes—Cut into very small pieces about one and one-half pints of cold boiled sweet potatoes; arrange some of them in a loose layer in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with pepper, salt, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter cut into little morsels. Repeat with another layer of potatoes and on top put a layer of buttered breadcrumbs. Bake until well browned.

Bride's Cake—One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sweet milk, two cupfuls of flour, one-quarter cupful cornstarch, six egg whites, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful Baker's extract vanilla. Cream the sugar and butter; add milk, flour and cornstarch into which the baking powder has been thoroughly sifted; stir in the whites of eggs quickly with the flavoring.

Fairy Pudding—Over one-half box gelatine pour one cupful of cold water and let it soak one hour. Let one pint of rich milk come to a boil and add to it three well-beaten eggs and one-half cupful of sugar. When it thickens stir in the gelatine and in two minutes take from the fire and flavor with almond extract. Line a mould with stale cake, pour in the mixture and set away on the ice. Whip one pint of cream and pile on top; serve very cold.

Sweet Potato Croquettes—Select six or eight large, firm sweet potatoes, boil until tender, drain and put through fruit press, add salt, butter size of an egg and from a third to half a cupful of sweet cream, beat well; when cold form into croquette shape, roll into beaten egg and cracker crumbs and fry in hot fat until a nice brown. These, with sprigs of parsley, make a pretty garnish for fried chicken or steak.

Orange Bavarois—Squeeze a sufficient number of oranges to produce a half pint of juice, including the juice of half a lemon. Add to this six ounces of sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Melt one-quarter ounce of gelatine in a little hot water. Add this to the fruit juice and stir until the mixture begins to set; then fold in a half pint of whipped cream. Have ready a mould lined with sections of oranges and fill this carefully. Put in a cool place.

Macaroni and Cheese—Break half a pound of macaroni into pieces an inch or two long; cook it in enough boiling water to cover it well; put in a good teaspoonful of salt and let it boil about twenty minutes, drain it well and then put a layer in the bottom of a well-buttered pudding dish. Upon this put some grated cheese and small pieces of butter, a bit of salt, then more macaroni, and so on, filling the dish, sprinkling the top layer with a thick layer of cracker crumbs. Pour over the whole a teacupful of cream or milk. Set it in the oven and bake half an hour or until it is nicely browned on top.

Chicken and Oyster Pie—Cut up a large, tender fowl and cook in water till done, adding plenty of salt and a little pepper. Take the chicken from the pan, leaving the liquid. To one cupful of milk add the beaten yolks of two eggs, three rounded tablespoonfuls of flour, one rounded tablespoonful of butter and a level tablespoonful of parsley, minced fine. Turn these into the liquid in the pan and cook five minutes, stirring now and then. Drain a quart of oysters. Line a good dish with a good paste, put in a layer of chicken, then a layer of oysters; cover with the thickened broth, then add two more layers. Finish with the rest of the broth, and for a top put on a rich crust, cut in diamonds or circles, which is better than a close cover. Bake till browned.

Peanut Wafers—For peanut jumbles or wafers grind a cupful of roasted and shelled peanuts until fine. Cream a rather liberal fourth of a cupful of butter, add half a cupful of sugar, using likewise a liberal measure. Add the peanuts and a cupful of sifted flour. Moisten the mixture with a scant cupful of milk, or enough to make a stiff dough, about like pie crust. Flour a board and rolling pin, then roll out the dough until of wafer-like thinness. These jumbles should be so thin after rolling and cutting out that one can almost see through them. Bake on buttered pans in a brisk oven, taking care that they do not burn. They should bake until a nice brown and should, when served, be crisp like "snaps." They are delicious with a cup of fresh "brewed" tea and a slice of cream cheese.

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About the Farm.

Breakfast, Dinner and Tea.

What do I want for breakfast, dear?
My wants are all in my mind quite clear;
You—with your cheerful morning smile,
And a pretty dress, my thoughts beguile
Into thinking of flowers; an earnest word
That will all through my busy day be heard,
And make me sure that my morning light
Beams strongly true, e'en while dancing bright,
Be certain to give me these, all these,
And anything else you can or please.

But dinner—what will I have for that?
Well, dear, when I enter, doff my hat,
And turn to the table, I want to see you,
Standing, just as you always do,
To make me lose all the forenoon's fret,
And cheer for the afternoon's work to get;
Tell me all your news, and I'll tell mine,
And with love and joy and peace we'll dine.
Be certain to give me these, all these,
And anything else that you can or please.

And what for tea? Have I any choice?
Yes, dear, the sound of your own sweet voice,
And your gentle presence. I always feel
The cares of the day, like shadows, steal
Away from your soul light; and evening rest
Come just in the way I love the best,
So, when you are planning our twilight tea,
With a special thought in your heart for me,
Be certain to give me these, all these.

POULTRY.

Hungry fowls never roost early.

February awakes to the call of the Hen.

Clear the premises of mites and lice and rats before the chicks arrive.

As the poultryman sows in March, April and May he will reap in October, November and December.

In raw, damp weather, when fowls are liable to colds, a little coal oil in the drinking water, one drop to a pint, relieves the colds and prevents infection.

With a fifty-acre farm, one-half devoted to poultry raising and one-half to the raising of grain, a man can make more money in a year than he could had he worked a section of land for all it was worth, says the Metropolitan and Rural Home.

Every poultryman should own a good bone cutter. It will pay for itself in a short time in the increased egg production and growth and general health of the flock. Fresh bone, well ground, should be fed to the hens twice a week; about an ounce to each fowl.

Applying kerosene oil once a week to the roosts and the egg boxes will keep the fowls free from lice. If the fowls are already infested with vermin, smear the perches with a mixture of grease and kerosene oil and to prevent further increase burn sulphur once every two weeks in the house where they have been confined.

Much of the profit of poultry raising depends upon the number of eggs obtained during the late fall and early winter months. One dozen fresh eggs at this season are worth more than twice that number in the spring and summer, but it is not as easy a matter to obtain the same quantity of eggs in November and December as it is in April and May. Everything depends upon the housing and feeding of the fowls. It is claimed that a small, low building facing the south, where the animal heat can be easily retained, is preferable to any other.

One poultry raiser fed his hens all the oats they would eat and complained that they did not lay satisfactorily. Another gave wheat shorts and with poor results, and the third gave corn and they became too fat. Green food of some kind should be given, two or three times a week, meat scraps, furnishing them at the same time with plenty of gravel, as well as a constant supply of shell forming material and all the fresh water they can drink, then, if the hens are kept well protected from the chill of the fall and cold of the winter, a generous supply of eggs may be expected.

A popular poultry writer warns her readers against removing the cock bird from his mates when not needed for breeding purposes or even during the moult, and gives as her proof one instance where a cock that she had kept alone for several months proved almost seless in the breeding pen. This lady should consider that one swallow doesn't make a summer. Neither does one case prove anything. Her bird may have outlived his usefulness as a breeder. In the enervating life of yarded fowls, it is not safe to trust any cock after the second mating season until the product of his pen has been tested. The male bird wears out much sooner than the female, and best esults come from one and two-year-old cocks for breeders. Probably it is not well to keep the cock too long from his mates; but always during his own moult he should be removed therefrom; indeed, such birds in heavy moult show a distaste for the company and crowding of the hens.

Meat for Layers.

One of the best foods for making hens lay is lean meat. When the supply of eggs fails stop all other foods, and feed lean meat or liver (any cheap meat will answer), and it will be found superior to anything that can be used. Green bone, containing a large proportion of lean meat, is even better, provided the fat portions are removed from the bone. It will be found cheaper than grain because it will make eggs. One reason why the hens fail to lay when they have plenty of grain is that they require a change, and meat supplies the needful. If the hens are fat, give one ounce of lean meat each day, allowing no other food for a week or two, and watch the results.

IN THE DAIRY.

The three-minute churn is a delusion.

Keep few good cows rather than many poor ones.

You cannot afford to use cheap salt in your butter.

Keep the cow's hide clean and free from barnyard filth.

A scrub bull at the head of your herd means ultimate failure.

The wastes in dairying come from apparently slight causes.

The cow which will not eat abundantly will not produce liberally.

The milk scale is as essential to dairy education as the keystone is to the arch.

The value of a calf depends upon the treatment it receives, as well as upon blood.

Don't let the cow run with the herd while in heat. She disturbs them all. Confine her.

The greatest leak in the dairy business is the lack of a knowledge of essential requirements.

Use a good disinfectant about the stables, especially when calf cholera is prevalent.

Never put off the work of washing the dairy utensils. Everything should be first rinsed in warm water in order to remove all milk before it has dried.

At the end of a week skim milk may be gradually substituted for the whole milk. Always have the milk sweet and blood warm—no more, no less. The young calf can't stand sudden changes in quantity or temperature of milk.

Dehorn the calf as soon as you take it from the cow. The new born calf seems to be in a sort of stupor and does not feel the drug as keenly as after it gets frisky. Of course, the cow must not be allowed to lick the head or abortion are manifest.

Too much cannot be said in favor of the farm cream separator. The arguments for its use are many and conclusive.

If for no other reason, the dairy farmer should have a separator because he will get it all, and the skim milk will be greatly increased in value for feeding purposes. The calves and the pigs may have it while fresh and warm, when it is not only more palatable but digestible.

Never put off churning when the cream is ripe. Gilt-edged butter cannot be made from over-ripe cream. No amount of fussing will reclaim butter that is off flavor—poor quality. The churning is not all of the butter-making. It is being made from the time the milk is drawn from the cow.

Cows Pay for Kindness.

It certainly pays to be kind to the cows. If they love the man who cares for them and are made happy by kindness, warm, cheerful quarters and abundant wholesome feed, they are bound to do their best and to yield lots good milk. An observing man can tell whether a dairyman is successful or not just as soon as he has a chance to see him among his cows. If they are afraid of him and quickly move out of his way, they cannot do well, for they are constantly in fear, they are nervous, easily excited and fret for fear of a blow or harsh word. This cuts down the yield and quality.

If they love the master you will see them approach him to be petted. When you see that condition it is a sure sign that a partnership exists which is bringing profit to the owner.

It is many years ago that a herd of cows averaging 125 pounds of butter a year per cow was considered a good one. But dairy cow development, brought about by selection and breeding, has raised the standard and any enterprising farmer can now own a herd capable of producing 300 or more pounds of butter per cow.

Improvement in the methods of breeding and feeding dairy cows have been and are being made such as were never dreamed of by the dairyman of thirty years ago. Let us hope that this improvement will continue until poorly conducted dairies are the exception and not the rule.

THE HORSE.

Get the horses in shape for spring work. Give them work if possible, but plenty of exercise at all events. Overhaul the harness, fit up the collars, and see that the feet are in good shape. Don't jump into spring work without some sort of preparation, or there will be a lot of sick, sore shouldered, lame, or otherwise disabled horses. It will save loss of time and veterinary bills if you make preparations, and don't expect the horses to be hardened up for work all at once, after a winter of idleness.

Clipping Horses.

The prevalence of pneumonia and colds in the spring of the year reminds us of a decided advantage in clipping horses. The long coat of hair that has been so needed for winter protection becomes the greatest nuisance in the spring. The long coat gets damp with perspiration and takes hours to dry. When cold air or a draught strikes the overheated animal the next thing in order is a case of pneumonia, a severe cold, or an attack of rheumatism, to say nothing of discomfort to the animal. The clipped horse is clean, easily groomed, feels well, and works well. But it is well not to clip too early, and the clipped horse must sometimes be protected for a few days in case of unseasonable weather.

Gas Manufactured from Farm Wastes.

For several years past a Chicago inventor, J. R. Coutts, has been at work with the idea of utilizing the waste products of the farm—straw, corn cobs, etc., for the manufacture of illuminating gas. Success finally crowned his efforts and the first plant has been successfully established at Beatrice, Neb.

The new gas plant is not an experiment on a small scale, but a full fledged gas manufactory and its product is lighting the streets of the city in addition to furnishing gas for heating and lighting hundreds of homes. Instead of paying out hundreds of dollars every day to coal mines and railroads for material from which to make the gas which it sells, the Beatrice plant buys straw and cobs, corn stalks, etc., throws them into the retorts, and the result is a splendid gas with 10 per cent, more heating power than the best coal gas known. Ton for ton, the straw and cobs make 60 per cent. more gas than does the best gas coal.

The Beatrice plant looks more like a gigantic feed store than a gas plant. On every side, instead of cars of coal and tanks of oil, are piled bales of hay and corn stalks and cribs of corn cobs. In making the gas, the straw and corn stalks are first baled and then thrown into the retorts. Cobs are simply shoveled in with scoops.

One ton of the best gas producing coal, laid down in Beatrice, will cost $6 and will produce 10,000 cubic feet of gas. But one ton of common old corn cobs, straw or corn stalks, treated in the new plant, produce 16,000 cubic feet of a better grade of gas than does the coal. And after the gas is extracted, there remains 600 pounds of the best coke obtainable. In the case of the wheat straw, almost pure carbon remains. And this coke is burned beneath the retorts, thus producing the heat necessary to make gas and more coke.

The Beatrice plant cost $80,000, incluling the eighteen miles of gas mains laid. This is about the same cost of an ordinary coal gas plant of the same capacity. But the ordinary gas plant can be made into a corn cob plant by expending about $2,000. The burners and other fixtures are the same for both gases.

The new gas sells in Beatrice at $1 a thousand feet, but it is said that where straw and cobs can be secured at nominal prices, the gas can be sold for 25 cents a thousand feet—and the seller get rich.

Beatrice is a city of 12,000 people. The new gas company opened for business without a single customer June 15, 1907. As a competitor there was an old established gas company furnishing gas at $2 a thousand feet.

After a month of operation, the new company was lighting the city, had 300 meters installed, had fifty men installing others just as fast as possible, and had 300 applications on hand.

The machinery for the plant was designed by Percy Taylor, a young English chemist, who is employed by the new company to continue his researches for taking care of the by-products, which are said to be far more valuable than the gas extacted from the material used.

It is the intention of the men back of the new industry to branch out in all directions, forming local companies and utilizing the materials which are now thrown away by the American farmer. The company has bought the Yankton, S. D., gas plant and will install the straw and cob system immediately.

Tying a Hog.

To tie a hog is one of the most difficult things in the hog raiser's experience. To tie by the leg requires a rope or strap to be drawn up so tight as to cause pain if not real injury. Now try this plan: Take a horse halter, slip over the hog's head upside down, then buckle the head stall securely around the hog just back of the fore legs, and you have him safely haltered, in a way he cannot hurt himself. Then holding the strap and walking behind you can readily drive it anywhere desired.

The Farmer Should Experiment.

We believe that every farmer should conduct an experimental farm of his own. The time has come when competition is so close, and new systems are fast coming to the front, that "hit or miss" methods of farming are going to the wall, while the progressive, up-to-date farmers are reaping success.

There are many problems in everyday agriculture which cannot be met except by the farmer himself, and in such cases he must work out his own salvation, depending entirely upon his own resources.

Experiments in feeding and breeding, growing new varieties of plants, and testing seeds before planting are among the problems the farmer must work out for himself. The subject of soil fertility and improvement is also one in which he can expect but little outside aid, and a few systematic experiments conducted on his own lands will be of inestimable value to him.

To Prune the Top Limbs.

The boy who pruned the top limbs of his father's orchard trees by walking on stilts did a stunt, but the man who thought of putting his pruning shears on stilts did a better thing. I saw him at work, cutting the tallest limbs with a pruning saw fastened to a six-foot pole. This beats climbing the tree, or using a stepladder, or even a balloon; he could do more and move quicker.

Opportunities for the Young Farmer.

Eighty-five per cent. of the graduates of agricultural colleges are reported as entering at once upon some agricultural pursuit, as instructors in agricultural colleges, agricultural editors, or in connection with the national department. With new agricultural schools being established in every congressional district in some states, and at several points in many, the demand for trained instructors is bound to increase and the field, therefore, offers fine opportunities for ambitious young men.

Storing Beet Pulp.

How can I store beet pulp so it will keep? Will it keep in a basement, and will the basement need to be made airtight?—J. D.

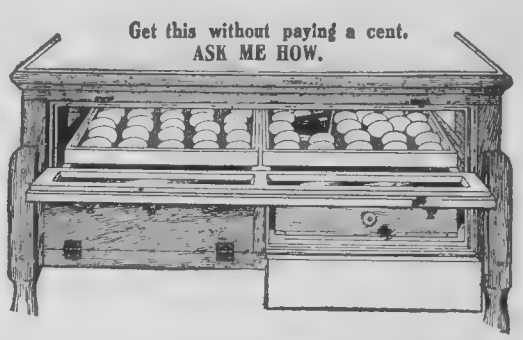
The best way to preserve beet pulp is to put it in a silo the same as corn is ensiloed. The air must be kept from it the same as any other green, sappy product to be preserved. In the absence of a suitable building a trench may be dug in the ground three or four feet deep and wide enough to drive a team and wagon through. Loads of pulp are deposited in the trench and when the mass is several feet above the ground the sides are shaped like a roof and the whole covered with straw and dirt to keep out the frost and air. A storm basement will do, provided it is air-tight and not too large a room. Pulp will not keep long spread out and exposed to air. It must be stored in compact form and protected from outside influences.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly effective and prompt. Preventics contain no quinine, no laxative; nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage," Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics, 25 cents. Trial boxes, 5 cents. Sold by all druggists.

Plenty of Time To Pay For It In

A TEN YEAR GUARANTY

And I Will Find a Market For All You Want To Sell



MOST Incubator-men talk loud about steady Heat and little about Clean Air. I can afford to talk both, and more besides. Because:—

The Peerless is the incubator that hatches with clean air,—the incubator that has real ventilation.

Now the quality of air an incubator-chicken gets before it's hatched is far more important than the quantity of food it gets after it hatches.

And many a poultry-for-profit venture has gone to smash by the carbon-dioxide route—bad incubator air. Carbon-dioxide is a deadly gas every egg gives off as it hatches.

Open the ordinary incubator's door and sniff,—that sulfurous, musty, choking smell is carbon-dioxide; and it is poison to animal life.

It Hatches More Chicks
THE 1908
PEERLESS
INCUBATOR

There is no smell in a Peerless—the poison is continually flushed out of the Peerless hatching chamber by the Peerless natural, unfailing ventilation.

Remember that for almost 500 hours the chick breathes what air seeps through the porous shell. If that air is poison loaded, as it is in badly-ventilated ordinary incubators; that chick is stunted, its vitality impaired, its vigor weakened.

It never can thrive as Peerless-hatched chicks, that breathe pure, clean air, do thrive.

Remember, too, that this is only one of fifteen plain reasons why the Peerless incubator not only hatches every chick that can be hatched, but gives those chicks the right start.

Every one of the fifteen reasons means the difference between money made and money lost in poultry-raising.

Suppose you send me your address—use a post card if you like—and let me send you the free book that tells some things you need to know, whether you are a beginner in poultry-raising or an expert.

Sending for the book doesn't commit you to buying the incubator. All I ask you to do is read the book. I won't importune you nor bother you.

Just send for the book and read it—that's all.

If you do that right now, I will tell you, also, how you can make the Peerless earn its whole cost long before you pay one cent for it.

Whether you have ever thought about raising poultry or not,—whether you know all about incubators or you don't, I will show you why it will pay you,—pay you, personally,—to know what the Peerless is and what it could do for you if you wanted it to.

Simply your name and address fetches what will tell you that,—and no obligation on your part. The obligation will be mine to you, if you'll just write now.

In this Free Book I show you how to start in the poultry business without spending a cent for the important part of your outfit.

I will make you a partnership proposition that puts the risk mostly on me and leaves the profit wholly for you.

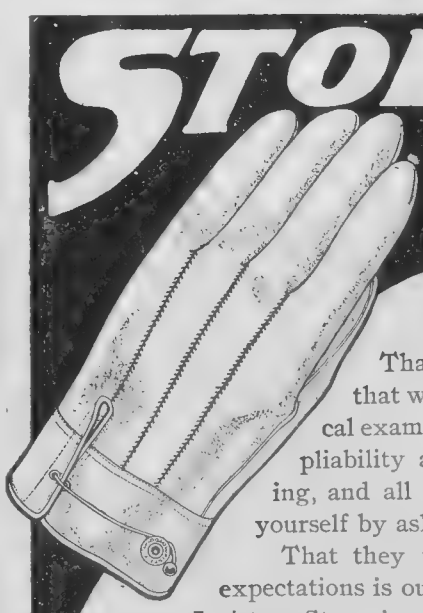
I will tell you how to get the incubators and brooders you need without paying for them till they have paid for themselves twice over.

I will show you why that beats all the free trial offers you ever heard, and why my way is the only sensible way for you to start raising poultry for profit. 12

I will even find you a cash buyer for all the poultry you raise——and all the eggs.

SEND NOW FOR FREE BOOK JUST ADDRESS THE **LEE-HODGINS CO., LIMITED** 253 PEMBROKE ST. PEMBROKE, ONT.

STOREY'S Gloves



Well Made Good Fitting

That we know how to make gloves that will pass with honors the most critical examination as regards quality of skins, pliability and strength, neatness of stitching, and all round perfection, you can prove yourself by asking for Storey's at your dealer's.

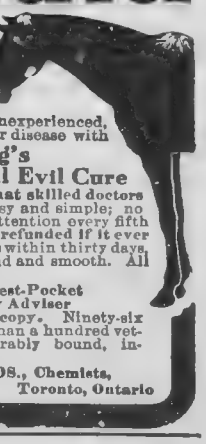
That they will outwear your most sanguine expectations is our firm belief.

Insist on Storey's—at all stores.

W. H. Storey & Son, Ltd., Acton, Ont.

CANADA'S OLDEST GLOVERS

Fistula and Poll Evil



Any person, however inexperienced, can readily cure either disease with

Fleming's Fistula and Poll Evil Cure

—even bad old cases that skilled doctors have abandoned. Easy and simple; no cutting; just a little attention every fifth day—and your money refunded if it ever fails. Cures most cases within thirty days, leaving the horse sound and smooth. All particulars given in

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Write us for a free copy. Ninety-six pages, covering more than a hundred veterinary subjects. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated.

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58 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

Stops Colic —and all stomach and bowel disorders. Makes puny babies plump and rosy. Proved by 50 years' successful use. Ask your druggist for it—

Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure

—25c —6 bottles $1.25.

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Montreal.

48

In Lighter Vein.

Laissez-Faire

Beneath the softly swaying trees
I love to dream about romance,
And eat the various kinds of cheese
From France.

And while I'm there, my folks in mobs
Come galloping across the lea
To offer simply splendid jobs
To me.

Clerk in a famous downtown bank,
Cashier in Bond street—same in Wall—
Scribe, editor—I merely thank
Them all.

And then in anger most profound,
In ire that really is the goods,
They gallop round and round and round
The woods.

They quite forget reserve and tact,
They wave their arms like weather-vanes,
And yet, in spite of all, the fact
Remains—

Beneath the softly swaying trees
I love to dream about romance,
And eat the various kinds of cheese
From France.

The Irishman Scores One.

An American visiting Dublin told some startling stories about the height of some of the New York buildings. An Irishman who was listening stood it as long as he could, and then queried: "Ye haven't seen our newest hotel, have ye?"

The American thought not.

"Well," said the Irishman, "it's so tall that we had to put the top stories on hinges."

"What for?" asked the American.

"So we could let 'em down while the moon went by."

French Money Didn't Count.

This is a story of an American banker who left his son in Paris and informed his Paris bankers to meet the young man's drafts as they came along. It wasn't long before it became necessary for the Paris bankers to notify the indulgent parent that his account was overdrawn 100,000. The father, who had more or less contempt for things French, sent this reply:

"If you mean pounds, send him home; if you mean dollars, tell him to be careful; if you mean those little things called francs, let him have all he wants."

Would Cost Her More.

"You naughty child, where have you been? You have been fighting again with Paul. Just look at your clothes! I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't say anything, ma. You ought to see Paul. I think his mother will have to buy a new boy."

Plenty of Time.

"All the little boys and girls who want to go to heaven," said the Sunday school superintendent, "will please rise."

All rose but Tommy Twaddles.

"And doesn't this little boy want to go to heaven?"

"N-not yit."

A Mere Man.

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the lawyer.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, red-faced woman.

"I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband, has there?"

"Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the meek little man sitting beside her; "I'd like to see him try to compulse me."

A Miraculous Birth.

A young man was being examined by a life-insurance official as to his family record. Among other questions the following was asked, "Of what did your grandfather die?"

The applicant hesitated a few moments and then stammered out, "I-I'm not sure, but I think he died in infancy."

From Dottyville.

Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over the asylum wall)—"What are you doing there?"

Brown—"Fishing."

Lunatic—"Caught anything?"

Brown—"No."

Lunatic—"How long have you been there?"

Brown—"Ten hours."

Lunatic—"Come inside!"

When Ma Came to Town.

The way in which one Oklahoma editor announced that his mother was coming to visit him may seem a trifle breezy, but it's pretty safe to say that away down in her heart "ma" was prouder than forty queens. This is the way he did it:

"The editor of the News-Republican is going to top up a little this evening. Going to change collars and put on a pair of cuffs, if he can find any. Going to get shaved and going to get our shoes shined and the pegs cut out, so we can walk right peartly. Ma's a-coming down to see us. You know who ma is. Ma is our only ma, and she's a good one, too; one of the old Ohio Quaker sort, you know. Ma lives in Kingfisher. She was our ma when we were born; she was our ma out in western Kansas when we hunted prairie coal; she was our ma when we drank parched corn coffee in old Oklahoma in '89, and she's our ma now. She's the best ma we ever had.

"If you see us tomorrow walking down the street with a little woman with a smile on her face, you'll know that's ma. If you never had a ma you should get one—and one like our ma, too."

Irving and His Cats.

A new story is told illustrating Sir Henry Irving's kindness of heart. An old lady came to him asking employment.

He telephoned to his business manager, inquiring if there was any employment at the theatre that could be found for her. The business manager aswered, "Absolutely nothing—nothing at all."

Irving suggested that she might look after the cats. The manager telephoned back that there were already three women looking after the cats.

"Well," said Irving, "you must find her something. Let her look after the three women that are looking after the cats."

Probably Pleased the Lady.

At an afternoon party in London, the hostess desired a novelty.

She engaged a troupe of performing fleas for the entertainment of her guests. The party was a great success. When it broke up a loud wail rent the air. It was the voice of the impresario, frantic with excitement.

"What is it? Tell me, I implore you," said the hostess. "Ach, madam. I has lost vun of my fleas. Vere has it gone?"

At that moment a lady wearing a gray gown brushed past him. "Ach, madam, pardon," said the manager, greatly relieved, lightly picking something from her shoulder. "vun of my artistes."

Shaved the Wrong Face.

An officer of a certain regiment was one morning inspecting his company on parade, when he came to an Irishman who had evidently not shaved for some days.

Halting in front of the man, he said: "Doyle, how is it you've not shaved this morning?"

"Oi have, sorr," was the reply.

"How dare you tell me that," said the officer, "with a beard on you like that?"

"Well, sorr," said Paddy, "It's loike this. There's only one shaving glass in our room and there was nine of us shaving at the same time, and maybe Oi shaved some other chap's face."

Not Up in Horse Sense.

The person who advertised for "A man who speaks German and understands horses" was satisfied with the wording of his advertisement until the first applicant arrived. "Vell," said the would-be stableman, scratching his head, "I schpeaks Chairman all righdt, but I don't know dot I can understand those horses. Vat lanquishes do tey schpeak?"

How Old is Fair Lillian?

"Exactly how old are you, anyway?" asked a friend of Lillian Russell. "I have a friend," replied the actress with apparent irrelevance, "who was born in mid-ocean on an ocean steamer. After she and her mother had landed, the steamer, on its return trip, blew up. So practically she has no birthplace. My age is that," she added after a pause.

The Retort Courteous.

"My dear," said Mrs. Mildly, as she dusted Mr. Mildly's table, "this would be a great deal cleaner world if there were not any men in it."

"If there were not," retorted Mr. Mildly, "the women would do exactly as the Lord did—hunt around for enough dirt to make a man out of."

A Conscientious Workman.

Strong-Arm Tim is employed in carrying bricks on to a barge. His strength is so great that his boss keeps increasing his loads until finally the gang-plank breaks and lands Tim and his bricks in the water. Tim rapidly sinks, but presently comes to the surface and shouts out, "Throw me a rope there, you spalpeens, youse!"

While his companions are searching frantically for a rope Tim comes to the surface a second time and bellows out, "Here, there, youse loafers, if ye don't throw me a rope I'll be after droppin' some of these here bricks!"

A Human Biped.

"Justin, there's a man down here with a bill," called Mrs. Wyss to her husband.

"Gee whiz! let's go down and see him, Pop," exclaimed young Austin Wyss excitedly. "He must be a bird."

A Dark Outlook for Miss Simpkins.

At an evening prayer-meeting in a Maine village the senior deacon, Dominicus Jordan, arose to make appropriate scriptural remarks about the death of Miss Simpkins. In conclusion the deacon said: "I respected Miss Simpkins, the members of this church respected Miss Simpkins, the citizens of this town respected Miss Simpkins; but now she's dead and gone to the Lord, and the Scripture saith, 'The Lord is no respecter of persons.'"

He Cancelled His Error.

The man of this story is a very light sleeper, one who is easily awakened and who is a long time getting to sleep. In a Leeds hotel he had at last got sound asleep when a loud rap, repeated, awoke him.

"What's wanted?"

"Package downstairs for you."

"Well, it can wait until morning, I suppose?"

"The boy departed, and after a long time the man was sound asleep again, when there came another resounding knock at the door.

"Well, what is it now?" he inquired.

"'Tain't for you, that package."

Like Marrying a Title.

Old Auntie Mandy, who did the washing, was such a happy, brave old soul that, although she worked very hard early and late, and must often have been weary, nothing could depress her. In everything that occurred she saw only "good luck" for herself. One day she brought home the washing in a high state of glee.

"Jes' think, Mis' Arnold," she said. "I'se goin' ter git married! Isn't dat jes' fine luck fo' poor, ole black woman like me?"

"I shall be very sorry to lose you, Mandy," said Mrs. Arnold, "but I'm glad if your life will be easier."

"Lose me!" gasped Mandy. "Lor'! Mis' Arnold, I can't afford to let you lose me jes' now. Why, I'se goin' ter marry Br'er Johnson an' his five chillun. I'se got ter hustle now, fur sartin."

"But I fail to see where your good luck is coming in from such a marriage, Mandy."

"Why, chile, if I marry dat man an' his chillun, he's promised me six mo' big washes his fust wife done had! Dat's clar luck, Mis' Arnold, clar luck, 'sides habin' de honor ob marryin' in Br'er Johnson's family!"

Informing Witness.

"Now, madam," said the lawyer for the defence to a little, wiry, black-eyed, fidgety woman who had been summoned as a witness in an assault and battery case, "you will please give your testimony in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?"

"Know who?"

"The defendant—Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Josh Bagg! I reckon I do know him, and I knowed his father afore him, and I don't know nothing to the credit of either of 'em, and I don't think—"

"We don't want to know what you think, madam. Please say 'yes' or 'no' to my questions.'"

"Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Don't I know 'im though? You ask Joshua Bagg if he knows me. Ask him if he knows anything about tryin' to cheat a pore widder like me out of a two-year-old cow. Ask——"

"Madam, I—"

"Ask his wife, Betsy Bagg, if she knows anything about slippin' into a neighbor's field and milking three cows on the sly. Ask—"

"Look here, madam—"

"Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of his who died in jail; ask 'im about lettin' his pore old mother die in the workhouse; ask Betsy about putting a big brick into a lot of butter she sold last autumn—"

"That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to—"

"Then there was old Jimmy Bagg, uncle to Josh, who was chased out of the village for chicken stealing; and Betsy Bagg's brother, who got caught in a neighbor's house at midnight. Ask Josh—"

"Madam, what do you know about this case?"

"I don't know a single thing about it, but I'll bet Josh Bagg is guilty, whatever it is. The fact is I've owed them Baggses a grudge for the past fifteen years, and I've got myself up as a witness on purpose to get even with 'em, and I feel I've done it. Goodbye."

A bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, taken according to directions, will subdue a cough in a short time. This assertion can be verified by hundreds who have tried it and are pleased to bear testimony to its merits, so that all may know what a splendid medicine it is. It costs you only 25 cents to join the ranks of the many who have been benefited by its use.

Some of the Fruit Farms at Peachland and Okanagan Valley, looking south.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR

Mr. FARMER.

For twenty years there has been a newspaper in the West

The Weekly Tribune,

that has fought your battles. Here is a partial list of the struggles carried on in your behalf :—Emancipation from railway monopoly; the lands for the settler; taxation to be shared by the corporations; the farmers' implements and urgent necessities to be duty free; abolition of the elevator monopoly; freedom to load grain and market it; the lumber combine; the beef combine, etc., etc.

Where would you have been without such a champion, and no other paper dared do it. Most of them stand in with the corporations.

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ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

An Old Man's Valentine.

The dim, sweet eyes of yesterday
Look sadly into mine,
And dreamily old Memory
Pours out his mellow wine,
I drink it to the dregs, and then
See one fair face again:

Lips curved with merry laughter,
Eyes bright with tears unshed,
A dimple in the pointed chin,
Two cheeks like poppies red,
A slender shape, a stately air,
And curling clouds of hair.

Her gown—ah! "quaint" you call it,
But fair and gracious, too;
Hooped skirt and tight-laced bodice.
And petticoat of blue,
Embroidered in pure silk and gold
From countries far and old.

About the sloping shoulders
Droops low in lovely lines
A silken shawl of creamy crape,
Whose lustrous surface shines
And shimmers on that panting breast
Like billows, crest on crest.

Ah! lady, sweet and stately,
Still gleam thy lovely eyes,
And still I watch thy lashes
Curve low in shy surprise,
And hear thy voice, whose mellow note
On lucent air doth float!

Dear lady, gay and gracious.
Whose beauty haunts me still,
Brush from thee, like a cobweb,
Time's ancient, senseless ill!
Step from thy frame, oh, sweetheart mine,
And be to-day my Valentine!

Items of Interest.

The tree frogs of South America sing as musically as birds.

The chipmunk lays by stores and sleeps from mid-November till spring.

A silken thread is three times as strong as a flaxen one the same thickness.

Horses, giraffes and ostriches have, in proportion to their size, larger eyes than any other living creature.

At the railway stations in Russia books are kept in which passengers may enter any complaint they wish to make.

In the capital of Honduras all the houses in the poorer quarter are made of mahogany, which costs less than pine there.

The salmon is, for short distances, the swiftest swimmer of any fish. It can travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

The mattresses used in the German army are stuffed with little rolls of paper, and are said to be a great improvement on straw.

Of all the boy workers in London newsboys are the healthiest, barbers' boys the most unhealthy—a tribute to the open-air life.

The largest plow ever built has been successfully used on a Texas ranch. The implement tears a strip of ground seven feet wide.

Instances of extreme old age are more common among those who exercise themselves with gardening than in any other employment.

Greenland was so called when first discovered by an exploring party of hardy Icelanders. The sight of this green oasis amid arctic wastes was the source of much pleasant surprise.

So many languages are spoken in the provinces of Austria-Hungary that interpreters are employed in the various parliaments to interpret the speeches of the delegates and make them intelligible to all the members.

A Calcutta paper tells of a doctor in a Bengal hospital who had a bearskin doormat. In a few days it was plucked entirely bare. Whatever ailments the patients complained of, they regarded a few hairs from the doctor's mat as more curative than the medicines he prescribed.

The aigret in a woman's bonnet is the crowning beauty of an egret mother. The collector seizes the bird while she is on her nest, with the young bird just hatched, and tears off her plumes and wings, leaving her to die beside her little ones, who, deprived of her fostering care, also die.

Many centuries ago, in Florence, the very first men who made a business of lending money were members of the great Medici family, whose coat-of-arms consisted of three gilt balls. When other men took up the same sort of business, they adopted the Medici arms also, and so the custom has continued to the present day.

There are several species of fish, reptiles and insects which never sleep in the whole of their existence. Among fish it is positively known that pike, salmon and goldfish never sleep at all; also that there are several others in the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes a month. There are dozens of species of flies which never indulge in slumber.

Milan, the centre of Italy for the moving picture machine trade, has already about forty such theatres. Every available hall is being turned into a moving picture show, while nearly every second and third-rate theatre and "cafe chantant" finishes the evening's entertainment with a few cinematograph pictures. During the summer months even the larger theatres are used.

Locusts are proving hardly less destructive in German Southwest Africa than the three years' rising of natives. A settler not long ago attempted to defend his little plot of land by digging all around it a ditch one yard broad and of equal depth, at the bottom of which he lit a fire. But the insects swarmed into the ditch till the flames had been extinguished by their accumulated corpses.

The largest mica mine in the world is located at Sydenham, Ontario, sixteen miles from Kingston. The product is mostly amber mica, with some silver amber, the highest quality mined. The mine is one mile from the upper end of Sydenham Lake, and the mica is transported in bulk from the mine by barge to the railroad at Sydenham, where it is shipped to Ottawa for trimming for the market.

With the final closure of the Colorado River, the great Salton Sink which was inundated as the result of a poorly-constructed headgate of an irrigation canal, and rapidly converted into an inland sea, will gradually dry up. Inasmuch as there are practically no outlets for this vast body of water, the Sink must naturally evaporate to dryness. According to scientific opinion, the Salton Sea will dry up in about eight years.

An extraordinary addition has been made to the exhibition of inventions now being held in Berlin. A shoemaker named Wagner, living in Strasburg, sent in a clock of the grandfather shape, nearly six feet high, made entirely of straw. The wheels, pointers, case and every detail are exclusively of straw. Wagner has taken fifteen years to construct this strange piece of mechanism. It keeps perfect time, a Berlin report says.

Beggars in Persia ride on donkeys and often make long journeys. How they manage to obtain these useful animals, or even to exist themselves, is beyond European comprehension. The Persian tramp, astride his donkey, will journey as far as Meshed or Mecca, when he returns with the proud title of "Hadji." Useful as the donkey is to his mendicant master, the latter often treats him in a most brutal fashion. When the unfortunate animal needs encouragement a piece of chain is a frequent substitute for a whip.

There is a blind girl in Nova Scotia, about thirty-five miles from Halifax, who has done such wonderful things in the last two years that the people have come to believe that she is a witch and are afraid of her. She can tell when a storm is coming, no matter if it is two weeks off. She can tell when schools of fish come along the coast; when anyone in the village is to fall sick; when anyone is to lose his cow or horse. If a crime is committed she gives a description of the criminal and sometimes tells where he is hiding. In July she predicted the loss of a steamer on which her own father would be a passenger, and he was lost with the vessel.

General Information.

The first almanac was printed in Hungary in 1470.

Switzerland, in proportion to its size, has more hotels than any other country.

The first lightning-conductor was invented by an obscure Bohemian monk in 1754.

The Japanese release pigeons instead of smashing a bottle of wine on the stem of a ship which is beng launched.

Italy owns the world's three largest churches—St. Peter's, Rome; The Duomo, Milan; and St. Paul's, at Rome.

Death from accidents among seamen number fifty-three per 10,000, five times higher than in "dangerous occupations."

When an oyster is a fortnight old it is not much larger than the head of a pin. At the end of four years' growth it is fit for the table.

The biggest estate in the United Kingdom is the lordship of Sutherland, the property of the Duke of Sutherland. The estate is no less than 739,200 acres.

A French statistican estimates that about 550,000 motor-cars have been manufactured in the nine years since the experiments of self-propelled road vehicles first succeeded.

During a thunderstorm a remarkable incident happened at a house near Deal, the lightning imprinting a perfect photograph of a flower-vase on a mirror before which it stood.

The largest orchards in the world are at Werder, near Berlin. They extend without a break to about 13,000 acres. They yield some 48,000,000 pounds of apples and pears every year.

A curious insect has arrived from Brazil at the South Kensington Museum. It is a beetle. At its head gleams a red ruby lamp, and eleven green lights glow forth from each side of the little creature. These peculiarities have earned it the name of "Railway Beetle."

As the result of experiments, it has been found that the greyhound is the fastest of all four-footed animals. When going at full gallop it can cover twenty yards a second, or about a mile a minute and twenty-eight seconds—a speed that comes very near that of a carrier pigeon.

The smallest motor is that made by a German mechanic. It is worked by a battery deposited in his pocket, and he uses the motor as a scarf-pin. It is working all the time, simply to show that it is an actual working motor. It is curious to see the little wheels revolving as the machine rests on the scarf.

What is claimed to be the largest single leather belt in the world has been made in Chicago for an American saw-mills plant. It was made from pure oak bark tanned leather; is 48 inches in width, three-ply in thickness, and weighs just 2,300 pounds. The belt is 114 feet long; it took the centres of the hides of 225 steers to make it, and each piece of this leather was separately stretched before being placed in the belt.

An ingenious device has been invented by an employee of the street railway in an American city and is being tested. Whenever a passenger stands on the lower step a buzzer sounds in the motorman's compartment and warns him not to start the car until the signal ceases, which it does the instant the passenger reaches the platform or the ground. Contact points are placed in the step which are brought together by the weight of the passenger.

The British House of Commons and local representative assemblies are not the only places where word-spinning has developed into a fine art. In a recent session of the United States Congress 40,000,000 words were uttered in the seven months. The official record contains frequent instances of sixty columns of speeches for a six hours' sitting, an average of 165 words a minute. The Senate devoted seventy days to debate on the Railway Rate Bill.

Grow Peppermint.

Miss Mary Clark, of Galien, near Indianapolis, is the only woman in the world to enter upon the culture of peppermint for market. She has made a study of the plant and its culture, and so improved upon the methods employed by the veteran mint growers that her farm of eighty-three acres is the best mint producer in the world. Miss Clark watches her crop so carefully that she produces a higher grade of crop and more to the acre than any other mint grower, and in addition she attends to the other duties of her farm in Indiana, where she lives alone with her widowed mother. There are no men employed on the farm except in summer.

Be There a Will, Wisdom Points the Way.—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with the ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

C. P. R. Steamboat "Aberdeen" at wharf, Peachland, Okanagan Valley, B. C.

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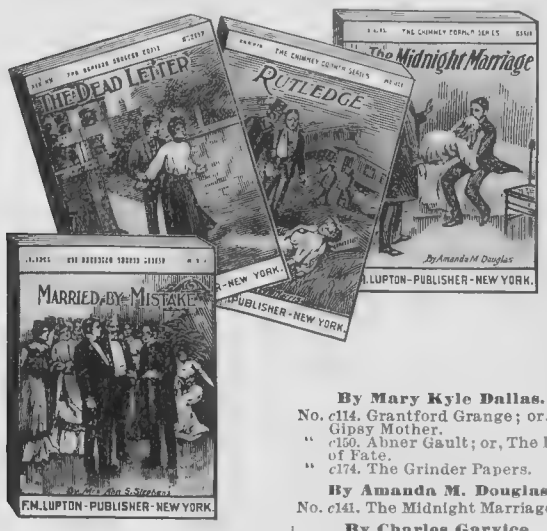

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The mixture is composed of harmless vegetable ingredients which can be purchased at any good drug store, and mixed at home.

Anyone suffering from any of these afflictions will no doubt be pleased to learn of so simple and highly recommended remedy.

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Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid)

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58 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

TEMPERANCE TALK.

To Live.

Most of the things that worry us
Don't matter much,
Too many of us fret and fuss
At every touch;
There's nothing that's of great concern,
Except to live, and love, and learn.

Suppose the world don't go our way,
What of it, then?
We have the better chance today
To act like men;
And still insist at every turn
We're here to live, and love, and learn.

It isn't doing what we would
That counts for most;
It's being brave, and kind, and good,
Amid the host;
For better than to crave and yearn,
Is just to live, and love, and learn.

We make too much of ease and joy
And sordid gain;
The things that vex us and annoy,
The toil and pain,
And every malady we spurn
May help us live, and love, and learn.

And there is nothing else to fear,
Of good or ill;
Than just the failure of good cheer,
And honest will;
No loss need fright us if we earn
More power to live, to love, to learn.

Science's Fight Against Alcohol.

That there are many ways of combating King Alcohol has been shown by a recent proclamation to the public, issued by German scientists.

What is advanced with most positiveness is a campaign of education, rather than prohibition or local option legislation. Teach this generation the complete lesson of alcohol, the scientists argue, and the next generation will be composed of total abstainers.

Plans urged for decreasing the use of liquors include greater care in their employment as medicine, keeping children from indulging in drink and inconspicuous but effective instruction in schools with regard to the existing spread of alcohol as a beverage.

It is proposed, too, to limit the drinking customs which tend to over-indulgence, "especially the too intimate connection between alcoholic indulgence and society, as well as business. "Negotiations for employment, payment of salaries, etc., should not take place in drinking houses."

But the recommendations of these German students of the subject are not all negative. They have a good deal to do with the law of co-operation.

There should be greater facilities, they assert, for the serving of other beverages to the public, such as coffee, tea, milk, buttermilk and soups, at moderate prices, and good drinking water and hot water for extracts, etc., gratuitously.

Not only is the purpose to serve such non-alcoholic drinks in the crowded sections of a city, but wherever men congregate for the pursuit of trade or employment.

Serving depots, it is argued, should be established in connection with every large construction undertaking, such as the digging of canals, the building of railroads or any other great enterprises in which men are employed by the hundreds and thousands.

Of course, many men engaged in such work demand alcoholic stimulants and will not be content with a substitute. To these, the German scientists argue, alcoholic liquors should be served only after working hours, and only up to a certain hour at night. If possible, such drinks should be served only in conjunction with food.

But the scientific movement to discourage drinking and place the world upon a total abstinence basis goes much farther. It has to do with the life and environments of the individual, because the opposing forces of content and discontent have, as a rule, a distinct and direct bearing upon a man's habits of life.

Improve the dwellings of the classes most likely to be caught in the grip of an alcoholic appetite is another of the methods these German scientists present to the consideration of the thoughtful world.

Need a Touch of Nature.

The idea seems all right. The brighter and happier and more comfortable a man's home is, the less he will desire to leave it, even for the attractiveness of the public house. So the students of this subject have decided.

Married men should have dwellings with gardens—even a little touch of nature in the home life works wonders. There should be opportunities for recreation and entertainment for the unmarried, or those not living with their families. There should be a constant aim for improvement in domestic life—instructions in cooking and housekeeping for girls; good reading matter always at hand, and an encouragement of enlivening influences in the family circle.

Then, they say, it is an excellent thing to awaken an interest in the pleasures of nature. All sorts of outdoor excursions should be fostered; the establishment of public gardens, where only innocent pleasures and non-alcoholic drinks could be enjoyed, would go a great way toward solving the problem.

Communities should encourage social intercourse, the formation of clubs for educational purposes, and various forms of recreation that can be made popular without an alcoholic adjunct.

It is proposed to teach the alcoholic-drinking world, among other things, the tendency of free, easy and continuous drinking toward impoverishment. This, perhaps, will be one of the most difficult tasks before the German scientists.

But, in addition, the war plans aimed against King Alcohol contemplate an additional arousing of interest in the pleasures of nature. People living in cities should take advantage of all means offered for excursions elsewhere; they should cultivate a liking for public gardens and parks, for outdoor exercises and games, and all kinds of healthy sports.

Social intercouse, lectures, the formation of clubs for educational purposes and visits to art galleries, museums and industrial establishments are all suggested as means by which the alcohol thirst may be combated.

In other words, if the mind is enlisted in activities that absorb and interest every leisure moment, there will be less demand for stimulants.

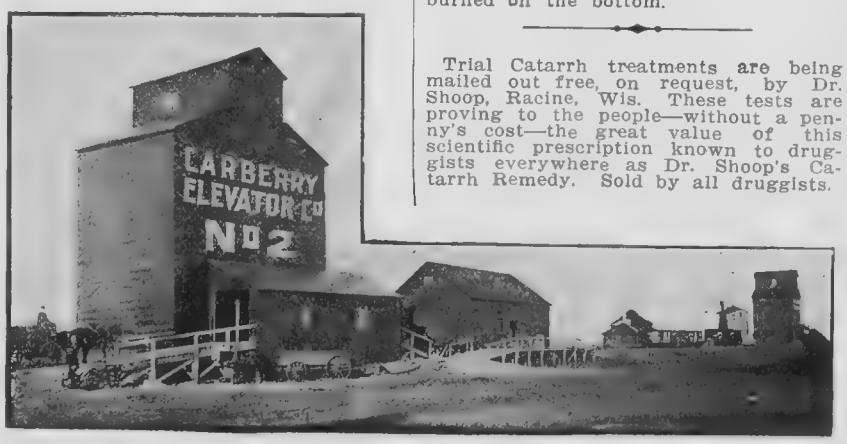
Prohibition of the sale of liquor to minors, to those intoxicated and to habitual drunkards is urged. Lapses should be treated with severity.

The treatment of drunkards should consist in an absolute abstinence from alcohol, which is facilitated by a treatment in an asylum. The creation of abstemious surroundings for family and club guarantees a safeguard against the influence of daily intercourse and mutual work.

For incurable drunkards, the scientists can only recommend proper asylums. But they believe few need drift into such asylums, if the subject is handled in a scientific manner.

A young housekeeper complained one day that her cakes were so often heavy. On inquiry the discovery was made that the oven was seldom hot enough when the cake went in. Whenever the cake was mixed and ready to bake it went into the oven regardless of temperature, and then the oven door was opened often to enable the cook to watch the progress. This difficulty was overcome by getting the right degree of heat before the cake was put in the oven, and then leaving the fire to do the rest, without being constantly watched. The next difficulty that presented itself was that the oven was then often too hot and the temperature could not be reduced quickly enough to prevent the cake from burning. One of the best remedies for this difficulty is to put a small pan, or any low tin dish, filled partly with water, in the oven, and let it heat with the oven; in this way one will seldom have a cake burned on the bottom.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by all druggists.



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The Value of Charcoal.

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Costs Nothing to Try.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but 25c a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

you would save yourself a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the life-giving properties of the pine trees of Norway, and for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough and all Throat and Lung affections it is a specific. Be sure when you ask for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to get it. Don't be humbugged into taking something else. Price 25 cts.

Miss Lena Johnston, Toledo, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for throat troubles after taking numerous other remedies, and I must say that nothing can take the place of it. I would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.
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Piles sufferers in the past have looked upon an operation as the only relief. But operations rarely cure, and often lead to fearful results.

The Pyramid Pile Cure cures. It relieves the swelling, stops the congestion, heals the ulcers and fissures and the piles disappear. There is no form of piles which these little pyramids are not made to cure.

The Pyramid Pile Cure can be used at home. There is no loss of time or detention from business. There is no case of piles so severe that the Pyramid Pile Cure will not bring relief.

We make no charge for a trial package of Pyramid Pile Cure. This sample will relieve the itching, soothe the inflamed membrane and start you on your way to a cure. After you have used the sample, go to the druggist for a 50 cent box of the remedy. Write today. The sample costs you nothing. Pyramid Drug Co., 139 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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Lone Tree, Iowa.
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WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Just Being Happy.

Just being happy
Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely to the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.

"The only objection I have against the young man, my dear child, is that he has no noble ambition—no high or worthy object in life." "Oh, papa, how can you say so? He wants me."

"I thought you told me you were playing the heavy part in this spectacular drama?" "So I am." "Why, you don't even appear on the stage." "Oh, yes, I do. I am the hind legs of the elephant."

"How old are you?" asked the magistrate of the woman who had been mixed up in a fight. "Five years younger than her that had me pinched," said the woman. "Well, and what age is that?" "Ask her first."

"Going out of town this summer?"
"No; but I'll have my regular relaxation."
"What's that?"
"Planning to go next summer."

"What kind of a looking man is that chap Gabbleton? I don't believe I have met him."
"Well, if you see two men in a corner, and one of them looks bored to death, the other one is Gabbleton!"

"Do you find it more economical to do your own cooking?"
"Oh, yes. My husband doesn't eat half so much as he used to!"

Jones—"I understand there is trouble between Mrs. Poet and her husband."
Smith—"Yes. He couldn't sell his poems and she couldn't eat them, so she left him."

Mr. Nurich (engaging valet)—"I warn you that I am frequently ill-tempered and gruff."
Valet (cheerfully)—"That's all right, sir; so am I."

"I say, mamma, why did Mrs. Brown cry at the wedding today?"
"Oh, because her dear daughter was getting married and leaving her."
"And why did Mrs. Jones cry?"
"Oh, because her dear son has left her."
"I see; and why did Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Simpson cry?"
"Oh, because they have ever so many daughters to get married, and no sign of any of them going off."

"He's only a glazier, but he's a genius in his way."
"Indeed!"
"Yes; he has an infinite capacity for taking panes!"

"Henry is a brave man. The other night his wife thought she heard a burglar."
"And he went down—?"
"No. He had the courage to tell her he was afraid."

Mrs. Howard—Are you having trouble with servants?"
Mrs. Terry—Dear me, no! I'm having trouble without them.

"I can pronounce your name, but I can't spell it," she said to her partner, trying to remember who he was.
"J-o-n-e-s," he replied gravely.

Helen was watching some flies on the window-pane, when she called to her mother: "Mama, come and see if this is the bosom fly!"
"The bosom fly, child! What kind of a fly is that?"
"Oh, the one they sang about in church last Sunday—'Let me to thy bosom fly.'"

Jones met Smith on the elevated station at 110th street on a cold, blustering day.
Jones—Glad to see you, old man! Jove! but it's bleak up here, isn't it?
Smith—Yes; but it's Bleecker, between Eighth and Grand.

Merchant (to applicant who has called in response to an advertisement for a business partner)—"Now, let us get to business at once. To begin with, what I want to assist me in this enterprise is a man of brains."
Applicant (with alarming frankness)—"Oh, you needn't have told me that; I could see it for myself."

An American and a Scotchman were on a high hill in Scotland, and the Scotchman was bragging of the extent of view.
"I suppose you can see America from here on a fine day," said the American, chaffingly.
"O aye, further than that," was the reply.
"Further than that?"
"Aye! on a fine nicht we can see the mune."

Speaker Reed wished to see a man on some pending legislation, and telegraphed for him to come to Washington. The man took the first train available, but a washout on the road made it impossible for the train to proceed further toward its destination. Going to a telegraph station, he sent this dispatch to the Speaker: "Washout on line. Can't come." When Reed read the message, he sent back this reply: "Buy a new shirt and come anyway."

A young lady from London, was visiting for the first time a country farm. Seeing a cow looking very savage, she said to an old farmer:
"Oh, how savage that cow looks!"
"Yes, miss, it's the red parasol you are carrying," said the farmer.
"Well," she said, "I knew it was a trifle out of fashion, but I never thought a country cow would notice it."

A man was complaining to some bystanders that he did not know what was the matter with his horses. He had tried everything he could hear of condition powders, and all other specifics—but to no purpose; they would not improve in flesh. A stable boy of Irish extraction, whose sympathies were aroused by the story, comprehended the situation, and modestly asked, "Did yez iver try corn?"

A Radical speaker said: "The Tories keep dragging the Home Rule red herring across our path, but it misses fire every time." It was a Unionist M. P. who, in a recent speech, spoke to the following effect: "This is the marrow of the education act, and it would not to be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It was founded on a granite foundation, and spoke in a voice not to be drowned by sectarian clamor."

As the new minister of the village was on his way to evening service, he met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to have become an active member of the church.
"Good evening, my young friend," he said, solemnly; "do you ever attend a place of worship?"
"Yes, indeed, sir; regularly every Sunday night," replied the young fellow with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."

Amos J. Cummings and Ernest Jerrold were once in a pilot-boat during a great storm. The former lay on a bunk, intently reading. The boat gave a fearful lurch, and careened until it seemed that she must turn completely over. "This is awful, Amos," said Jerrold. "I'm going to put on a life preserver, for I don't think the boat can stand it many minutes longer."
"Oh, keep quiet, and let me read, Mickey!" said Cummings, never lifting his eyes. "The men on this boat draw a regular salary to keep her afloat!"

They tell a story about Dodd, the Standard Oil lawyer, when he was a struggling practitioner in Franklin.
There was a Franklin minister who went gunning a great deal, and altogether was rather a sporting character.
At a little church supper one night the minister was boasting about his knowledge of horses and hunting, his marksmanship, and so on, when Dodd interrupted him.
"Your'e a good sportsman, are you?" he said.
"Well," said the minister, not suspecting any trap, "I am not a bad sportsman, if I do say it myself."
"Yet," said Dodd, "if I were a bird I could hide where there'd be no danger of your potting me."
"Where would you hide?" asked the minister.
"I'd hide," Dodd answered, "in your study."

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Offers Free Readings to All Who Write and Send Date of Birth.

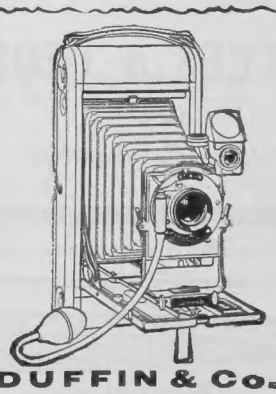
Mr. Albert H. Postel, author, lecturer and traveler, has completed arrangements by which he hopes to render a great service to humanity. Thousands of men and women in all walks of life are seeking the advice of this eminent astrologer, and many voluntarily send thankful letters, highly praising him for his kind and helpful services. The following are samples of letters received by Mr. Postel:

William Payne Cole, of Grange, Md., writes: "I do indeed thank you for the grand work you have done; things of which you spoke have already come to pass. I feel that if I had had this reading two years ago I would have been better off today. May God bless you and your good work."

From Allie Wardwell, Converse, Ind.: "I received my Horoscope and I am well pleased with it. You have a wonderful knowledge of human life. It is the best Horoscope I ever had. Please accept my thanks."

While Mr. Postel is modest and unassuming, it is clearly seen by a glance at his features that he is a man of keen perception, open-hearted, generous, and has a kindly feeling toward humanity. The writer has received one of the readings similar to those which Mr. Postel is sending to all who write to him, indicating the month and year in which they were born, and it is truly amazing how accurately he describes the life of an individual with only the date of birth and his superior knowledge of astrology to guide him.

If you wish a free reading sit down and write at once, stating the date of your birth, and you will receive by return mail your reading and a copy of Mr. Postel's interesting booklet, entitled "Your Destiny Foretold." Address your letter plainly to Albert H. Postel, Room 930, No. 126 West 34th St., New York, N. Y. If you wish you may enclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage and clerical work. However the reading will be promptly sent, whether you enclose the 10 cents or not.



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Hints for the Housewife.

Your Duty.

Make your home beautiful—sure 'tis a duty;
Call up your little ones—teach them to walk
Hand in hand with the angel of beauty,
Encourage their spirits with nature to talk;
Gather them round you, and let them be learning
Lessons that drop from the delicate wings
Of the bird and butterfly—ever returning
To Him who has made all these beautiful things.

Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings
Cluster like bees, and their honey dew bring;
Make it a temple of holy revealings,
And love its bright angel with "shadowy wings."
Then shall it ever be, when afar on life's billows,
Wherever your tempest-tossed children are flung,
They will long for the shades of the home weeping-willow,
And for the sweet song which their mother had sung.

Housekeeping Hints.

Discolored knife handles may be rubbed with brick dust and vinegar.

Clean enamelled baths with a flannel dipped in turpentine and sprinkled with salt.

Save beef marrow from soup bones to add to suet for puddings. Marrow is more delicate than suet.

Never clear soup until the day it is wanted; the stock should be made previously, but soup should be freshly clarified or it will be cloudy.

When making boiled starch, stir it round several times with a wax candle. This will prevent the starch sticking to the iron, and save much trouble.

To Preserve Fish.—Never lay one on the top of the other, but wring a cloth out of clean salted water, wrap the fish separately in this, and lay it on a dish. Keep in the coolest place possible.

The asbestos mitt is a valuable kitchen convenience for the woman who cooks with gas, as it enables her to easily and safely handle the utensils which become intensely hot over the gas flame.

A short lamp wick may be lengthened, so as to last a little longer, by pinning a strip of calico or flannel to it. The material is indifferent, as all that is required is something to connect it with the oil.

Always keep cheese well covered in a cheese dish, or it will become dry and tasteless. If the cheese is wrapped in a cloth moistened with vinegar it will keep beautifully moist and retain its flavor longer.

Remember to sweep the carpets the way of the nap; to brush the other way is to brush the dust in. Attend to all stains as soon as possible. If left they will soak into the carpet and be very difficult to remove.

The application of castor oil to new shoes renders them as soft as a glove. It will also render the shoes as near waterproof as they can be made. We refer, of course, to the ordinary shoes, not those that are rendered waterproof in the process of preparation.

To clean white shoes get a box of camphorated chalk, mix it, as required, with milk, and apply with a flannel.

Paraffin oil, applied on a soft cloth, is excellent for cleaning furniture. Use very little, and polish afterwards with a clean cloth.

Save orange peel. When it is quite dry it is an excellent thing for reviving a dull fire, and, moreover, its pleasant odor makes it very valuable in a sick room. There it is best to throw a few bits on to a red hot shovel, and to carry it about so that the fumes may penetrate every part of the room.

Wet boots are often hardened and shrunk by being dried near the fire. Try this method: Lace or button the boots, fill them with dried oats, and leave them in a warm, but not hot, place. The oats inside will absorb a considerable portion of the moisture and the dry air of the room the rest. The oats may be used again and again after drying.

Wash chamois leathers in soapsuds. Have the suds just lukewarm and squeeze the leather in the water to remove the dirt, change the suds as they become soiled, and rinse finally in soapy water, for thus the leather will be soft when dry, whereas if rinsed in clear water it would be stiff and hard.

Carpets in rooms which are seldom used are apt to be attacked by moths. Salt sprinkled around the edges and well under the carpet before it is put down will generally prevent their ravages. Plenty of light and air should be admitted into the rooms, as moths favor close, dark places.

How to Catch Rats.—Here is something simple, scientific and sensible, which a correspondent furnishes an agricultural paper. He says: "Cover a common barrel with stiff, stout, paper, tying the edge around the barrel; place a board so that the rats may have easy access to the top; sprinkle cheese parings or other 'feed.'

If one is so unfortunate as to have kerosene spilled on matting there is no necessity for her to be troubled about it, for if salt is sprinkled on the matting where the oil has fallen and then allowed to stand a few minutes before washing up with warm water, the oil stain will disappear. This is better than ammonia and warm water and will do the work more quickly.

If it is desirable to keep fruit cake for a long time, the cake will be better if put in an air-tight tin rather than a stone jar. If it seems to get dry, the same plan that keeps your husband's tobacco moist will work nicely with the cake, that is, fresh apples with a slice cut from the top will make both cake and tobacco sufficiently moist to be desirable. Of course, the fruit must be changed now and then.

Soiled furs are easily cleaned by the hot cornmeal method. If the meal is applied very hot and rubbed thoroughly into the fur it will collect all the dirt and grease that the fur has accumulated. It is often well to allow the meal to remain on the fur over night. It can be whipped out with a light stick, and the fur is left clean and fluffy.

Any woman not able to dry her handkerchiefs, napkins, etc., in the open air, and distressed over their dingy appearance, can find a safe and sure remedy by keeping them, after rinsing, in a bowl filled with clear water, changing often during the day. When they are hung up the following morning you will be delighted with their whiteness.

A sure and safe way to remove grease stains from silks, is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper; the friction will soon draw out the grease. Or, lay the silk upon a table or board with the ironing blanket beneath it; the right side of the silk downwards; put a piece of brown paper on the top and apply a flatiron just hot enough to scorch the paper. This is more effectual than any of the numerous compounds recommended.

It often happens that woollen goods will be doctored with cotton. To discover this there are several tests that can be made. One is the match test. By applying a lighted match to a sample of the goods, the manner in which it burns will be evidence of its genuiness. Wool will burn slowly, while cotton will go like a train of gunpowder. Another test is to unravel the threads and the cotton can then easily be detected. To the experienced buyer the "feel" of linen is sufficient indication of the quality, but for those who lack this knowledge, there is an old-fashioned test which our grandmothers used which is unfailing to show if there is cotton in the wool. Dampen the finger and apply to the surface of the linen fabric. If the moisture is seen on the other side you may know at once it is linen. If it is slow in coming through, without doubt there is an admixture of cotton. Another method is to unravel the threads, as in the wool test.

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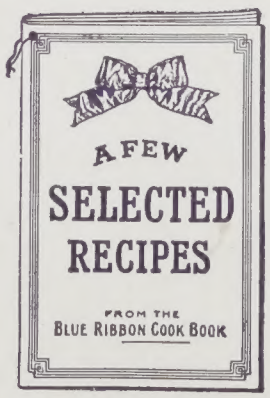

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